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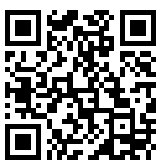

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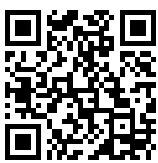

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The Towneley Plays.

Early English Text Society.

Extra Series, No. LXXI.

1897 (*reprinted* 1907, 1925).

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The Towneley Plays.

RE-EDITED FROM THE UNIQUE MS.

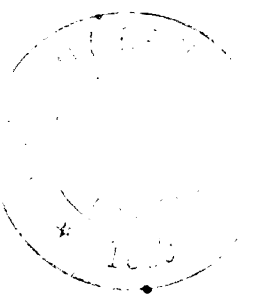
BY

GEORGE ENGLAND

WITH SIDE-NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

ALFRED W. POLLARD



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TO

THE MEMORY OF

William Morris,

WHO LOVED THESE PLAYS,

OUR SHARE IN THIS BOOK

A. W. P., F. J. F.

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[1] After this play the MS. has lost 12 leaves, containing no doubt the Temptation of Eve and the expulsion of her and Adam from Paradise.

[2] Incomplete: 2 leaves of the MS. wanting, which contained the end of "Abraham" and the beginning of "Isaac."

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[1] Incomplete. Twelve leaves are out of the MS. between this play and the next.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Towneley Plays were printed for the first time by the Surtees Society in 1836, with an introduction which is variously assigned to the Society's secretary, James Raine, and to J. Hunter. The text of the plays as printed in this Surtees edition is, on the whole, very creditably accurate, and is certainly far more free from serious blunders than that of the so-called 'Coventry' Plays, edited by Halliwell-Phillipps for the Shakespeare Society, or even than that of the Chester Plays, as edited by Thomas Wright. It was not, however, a transcript with which students of the present day could be content in the case of a unique manuscript, the ultimate destination of which is still, unhappily, uncertain. Under Dr. Furnivall's superintendence a new transcript was, therefore, made by Mr. George England, who, by the great kindness and liberality of Mr. Quaritch, the present owner of the manuscript, after the book had been placed at his disposal for some weeks at the British Museum, was allowed the use of it a second time at 15 Piccadilly to correct his proofs by the original.

To the text thus produced Dr. Furnivall himself added notes of the metres, and at his request the present writer supplied the usual sidenotes, an interesting and pleasant task in the case of a work of so great variety and literary value. Dr. Furnivall's further commands for the supply of an Introduction were far less agreeable. The Towneley Plays present many problems, more especially as to their language, which deserve to be dealt with by some learned professor, or at any rate by an editor of really wide reading and experience. The learned professor, however, could not be obtained. The difficulty of procuring an introducer threatened to postpone indefinitely the appearance of the new text (a consideration all the more serious since the Surtees edition has long been difficult to procure); and as texts are far more important than introductions, it seemed better to be content to draw attention to a few points of interest rather than further to delay publication.

Short as is the preface to the Surtees edition, it contains much

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that is of real value, as being written by a local antiquary to whom the history and topography of the district to which the plays are assigned were thoroughly familiar. I cannot, therefore, make a better beginning than by quoting the most essential passages of what was written in 1836, since it has not yet been superseded :—

"The Manuscript Volume in which these Mysteries have been preserved formed part of the library at Towneley Hall, in Lancashire, collected by the family of Towneley; a family which, in the two last centuries, produced several remarkable men, through whom it becomes connected with the arts, with literature, and with science. The library was dispersed in two sales by auction, at Evans' Rooms, in Pall Mall, the first in 1814, when there were seven days' sale; the second in 1815, when the sale lasted ten days."

"This manuscript, as well as the famous Towneley Homer, was in the first sale. It was bought by John Louis Goldsmid, Esq. From his possession it very soon passed to Mr. North, but before 1822 it had returned to the family in whose library it had for so many years found protection."

"By what means the Towneley family became possessed of it, or at what period is not known. There is nothing known with certainty respecting any previous ownership. When, however, the catalogue of the Towneley books and manuscripts was prepared for the sale in 1814, Mr. Douce was requested to write a short notice, for insertion in it. In this notice, after assigning the composition of the Mysteries to the reign of Henry VI. or Edward IV.,[1] he says of the volume itself, that it is supposed to have formerly 'belonged to the Abbey of Widkirk, near Wakefield, in the County of York.'"[2]

[1] There is a passage in the *Iudicium* which may assist in determining the period at which it was written. Tutivillus, in describing a fashionable female, tells his brother demons "she is hornyd like a kowe" (p. 312 [Surtees; p. 375, l. 267 in present edition]). He appears to allude to the same description of head dress which Stowe thus records: "1388, King Richard (the second) married Anne, daughter of Veselaus, King of Bohem. In her dayes, noble women used high attire on their heads, piked like hornes, with long trained gownes."—*Surtees Note.*

[2] After returning into the possession of the Towneley family, as narrated above, the Plays were again sold, with the rest of the Towneley MSS., at Sotheby's, on June 27, 28, 1883. The description of the lot was as follows:

202. TOWNELEY MYSTERIES. A most valuable collection of early English Mysteries, supposed to have been written at Woodkirk in the Cell there of Augustinian or Black Canons, for the Amusement

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"This supposition, however, he appears to have subsequently considered as not worthy of much regard; for when Mr. Peregrine Edward Towneley, in 1822, printed, from this manuscript, the *Iudicium*, as his contribution to the Roxburgh Club, an introduction was written by Mr. Douce, in which he says that the volume is 'supposed to have belonged to the Abbey of Whalley,' and to have passed at the dissolution into the library of the neighbouring family of Towneley."

"On what foundation either of these suppositions rests we are not informed. The first, however, is that which has been most generally accepted, and the three principal collections of Mysteries now known have been usually quoted or referred to as those of Chester, Coventry, and Widkirk."

"In the absence of precise information, we may assume that the supposition of its having formerly belonged to 'the Abbey of Widkirk' was the Towneley tradition respecting it; and previously to any investigation it may be assumed, that if we are to trace the possession of such a volume as this in a period before the Reformation, next perhaps to the archives of some guild or other corporation in one of the cities or towns of England, we may expect to find it in the possession of some Conventual society. The question of that early possession is, in fact, the question of the composition of these Mysteries, as to the place and people. We shall now endeavour to determine it."

"The supposition that this book belonged 'to the Abbey of Widkirk, near Wakefield,' has upon it remarkably the characteristics of a genuine tradition. There is no distinct enunciation of the fact which the tradition proposes to exhibit, and yet out of the words of the supposition we may decisively and easily extract what the fact in it originally was. There is no place called Widkirk in the

---

and Edification of Persons attending these Pageants. *Manuscript on Vellum, written circa* 1388, *in a bold hand, with initial Letters ornamented with the Pen, having the speeches separated by lines of red Ink, olive morocco extra, gold-tooling, tooled leather joints and gilt edges, by C. Lewis, back broken.* SAEC. XIV.

The lot was knocked down to Mr. Quaritch, in whose possession the manuscript has ever since remained. The date assigned to the plays by the cataloguer is clearly derived from the Surtees foot-note on the woman's headgear satirized by Tutivillus; for a discussion of this, see p. xxiv. Whether the date given to the Plays is right or wrong, that assigned to the MS. is certainly three-quarters of a century too early.

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neighbourhood of Wakefield, and neither there nor in any part of England was there ever an Abbey of Widkirk. But there is a place called Woodkirk in that neighbourhood, and at Woodkirk there was a cell of Augustinian or Black Canons, a dependence on the great house of St. Oswald, at Nostel. Whatever weight there may be attached to the supposition or tradition respecting the original possession, must, therefore, be given to the claim of this Cell of Canons at Woodkirk."

"Woodkirk is about four miles to the north of Wakefield. A small religious community was established there in the first half century after the Conquest, by the Earls Warren, to whom the great Lordship of Wakefield belonged, and they were placed in subjection to the house of Nostel. King Henry I. granted to the Canons of Nostel, a charter, for two fairs, to be held at Woodkirk, one at the Feast of the Assumption, the other at the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Mary. This grant was confirmed by King Stephen. These fairs, in a rural district, continued to attract a concourse of people to the time of the Reformation. In the *Valor* of King Henry VIII. the profit of the tolls and stallage was returned at £13 6*s.* 8*d.*, which was more than one-fourth of the yearly revenue of the house. The buildings in which the few Canons resided have gradually disappeared. Some portions of the Cloisters were remaining not long ago. The Church still exists, on a retired and elevated site, and remains of large reservoirs for the Canons' fish in the vale below are still very conspicuous. (*Loidis and Elmete*, p. 240.)"

The writer of the Introduction inserts here a few paragraphs of no great value, pointing out resemblances between the language of the plays and the dialect spoken in his own day in the West Riding of Yorkshire. We may take advantage of his pause to note, that Professor Skeat, in a letter to the *Athenæum* of December 2, 1893, proved decisively that the difficulty as to the place called Widkirk, of whose existence the writer of the preface could find no trace, is only an instance of a variation of spelling, Widkirk being merely an older form of Woodkirk, and one which still survives in the mouths of the country people (cp. the parallel forms Wydeville and Woodville, for the name of the Queen of King Edward IV.).

After the philological remarks the Introduction proceeds:—

"Perhaps the supposition in the Towneley family, on whatever it

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may have been founded, and the striking resemblance which there is between the language of several of these pieces and the language of the same class of society as it may still be heard on the hills and in the plains of Yorkshire, may be sufficient to render it at least a point of probability that the composition of these Mysteries, and the original possession of this volume, are to be attributed to the Canons of Woodkirk; or that the possession is to be traced to them, and the composition, perhaps, to some one of the Canons in the far larger fraternity at Nostel. But the manuscript itself contains that which connects it with Wakefield; and there are topographical allusions in one of the pieces, the *Secunda Pastorum*, which belong to the country near Wakefield and Woodkirk."

"Thus, at the beginning of the first is written in a large hand 'Wakefelde' and 'Berkers,' the meaning of which seems to be, that on some occasion this Mystery was represented at the town of Wakefield by the company or fellowship of the Barkers or Tanners. To the second is prefixed 'Glover Pag . . .' without the word Wakefield. The imperfect word is 'Pagina,' which appears to have been used as the Latin term for these kinds of exhibitions or pageants. The meaning appears to be that this was exhibited by the Glovers. At the head of the third, however, we find 'Wakefield' again, without the name of any trade. These are the only notices of the kind, except that at the head of the 'Peregrini,' the words 'Fyssher Pagent'[1] occur."[2]

"It is in the *Secunda Pastorum*, which is truly described by Mr. Collier as 'the most singular piece in the whole collection,' that the local allusions occur which tend so strongly to corroborate the claim of Woodkirk and its Canons to the production of these Mysteries. Intended in the first instance for the edification or the amusement of the persons in the immediate vicinity of the places in which these Pageants were to be exhibited, we may expect to find that there will be, when the subject fairly admitted of it, attempts to arrest their attention, and to interest their minds, by such a simple artifice as the introduction of the names of places with which they were familiar. Thus, in the Chester Mysteries, the River Conway is spoken of, and

[1] Mr. England notes that these words are in a later hand.—A. W. P.

[2] The words Lytster Play occur at the head of the *Pharao*. They were overlooked by the copyist, but the mistake is noticed in the errata.—*Surtees Note.*

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Boughton is mentioned, a kind of suburb to Chester. In the *Secunda Pastorum.*

Secundus Pastor. Who shuld do us that skorne? that were a fowlle spott.
Primus Pastor. Some shrewe.
I have soght with my doges
All Horbery shroges
And of XV hoges
Fond I bot oone ewe.

"Horbury is the name of a village about two or three miles south-west from Wakefield. Shroges or Scroggs is a northern term applied to any piece of rough uninclosed ground more or less covered with low brushwood."

"The other local allusion is less decisive than this. When the two Shepherds appoint to meet, the place which they appoint is 'the crokyd thorne.' Now, though it cannot, perhaps, be shown that there was any place or tree then precisely so denominated, yet it can be shown that, at no great distance from Horbury, there was at that time a remarkable thorn tree which was known by the name of the Shepherd's Thorn. It stood in Mapplewell, near the borders of the two manors of Notton and Darton. A jury in the 20th of Edward IV., on a question between James Strangeways of Harlsey, and the Prior of Bretton, found that the Shepherd's Thorn 'was in Darton'; and in the time of Charles I., one John Webster of Kexborough, then aged 77, deposed that the inhabitants of Mapplewell and Darton had been accustomed to turn their sheep on the moor at all times, and that it extended southward to a place called 'The Shepherd's Thorn,' where a thorn tree stood. There must be here more than an accidental coincidence."

Since the publication of the Surtees Society edition of the Towneley Plays in 1836, all the three other great cycles of English Miracle Plays have been printed, the so-called 'Coventry' cycle in 1841, the Chester in 1843, and the York Plays, admirably edited by Miss Toulmin Smith, in 1885. The publication of this last cycle revealed the fact that five of the York Plays were based, in whole or in part, on the same originals as five of the Towneley. The importance of this discovery for the study of Miracle Plays and of the conditions under which they were produced, is hardly to be over-estimated. There is no reason to believe that it is by a mere chance, some peculiarly malicious freak of

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the arch-enemy Time, that, as far as I am aware, in no single case are there two early copies extant of any miracle play. Human nature, we may presume, was much the same in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries as in our own, and the ordinary author, when he had written a poem or a chronicle, no doubt did everything in his power to multiply copies of it, since every fresh copy would increase his chance of obtaining the patronage or preferment which constituted the rewards of authorship in those days. But in the case of plays we can easily see that a wholly different motive would come into action. With the highly doubtful exception of the Chester cycle, not a single Miracle Play has the name of any author connected with it. The author's personality is wholly lost in that of the actors and their pay-masters; and in the absence of any law of copyright or custom as to 'acting rights,' it was to the interest of these jealously to guard their book of the words, lest the popularity of their entertainment should suffer from unauthorized rivalry. Since many of the players probably could not read, even the multiplication of 'actors' parts' would be very limited, and fresh copies would only be made when the plays underwent revision. The apparent exception to this theory, the five copies extant of the Chester cycle, really only confirm it, for all of these were made between 1590 and 1607, and must owe their existence to the desire of literary antiquaries either simply for their preservation or, more probably, for their revival, at a time when miracle plays were almost gone out of fashion.

For the reason thus hazarded, opportunities for the study of the genesis of any given cycle of plays are extremely small. We know that a fragment of the old poem of the *Harrowing of Hell*, beginning, 'Harde gatys haue I gon,' is found imbedded in the 'Coventry' Play of the Resurrection, and, thanks once more to the industry of Miss Toulmin Smith, in the Brome 'Common-Place Book' we can now study a version of the Sacrifice of Isaac closely similar to that in the Chester cycle. But the relations of the five plays in the York and Towneley cycles are much more interesting and important than these, and it will be worth while to examine them with some minuteness.

The first of these five plays is that called by Miss Smith, 'the Departure of the Israelites from Egypt,' No. XI. in the York Cycle,[1] acted by the 'Hoseers,' No. VIII. in the Towneley Cycle, where it is

[1] Printed, with the generous addition of the Towneley text at the foot of the page, on pp. 68—92 of Miss Smith's edition (*York Plays*. Edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith. *Oxford at the Clarendon Press*, 1885).

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called *Pharao*, and where also the sidenote 'Litsters Pagonn' informs us that it is one of the plays acted by the Craft-Gilds of Wakefield.

In comparing the two texts, the first point we notice is, that while the York Play consists of 408[1] lines, divided with unbroken regularity into 34 twelve-line stanzas, the metrical scheme of the Towneley Play is far less orderly. At the outset, indeed, it is evident that the Wakefield reviser mistook the metre, for by the addition of a quatrain of mere surplusage, he has turned the first 12-line stanza into two octetts. After seven long stanzas (divided in this text into octetts and quatrains, 3—16), we find similar additions in ll. 113—117 and 127—133, turning two 12-line stanzas into four octetts. Everything then proceeds regularly till we come to Towneley stanza 49, when we find a line—

Als wele on myddyng als on more

—missing after l. 308.

Again in stanza 55 the two lines—

Lorde, was they wente than walde it sese,
So shuld we save vs and oure seede

—are omitted after l. 340.

In stanzas 57, 58, ll. 355—359 appear in the Towneley MS. as—

Primus Miles. A, my lord!
Pharao. hagh!
ijus Miles. Grete pestilence is comyn;
It is like ful long to last.
Pharao. In the dwilys name!
then is oure pride ouer past.

—in place of the regular York text (ll. 344—348)—

i Egip. My lorde, grete pestelence
Is like ful lange to last.
Rex. Owe! come that in oure presence,
Than is oure pride al past.

Lastly, we find that the Towneley text has added, or more probably retained, twelve lines at the end of the play which do not appear in the York edition.

If now we turn our attention to single lines, we shall find numerous instances in which the Towneley text exhibits an unmetrical corruption of the York. Here are a few—

[1] Numbered by Miss Smith as 406, but the last couplet is really a quatrain, and might with advantage have been so printed.

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That wold my fors down fell (T. 32)
That wolde aught fand owre forse to fell (Y. 28)

That shall euer last (T. 39)
They are like and they laste (Y. 34)

I shall sheld the from shame (T. 189)
I sall the saffe from synne and shame (Y. 176)

What, ragyd the dwyll of hell, alys you so to cry (T. 304)
What deuyll ayles you so to crye (Y. 291) (cp. T. 337 and 415, Y. 334 and 403)

On the other hand, T. 106—

And euer elyke the leyfes are greyn

—is plainly better than Y. 102—

And the leues last ay in like grene

—and T. 216, 217—

God graunt you good weyndyng,
And euermore with you be

—both for their sense and the purity of the rime to 'kyng' are better than Y. 203, 204—

God sende vs gude tythingis
And all may with you be.

Lastly we may take a pair of lines—

My lord, bot if this menye may remeve (T. 270)
Lord, whills ve [*sic*] with this menyhe meve (Y. 277)

—in which we may reasonably suspect that both texts are corrupt forms of some such original as—

My lord, bot if this menye meve.

The inevitable conclusion from these notes is, that the Towneley text of *Pharao* is a corrupted and edited version of the York play of 'The Hoseers' in a slightly purer form than we have it at present. I think we may also say that the majority of the corruptions in the Towneley text are of the kind which would most naturally arise in oral transmission, rather than from the blunders of a scribe.

Turning now to the second play in which the two cycles partly agree, *The Play of the Doctors* (Towneley XVIII.; York XXII., played by the 'Sporiers and Loriners'), we find that the Towneley text, which lacks the opening speech of 'Primus Magister,' begins in its present form with twelve quatrains which are quite different from the York version, and then follows closely the York twelve-line stanzas to the end, only interrupting them to substitute a longer

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exposition of the Ten Commandments, for which again quatrains are used. In some instances, as before, the Towneley text is better than the York, but we cannot doubt that the nearly homogeneous[1] York play represents the original on which the Towneley playwright incorporated his variations in a different metre.

A comparison of the third pair of plays—the York play of the Sadilleres (No. XXXVII.) and Towneley No. XXV.—representing the *Extraccio Animarum* or *Harrowing of Hell*, yields still more striking results. The York play, as usual quite regular, consists of 34 twelve-line stanzas, and it is clear that the Towneley play-wright had these in his mind all the way through, though sometimes, perhaps from failure of memory on the part of his informants, he can do no more than imbed a few York lines into new stanzas of his own, while elsewhere he makes intentional additions.

Summarizing the result of these changes, we find that the first twenty-four lines of Towneley reproduce ten from York; then we have York stanzas 4—10 with interpolations between 4 and 5, 8 and 9, and the omission of the last quatrain of 5. Stanzas 11 and 12 are represented by ll. 115—147, but only nine lines are preserved. Stanzas 13—15 are intact; stanza 16 is docked of its first quatrain; then we have an interpolation of twelve lines; then the first quatrain of 17, the second and third being expanded into twelve lines. Stanzas 18—28 are only interrupted by an interpolation (ll. 314—322) between 25 and 26. In 29 there is a substitution of a new third quatrain for four lines in the octett, the effect being so good that we may doubt whether in this case we have not really a preservation of an older text. Then come stanzas 30 and 31, and eight lines of 32, and with two substituted quatrains the Towneley play reaches its rather abrupt end.

In the fourth pair of plays, treating of 'The Resurrection' (York XXXVIII. 'The Carpenteres': Towneley XXVI.), the resemblance begins four lines earlier than Miss Toulmin Smith has noted, T. 41—44 answering to Y. 31, 32, 35, 36, while the 'rybaldys' of T. 42 is a better reading than the York 'rebelles.' In the preceding speech of Pilate we may note how the Towneley adaptor altered the York metre by lengthening the last line of the first four stanzas from two beats to three. We find the same difference in the added stanzas 9—11 (ll. 51—73), while five (or rather seven) lines tacked on to the

[1] There is a slight disturbance, in which Towneley agrees, in York, stanzas 19, 20 (ll. 216—240) and Towneley, stanzas 44—46 (ll. 204—228).

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last of these are outside the metrical scheme altogether. Stanzas 12 and 13 have half their lines as in York and half new. Stanzas 14—22, though with many corruptions, reproduce York 11—22. Stanza 23 is added; 24 (which should have been printed as in four lines) agrees with York 20, omitting the two opening lines; 25, save in its third line, is the same as York 21. In stanza 26 some of the York phrases are retained, but every line has been changed, and the bad rimes 'emang' and 'stand' show the work of a botcher. After this, with various corruptions, too numerous to mention, stanzas 27—35 reproduce York 23—31, but there is nothing in the York play to answer to ll. 214—333 (stanzas 36—55). The first ten of these 120 lines continue the talk of the soldiers, the rest is made up of the monologue of the risen Christ. The metre continues regular; with a few exceptions, the origin of which can easily be seen, the last line of each stanza remains quadrisyllabic, instead of being lengthened as in the added stanzas at the beginning of the play, and I think there can be no doubt that this speech of Christ once formed part of the York Cycle, but was subsequently omitted. Similar speeches occur in the 'Coventry' and Chester cycles, and in the last-named there are some positive resemblances which, in case they have not been noticed before, I set forth in a footnote.[1]

It will be noticed that this play falls naturally into three parts, of which Christ's monologue is the centre; and it is much easier to

---

[1] Towneley, ll. 226—231.

Erthly man, that I haue wroght
Wightly wake, and slepe thou noght!
With bytter bayll I haue the boght,
To make the fre;
Into this dongeon depe I soght
And all for luf of the.

ll 322—327.

ffor I am veray prynce of peasse,
And synnes seyr I may releasse,
And whoso will of synnes seasse
And mercy cry,

I grauntt theym here a measse
In brede myn awn body.

Chester, vol. 2, p. 89. (Sh. Soc. ed.)

Eirthly man that I have wroughte,
Awake out of thy *slepe;*
Eirthly man that *I have bought,*
Of me thou have no kepe.
From heaven man's soule *I soughte*
Into a *dongion depe*
My dere lemon from thense I broughte
For ruthe of her I weepe.
I am vereye prince of peace,
And kinge of free mercye;
Who will of *synnes* have *release*
On me the call and *crye.*
And yf the *will of synnes cease*
I graunte them peace trewlye,
And therto a full rich *messye,*
In brede my owne bodye.

The verbal resemblances here seem almost too close to be explained by a common original. If there has been direct transmission, it must have been southwards.

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believe that in some process of amalgamating or dividing the different parts, this speech was omitted from the York manuscript, than that so important a feature in the plays was not represented in the cycle.

After l. 333 in Towneley, etc., agreement between the two cycles is resumed, and continues, with the usual verbal variations, to l. 561, the agreement of the stanzas being as follows—

Towneley.		York.	Towneley.		York.
56—66	=	32—42	88 partly	=	67
67	=	parts of 43, 44	89	=	68
68—85	=	45—62	90—93	=	70—73
86, 87	=	64, 65			

Stanzas 63, 66 and 69 of York are unrepresented. L. 562 in Towneley is extra metrum, and cuts short the rather wearisome talk of Pilate which lasts in the York play for another eighteen lines. The scene between Christ and S. Mary Magdalene, which follows in the Towneley cycle, forms a separate play (No. XXXIX.) in the York, and there are no textual resemblances. It will be noticed that of the first eight of the eleven stanzas into which it is divided, every one has a different metre—a sure sign, I think, of the hasty work rendered necessary by an incident which could not be omitted having to be tacked on to a different play.

The case of the last of the five parallel texts, that of the play of the Last Judgment (Towneley XXX. *Judicium;* York XLVIII. acted by the 'Merceres'), is again very striking and interesting. The Towneley play, unfortunately, lacks some lines (the speech of 'Primus Malus') at the beginning, and the first sixteen lines which have been preserved to us, written in two different metres, are additions to the York text. The next three stanzas, with the exception of the last half of the fourth, are founded on York stanzas 19—21, then we have an inserted speech by 'Quartus Malus' (32 lines), then two more York stanzas, then the broad comedy of the Demons (stanzas 16—48, ll. 89—384), which takes the place of a short passage in York (ll. 185—228), the greater part of which is occupied by the speeches of Christ and the Apostles. After l. 385 the borrowings begin again, and for the whole of the Judgment-scene proper (Towneley, st. 49—67, ll. 386—531 = York, st. 30—47, ll. 229—372), the regular 8-line stanzas of the York dramatist are only interrupted by a single insertion of four lines (st. 65). But between

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the final dooming of the damned and the thanksgiving of the saved (l. 612—620), the Towneley play-wright inserts a long passage in which the fiends gloat over their victims, and this is all his own. Where the last stanza was taken from we cannot say. It is quite different from the York text, and bears more resemblance to the Towneley ending of the *Extraccio Animarum* (p. 305).

The foregoing conspectus of the points of agreement and disagreement between the Towneley and York texts of these five plays has probably been found almost as tedious to read as it certainly was to compile. But it was worth while to work it out in full, since the most cursory perusal of it must suffice to show that, in the circumstances under which the borrowings took place, it was practically impossible for a play to pass from one cycle to another without showing signs of the process in marked disturbances of metre and frequent corruptions both of sense and rhyme. It follows from this that wherever we find a play (not merely a fragment) the metre of which is uniform, or is obviously varied only in correspondence with the character of the speakers, while at the same time the rhymes are regular and the text good, in the absence of positive evidence to the contrary we are not only entitled, but bound, to assume that the play was composed for the place and the cycle to which it now belongs. A play full of obvious corruptions need not be a borrowed play, because corruptions may have arisen in many other ways; but a play which is creditably free from corruptions can hardly by any possibility have been borrowed.

Now if we apply this canon to the Towneley Plays, it will enable us to set some limit to the amount of imported work which we can safely recognize as existing in the cycle as it has come down to us. Long before the publication of the York Plays, the composite character of the Towneley was recognized by its first editor, though the reasons he assigned were less happy than his surmise itself,[1] and later writers have not failed to enlarge on the point. It thus becomes interesting to see how much of the cycle we can claim on sure evidence as composed especially for it. It is no bad beginning to be able to say at once, at least one-fourth, and this the fourth which contains the finest and most original work. The evidence for

[1] *e. g.* He says that there are no Yorkshireisms in the *Pharao*, which we now know to be mainly borrowed from the York cycle, and remarks "*Cæsar Augustus* is plainly by the same hand as *Pharao*. The heroes in both swear by 'Mahowne'"—a habit shared by most potentates in miracle plays.

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this is irresistible. We find the Wakefield or Woodkirk editor interpolating two broadly humorous scenes, the one containing 297 lines, the other 81, on the impressive York play of the Judgment. These scenes are written in a complex metre, a 9-line stanza riming *aaaa bcccb*, with central rimes in the first four lines (I should prefer to write it $\frac{aaaa}{bbbb}cdddc$), and we find this same metre used with admirable regularity throughout five long plays, viz.—

III.	Processus Noe cum filiis	558 lines
XII.	Prima Pastorum	502 (2 lines lost)
XIII.	Secunda Pastorum [1]	754 (2 lines lost)
XIV.	Magnus Herodes	513
XXI.	Coliphizacio	450

—or, including the two passages in the *Judicium*, in no less than 3155 lines, occupying in this edition almost exactly 100 pages out of 396. If any one will read these plays together, I think he cannot fail to feel that they are all the work of the same writer, and that this writer deserves to be ranked—if only we knew his name!—at least as high as Langland, and as an exponent of a rather boisterous kind of humour had no equal in his own day. We may also be sure that the two other plays, *Flagellacio* (No. XXII.) and *Processus Talentorum* (No. XXIV.), contain about the same proportion of his work as does the *Judicium*. They are closely akin to the *Coliphizacio*, and contain the one 24, the other 8 of his favourite stanzas.

For one other play which it is very tempting to assign to the same hand, the *Mactacio Abel* (No. II.), we lack the evidence of identity of metre; in fact, the frequent changes from one metrical form to another would make us suspect that we had here an instance of editing, if it were not quite impossible to isolate from the present text any underlying original. But the extraordinary boldness of the play, and the character of its humour, make it difficult to dissociate it from the work of the author of the Shepherds' Plays, and I cannot doubt that this also, at least in part, must be added to his credit.

When the work of this man of real genius has been eliminated, the search for another Wakefield, or Woodkirk, author becomes distinctly less interesting. It will be worth while, however, now to pass the whole cycle in review, adding what notes we can to each play, especially as to their metres.

[1] This play is further stamped as especially composed for the Wakefield district by the allusion to 'Horbury' noted above, p. xiv.

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I. *Creation.* Couplets (aa^4) and stanzas, mostly $aa^4b^3a^4b^3$. Connected with Barkers of Wakefield.

II. *Abel.* Metres very confused. Apparently a bold rehandling of an earlier and simpler play. Connected with [Wakefield] Glovers.

III. *Noah.* 9-line stanza $\frac{aaaa^2}{bbbb^2}$ $c^1ddd^2c^2$. Connected with Wakefield.

IV. *Abraham.* $ababab^4$. Cp. No. XIX.

IV. *Isaac.* Fragments of 35 couplets (aa^4).

V. *Jacob.* Fragments of 71 couplets (aa^4).

VIII. [VII.] *Pharaoh.* $ababab^4cded^3$, with many corruptions. Connected with Litsters of Wakefield. Based on York XI.

VII. [VIII.] *Processus Prophetarum.* $aa^4b^3cc^4b^3$, less often $aa^4b^3aa^4b^3$.

IX. *Caesar Augustus.* $aa^4b^3aa^4b^3$.

X. *Annunciation.* Couplets (aa^4) and stanzas $aa^3b^3cc^4b^3$,

XI. *Salutation.* $aa^4b^3cc^4b^3$.

XII. *Prima Pastorum.* 9-line stanza, as III.

XIII. *Secunda Pastorum.* As XII.

XIV. *Magi.* $aaa^4b^2a^4b^2$, with four disturbances. Alliterative.

XV. *Flight into Egypt.* $ababaabaab^3c^1b^3c^2$. Alliterative.

XVI. *Herod.* 9-line stanza as III., etc.

XVII. *Purification.* $aaa^4b^2ccc^4b^2$ and $aa^4\ b^3cc^4b^3$.

XVIII. *Doctors.* $ababab^4cded^3$, with corruptions and interpolations. Based on York XXIII.

XIX. *John the Baptist.* $ababab^4$. Cp. No. IV.

XX[a]. *Conspiracio.* $ababab^4cded^3$. Speech of Pilate prefixed in 9-line stanzas.

XX[b]. *Capcio.* Couplets and quatrains (aa^4 and $abab^4$) with interpolations.

XXI. *Coliphizacio.* 9-line stanza, as III., &c.

XXII. *Flagellacio.* Mixed metres. About half the play in 9-line stanzas.

XXIII. *Processus Crucis.* Much edited and interpolated from an original basis of $aa^4b^3cc^4b^3$.

XXIV. *Processus Talentorum.* Metres very confused. Much interpolation.

XXV. *Extraccio Animarum.* $ababab^4cded^3$, with additions and corruptions. Based on York XXXVII.

XXVI. *Resurrection.* $aaa^4b^2a^4b^2$, with many corruptions and interpolations. Based on York XXXVIII.

XXVII. *Peregrini.* $aaa^4b^2a^4b^2$, with corruptions and interpolations.

XXVIII. *S. Thomas.* $aa^4b^3cc^4b^3$ followed by $a^4b^3a^4b^3a^4b^3a^4b^3$.

XXIX. *Ascension.* Metres very confused.

XXX. *Judgment.* Based on $ababab^4$ of York XLVIII., with interpolations of $ababab^3$ and 8-line stanzas.

Lazarus. Couplets with stanzas in several different metres.

Suspencio Iude. Fragment in $aaa^4b^2a^4b^2$. [Cp. xxvi., xxvii.]

In this conspectus, besides the plays written in the 8-line stanza, we may note that we have two fragments (Nos. IV. and V.) written in couplets on the history of *Isaac* and *Jacob;* two plays, the *Creation* (No. I.) and *Annunciation* (No X.), in which couplets are joined with a 6-line stanza rhyming $aa^4b^3cc^4b^3$, or $aa^4b^3aa^4b^3$, and three plays,

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the *Processus Prophetarum* (No. VII.; it should of course change places with the *Pharaoh*, No. VIII.), the *Caesar Augustus* (No. IX.) and *Salutation* (No. XI.), written throughout in this stanza, which is also employed for parts of the plays of the *Purification* (No. XVII.), *Processus Crucis* (No. XXIII.), and *S. Thomas of India* (XXVIII.).

As to the two fragments (IV. and V.) the late Professor Ten-Brink wrote[1]—

"About a generation—but hardly much more—separates this oldest extant English drama [*i. e.* the *Harrowing of Hell*, 'composed shortly after the middle of the thirteenth century'] from the next. The play of *Jacob and Esau*, as we take the liberty of calling it, appears to have been composed not far from the mouth of the Humber, and probably to the north of the dialect line. The influence of the East Midlands is seen in the choice of subject, which was not popular on the earlier stage elsewhere, and the manner of treatment also reminds us of the districts and the century which produced the poems of *Genesis* and *Exodus*."

"In *Jacob and Esau* the dramatic art is still of a low standard; the situations are not made much use of; the characteristics show little depth or originality. The poet is full of reverence for his subject, and dramatizes faithfully what seems to him its most important traits, without putting to it much of his own originality," etc.

In his Appendix (vol. III. p. 274), Prof. Ten-Brink supported this view of the play with the following note—

"This play has been handed down in the Towneley Collection: unfortunately it is mutilated at the beginning, and also divided into two parts: *Isaac* and *Jacob*. However, it originally formed, and, in fact, still forms, one drama, which was produced independently without regard to any cycle of mysteries, and indeed earlier than most of the others, probably than all the other parts of the cycle in which it was subsequently incorporated. All this can easily be proved by means now at the disposal of philology, but this is not the place for entering into the subject. Less certain is the local origin of the piece. The assumption that few of the rhyming words have been altered in their transmission could, for instance, allow of the supposition that the drama might have been produced in the north of the East-Midland territory, rather than in the southern districts of Northumbria, a supposition which would coincide very well with many other peculiarities of the work."

I have quoted these passages from Prof. Ten-Brink in full, because the opinion of the writer who has produced the only really good history of our early literature, is a thousand times more important than my own. But my difficulties in accepting his theory in

[1] *History of English Literature* (English edition), vol. ii. p. 244.

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its entirety are both numerous and great. The *Harrowing of Hell* itself seems to me—as it has seemed to my betters before me—rather a dramatic poem than a Miracle Play properly so called, and I cannot conceive on what occasion, or by whom, an isolated play on *Jacob and Esau* could come to be acted in the vernacular. In a cycle, the presence of a play on Abraham might easily suggest a continuation dealing with his immediate descendants, and its simpler and more archaic form might be partly accounted for by the nature of its subject. I should prefer, also, to attribute differences of dialect to the removal from one district to another of a play-writing monk, rather than to the acceptance in one district of a play which had been composed for another many years before. It is obvious, however, that these two fragments do belong to a period, whether prae-cyclic or cyclic, at which the narrative and didactic interest of the representation was uppermost, and before the constantly increasing importation of external attractions had produced a distaste for the simpler and more exclusively religious form of drama. We know from Chaucer's allusions, as well as from the evidence of the York plays, that by the last quarter of the fourteenth century Noah and his quarrelsome wife and the ranting Herods and Pilates were already stock characters, and we may thus well believe that the cycle 'of matter from the beginning of the world' in its simplest form, must have been in existence during the first half of that century. The fact that this play has only come to us in fragments, is probably good evidence that it was considered antiquated at the time our manuscript was written, and that only a few speeches from it were used.

I must confess, however, that I cannot find anything either in the style or the language of these fragments which need compel us to separate them from the couplets in the play of the *Creation* and the *Annunciation*; and I incline strongly to believe that in these plays, and the others which I have mentioned as written wholly or partly in the $aa^4b^3cc^4b^3$ stanza, we possess part of an original didactic cycle, of much the same tone as the Chester Plays, on to which other plays, mostly written in a more popular style, have been tacked from time to time. In any case I do not think it can be doubted that the four plays, VII., IX., X., and XI., are the work of the same writer, and the rest seem to me to go with them.

The plays of the *Magi* (XIV.) and of the *Flight into Egypt* (XV.) are marked off from this group by their much greater use of alliteration,

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and seem to me—though my opinion on questions of dialect is worth very little—to have been written by an author of somewhat different speech. The *Abraham* and *John the Baptist* again are in a totally different metre, and may belong to the period when the York plays were being incorporated into the cycle. As regards these York plays, enough has already been said; but it is worth noting that the predominant metre of the *Conspiracio* (xx[a].) is the same as that of three out of the five plays connected with York (the *Pharaoh*, *Doctor*, and *Extraccio Animarum*), and may possibly be based on a lost alternative to the extant York play on this subject. A similar guess may be hazarded as to the play of the *Peregrini* (xxvii.), the metre of which is the same as that of the *Resurrectio* (xxvi., York xxxviii.), while the obvious corruptions and interpolations of the text may well lead us to doubt its being indigenous. The fragment of the *Suspencio Iude*, printed at the end of the cycle, but which would naturally come immediately before the *Resurrectio*, is in the same metre, and subject to the same hypothesis.

As regards the work of the one real genius of the Towneley cycle, the author of the two plays of the *Shepherds*, and of the others written in the same metre, the converse of the arguments of which we admitted the force as regards the *Isaac* and the *Jacob*, will naturally lead us to assign to them as late a date as possible.

As noted by the Surtees editor, the allusion in the *Judicium* to the head-gear which could make a woman look 'horned like a cow,' enables us to be sure that this play-wright was a younger contemporary of Chaucer. We must not, indeed, like the cataloguer of the auction-room, argue that because Stow writes that in the days of Anne of Bohemia 'noble women used high attire on their heads, piked like hornes,' therefore these plays may be assigned approximately to the date of her arrival in England. I imagine that in those days as in these the fashions in the Yorkshire countryside were apt to be a little behind those of London; the piked head-gear is found in manuscripts as late as about 1420 (*e. g.* Harl. 2897, f. 188[b], and Harl. 4431, f. 2, kindly pointed out to me by Sir E. M. Thompson),[1] and the other allusions of these plays, *e. g.* the reference to tennis (*Sec. Past.* 736), the frequent

[1] See also Lydgate's 15th century 'Dyté of Womenhis Hornys' in his *Minor Poems*, Percy Soc. p. 46-9, and Harl. MSS. 2255, 2251, etc. Horns were in fashion in the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries; see Fairholt's *Costume in England*, ed. Dillon, 1885, ii. 224-5, and Planché's paper therein named.—F. J. F.

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and rather learned talk about music (*Sec. Past.* 186—89, 656—60, *Judicium* 537, 538), and the general talk of Shepherds and Devils about the state of the country [1]—all agree very well with the early years of the fifteenth century. In a writer so full of allusions, the absence of any reference to fighting tends, I think, to show that the plays were not written during the war with France, and thus everything seems to point to the reign of Henry IV. as the most likely date of their composition. The date of our text is probably about half a century later, but the example of the York Plays shows us that in its own habitat the text of a play could be preserved in tolerable purity for a longer period than this. In the direction of popular treatment it was impossible for any editor, however much disposed towards tinkering, to think he could improve on the play-wright of the 9-line stanzas, while it is reasonable to presume that the hold of these plays on the Yorkshire audience was sufficiently strong to resist the intrusion of didactics.

As regards the only plays not yet mentioned in the survey, the *Capcio* (xx[b].), *Processus Talentorum* (xxiv.), *Ascension* (xxix[b].) and *Lazarus*, there has been so much editing and interpolating, and the consequent mixture of metres is so great, that it is difficult to arrive at any clear conclusion about them.[2] But, subject to such corrections as the survey of the dialect now being undertaken by Dr. Matthews may suggest, I think we may fairly regard this Towneley cycle as built up in at least three distinct stages. In the first of these we find the simple religious tone which we naturally assign to the beginning of the cyclical religious drama, the majority of them being written in one of the favourite metres of the fourteenth-century romances which were already going out of fashion in Chaucer's day.[3] In the second

[1] Note especially the allusions to 'maintenance' in *Let. Past.* l. 35, and the claim of Tutivillus to be a 'master lollar' in *Jud.* 213.

[2] The Lazarus, for instance, seems to be built up in three layers, the last of them the grim passage on death being strikingly in the style of some of the 9-line stanzas.

[3] A curious reminiscence of these romances is preserved in stanza 26 of the *Processus Prophetarum*:

Now haue I songen you a fytt;
loke in mynd that ye haue it,
I rede with my myght;
He that maide vs with his wytt,
Sheld vs all from hell pytt,
And graunt us heuen lyght

—which might have come straight out of a romance.

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stage we have the introduction by some playwright, who brought the knowledge of them from elsewhere, of at least five—possibly seven or eight—of the plays which were acted at York, and the composition of some others in the same style. In the third stage a writer of genuine dramatic power, whose humour was unchecked by any respect for conventionality, wrote, especially for this cycle, the plays in the 9-line stanza which form its backbone, and added here and there to others. Taken together, the three stages probably cover something like half a century, ending about 1410, though subsequent editors may have tinkered here and there, as editors will, and much allowance must be made for continual corruption by the actors.

It may be as well to note here that whatever weight we may be disposed to attach to the tradition that the cycle belonged to the Woodkirk monks and was acted at Woodkirk Fair, it is impossible to believe that the plays noted in the MS. as connected with Wakefield form in any way a group by themselves. The Barkers' play of the Creation, however much edited, belongs in its origin to our first stage; the *Pharaoh*, played by the Wakefield Litsters, but based on York XI., to our second, to which also I should assign the *Peregrini* played by the Fishers, written in the metre of the York *Resurrectio*. Lastly, the *Noah*, against which Wakefield is written, is in the 9-line stanza of the Shepherds' Plays, and the Glovers' play of *Abel*, whether re-written by the same author or not, is, in its present form, certainly late work. With the exception of the *Fishers*, we might say, without much exaggeration, that all the three crafts named, Dyers, Tanners, and Glovers, had some connection with the sheep, their hides and wool, which were probably the chief commodities sold at the Woodkirk fair,[1] and so might have taken a special interest in any pageant likely to bring customers to it. But we are bound to remember that the connection with Woodkirk is a mere tradition, and that it is quite possible that the whole cycle belongs to Wakefield, which is the only place with which it is authoritatively connected.

To bring literary criticism to bear on a cycle built up, even approximately, in the manner which I have suggested, is no easy

[1] If the Fishers, as at York, were allied with the Mariners, they too might be dragged in as concerned with the export trade. If they were *Fishers*, 'purs et simples,' one is tempted to say that they may have lent a hand at play-acting for the lack of sufficient employment in an inland town!

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task. The plays were not written for our reading, but for the edification and amusement of the uncritical audience of their own day; and we can certainly say of them that, whatever effect the playwright aimed at, he almost always attained. Of the simply devotional plays the *Annunciation* seems to me the finest. The whole of this play, indeed, is full of tenderness; and there are touches in it in which Rossetti, if he knew it, must have delighted. The reconciliation between Joseph and the Blessed Virgin is delightful; and the passage in which Joseph describes his enforced marriage is really poetically written. One verse is especially quotable:

> Whan I all thus had wed hir thare,
> We and my madyns home can fare,
> That kyngys daughters were;
> All wroght thay sylk to find them on,
> *Marie wroght purpyll, the oder none*
> *bot othere colers sere.*

If this touch had been entirely of the dramatist's own invention he must, indeed, have been Rossetti's spiritual forbear; but it is needless to say that it comes from the apocryphal gospel of Mary, though he deserves all credit for bringing together two widely separated verses.[1]

The plays which I have put into my second group are on the whole very dull. The dramatist of the *Abraham* could not fail to attain to some pathos in the treatment of the scene between Isaac and his father; but though he avoids the mistake of the York playwright who represented Isaac as a man of thirty, his handling of the scene is distinctly inferior to that of the Brome Play and the Chester cycle. The general characteristic, indeed, of the group is, that the playwright plods perseveringly through his subject, but never rises above the level of the honest journeyman.

Between the dull work and the abounding humour and constant

[1] Chap. vi. 7: "But the Virgin of the Lord, Mary, with seven other virgins of the same age, who had been appointed to attend her by the priest, returned to her parents' house in Galilee;" and Chap. iv. 1—4: "And it came to pass, in a council of the priests it was said, 'Let us make a new veil for the temple of the Lord.' And the high-priest said, 'Call together to me seven undefiled virgins of the tribe of David.' And the servants went and brought them unto the temple of the Lord; and the high-priest said unto them, 'Cast lots before me now, who of you shall spin the golden thread, who the blue, who the scarlet, who the fine linen, and who the true purple.' Then the high-priest knew Mary, that she was of the tribe of David; and he called her, and the true purple fell to her lot to spin, and she went away to her own house." (Hone's *Apocryphal Gospels*, 1820.)

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allusiveness of the author of the plays in the 9-line stanza, the distance can only be measured by the two words respectability and genius. It is all the more pleasant to use the first to denote the dull level from which he keeps aloof, in that I have a strong suspicion that during his life the author of our 9-line stanza plays may have been censured for the lack of this very quality. His sympathy with poor folk, and his dislike of the "gentlery men" who oppressed them, seem something more than conventional; and his satire is sometimes as grim as it is free. From his frequent allusions to music, his scraps of Latin and allusions to Latin authors, his dislike of Lollards, and the daring of some of his phrases, which seems to surpass what would have been permitted to a layman, it is probable that he was in orders; and the vision of the Friar Tuck of Peacock's *Maid Marian* rises up before me as I read his plays. As a dramatist it is difficult to praise him too highly, if we remember the limitations under which he worked, and the feeble efforts of his contemporaries and successors.

The *Secunda Pastorum*, the survival of which "in Archie Armstrang's Aith" Prof. Kölbing has so pleasantly illustrated (see his Appendix), is really perfect as a work of art; and if in the *Prima Pastorum* our author was only feeling his way, and in the *Noah*, *Herod*, etc., was cramped by the natural limitation of his subject, we have the more reason to regret that a writer of such real power had no other scope for his abilities than that offered by the cyclical miracle play. Even within these limits, however, he had room to display other gifts besides those of dramatic construction and humour. The three speeches of the Shepherds to the little Jesus are exquisite in their rustic tenderness, and even if we may not attribute to him the really terrific picture of corruption in the *Lazarus*, there is contrast enough between these and the denunciation of the usurers and extortioners in the *Judicium*. Without his aid, the Towneley cycle would have been interesting, but not more interesting than any of its three competitors. His additions entitle it to be ranked among the great works of our earlier literature.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

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APPENDIX.

The *Secunda Pastorum* of the Towneley Plays (p. 116 ff.) and Archie Armstrang's Aith.

By PROF. E. KÖLBING, Ph.D.

So far as I know, nobody has yet discovered that the leading incident in the Second Play of the Shepherds is repeated in quite another department of English Literature, viz. in *Archie Armstrang's Aith, by the Rev. John Marriott*, printed in 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' 5th ed. vol. iii. Edinb., 1821, p. 481 ff. Archie Armstrang was, as we learn from the Notes of this poem, p. 487 f., "a native of Eskdale, and contributed not a little towards the raising his clan to that pre-eminence which it long maintained amongst the Border thieves . . . . and there distinguished himself so much by zeal and assiduity in his professional duties, that at length he found it expedient to emigrate. . . . He afterwards became a celebrated jester in the English Court. . . . He was dismissed in disgrace in the year 1637. . . . The exploit detailed in this ballad has been preserved, with many others of the same kind, by tradition, and is at this time current in Eskdale."

The story runs as follows:—

Archie has stolen a sheep, and is pursued by the shepherds, but manages to reach his house, where, with the assistance of his wife, he skins the sheep, throws its entrails and hide into the river, and stuffs the body into a child's cradle. Then he sits down by it and sings a lullaby. At this very moment the pursuers enter the house and declare him to be the thief. But Archie protests, wants them to be quiet, because his child is dying, and swears an oath, that, if he has ever lessened the herds of his neighbour, he will eat the flesh that is now lying in the cradle. Besides, he gives them leave to ransack every corner of his house in order to find the sheep which they say he has stolen. So they search—naturally without result,—and the shepherds conclude that it was either the devil himself, that they saw running off with the sheep, or that they mistook the culprit, and that Maggie Brown is the real thief. As to Archie, when the shepherds are gone, he piques himself not a little on his ability in representing a nurse; and, at the same time, says that nobody is entitled to call him a perjurer, for he really eats up the sheep in the cradle.

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We see at once the striking point in the story, that the thief and his wife hide the stolen sheep from the suspicious shepherds in a cradle, is common to both versions. Besides, I ask my readers to compare the following single passages.

When the thief returns to his house, his wife is afraid that he will be discovered and tied up; he wants her to be quiet and to help him. *Towneley*, p. 126—

Uxor: By the nakyd nek art thou lyke for to hyng.
Mak: Do way . . . .
Uxor: It were a fowłł blott to be hanged for the case.
Mak: I have skapyd, Jelott, oft as hard a glase.
Uxor: Bot so long goys the pott to the water, men says
At last
Comys it home broken.
Mak: Wełł knowe I the token,
Bot let it never be spoken,
Bot com and help fast.
I wold he were slayn, etc.

corresponds to *Archie Armstrang's Aith*, st. 6 ff.

And oh! when he stepp'd o'er the door,
His wife she look'd aghast.
"A, wherefore, Archie, wad ye slight
Ilk word o' timely warning?
I trow ye will be ta'en the night,
And hangit i' the morning."
"Now hawd your tongue, ye prating wife,
And help me as ye dow;
I wad be laith to lose my life
For ae poor silly yowe."

In *Town.*, p. 130, the thief's wife gives the following advice—

Harken ay, when thay calle: thay will com anone.
Com and make redy alle, and syng by thyn oone,
Syng lullay thou shalle . . . .
Syng lullay on fast,
When thou heris at the last.

According to *Archie Armstrang's Aith*, st. 13 f., Archie performs this skilful service—

And down sat Archie daintillie,
And rock'd it wi' his hand;
Siccan a rough nourice as he
Was not in a' the land.
And saftlie he began to *croon*,
"Hush, hushabye, my dear."
He hadna sang to sic a *tune*,
I trow, for mony a year.

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For the rhyme *croon : tune* we may compare the following lines in the conversation of the shepherds in front of Mak's hut (p. 131)—

Tertius Pastor: Witt ye here how thay hak? Oure syre, lyst, *croyne!*
Primus Pastor: Hard I never none crak so clere out of *toyne.*

In *Towneley*, p. 133, Uxor says—

I pray to God so mylde,
If ever I you begyld,
That I ete this chylde,
That lygys in this credyll.

Likewise in *Archie Armstrang's Aith*, st. 18, the husband—

If e'er I did sae fause a feat,
As thin my neebor's faulds,
May I doom'd the flesh to eat
This vera cradyl halds!

In both versions the shepherds, not having found anything, believe they have made a mistake; *Town.*, p. 134—

Primus Pastor: We have merkyd amys: I hold us *begyld.*

Archie Armstrang's Aith, st. 22—

Or aiblins Maggie's ta'en the yowe,
And thus *beguiled* your e'e.

The principal difference between the two versions of the same story is, that in the play the thief, in spite of this trick, is finally discovered and punished by lynch-law, whilst according to the ballad the thief and his wife succeed in their plot, and the suspicion falls upon another. It is in harmony with this difference that the seemingly not realizable oath is only of a secondary interest in the play, while in the ballad it forms the centre of the whole.

Now the only MS. of the Towneley Plays seems to have been written in the beginning of the fifteenth century, whilst Archie Armstrang's Aith, belonging to the "Imitations of the ancient ballad," was scarcely composed long before 1802, in which year the 'Minstrelsy' made its first appearance in the literary world. It is most unlikely that John Marriott,—who, according to Allibone's Dictionary, was Curate of Broad Clift, Devon, and Rector of Church Liford, Warwickshire, and in 1820 and 1836 published some collections of sermons,—borrowed this story from the then unprinted MS. of the Towneley Plays and transferred it, of his own authority, to Archie Armstrang, so that the whole of his notes were a forgery.[1] It is much

[1] It is perhaps worth noting that the *Secunda Pastorum* was printed in the *Collection of English Miracle Plays* published at Basel in 1838 by a Dr. William Marriott, who may possibly have been a relation of the Rev. John Marriott of Prof. Kölbing's ballad.—A. W. P.

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more credible that this funny tale was preserved by oral traditions, possibly in a metrical form. The tale was first brought into the Christmas story by the author of the Towneley Play, and afterwards, in the seventeenth century, transferred to the famous thief and jester, Archie Armstrang.

Whether the happy or unhappy end of the story is to be considered as the original one, is a question, which, in the want of other materials, we shall perhaps never be able to solve with any certainty.[1]

This little paper is englisht from the original in the *Zeitschrift für vergleichende Litteraturgeschichte*, herausgegeben von M. Koch. Neue Folge. Elfter Band, p. 137 ff.—E. K.

[1] As "bang went saxpence" would have been the result of the Shepherds kissing the babe in the cradle, I suggest that Scotch shepherds, at any rate, would never have thought of incurring such an awful liability.—F. J. F.

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THE TOWNELEY PLAYS.

(I.)

[267 *lines, in stanzas and couplets. Stanzas* 12—15 *have* 10 (*aabab aabab*), 7 (*aab ab ab*), 5 *and* 5 (*aabab*) *lines respectively, the rest* 6 (*aab ccb*).]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Deus.	*Angeli Mali* 1 *et* 2.[1]	*Demones* 1 *et* 2.[1]
Cherubyn.	*Angeli Boni* 1 *et* 2.	*Adam.*
Lucifer.		*Eua.*]

In dei nomine amen.

Assit Principio, Sancta Maria, Meo. Wakefeld.

[Scene I. *Heaven.*]

[*Deus*] (1) *BARKERS.* [Fol. 1, a.]

God declares His nature & might.

Ego sum alpha et o,
I am the first, the last also,
Oone god in mageste;
Meruelus, of myght most,
ffader, & son, & holy goost,
On god in trinyte.

(2)

I am without begynnyng,
My godhede hath none endyng,
I am god in troue;
Oone god in persons thre,
Which may neuer twynnyd be,
ffor I am god alone.

(3)

All manner thyngs is in my thoght,
Withoutten me ther may be noght,
ffor all is in my sight;
hit shall be done after my will,
that I haue thoght I shall fulfill
And manteyn with my myght.

Nothing may exist without Him.

[1] These may be the same.

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(4)

God begins the work of creation. The 1st day: the parting of darkness & light.

At the begynnyng' of oure dede
make we heuen) & erth, on brede,
and lyght*ys* fayre to se,
ffor' it is good' to be so;
darknes from) light we parte on two,
In tyme to serue and be.

(5)

Darknes we cal' the nyght',
and lit' also the bright',
It' shal' be as I say;
after' my wil' this is furt' brogh't',
Euen) and morne both ar' thay wrogh't',
and thus is maid a day.

(6)

The 2nd day: the firmament divides the waters.

In medys the wat*er*, bi oure assent',
be now maide the firmament',
And parte ather' from) othere,
Wat*er* aboue, I-wis;
Euen) and morne maide is this
A day, [so was] the tothere.

(7)

The 3rd day: the division of earth & sea.

Waters, that' so wyde ben) spred,
be gedered to ged*er* in to one stede,
that' dry the ert' may seym);
that' at' is dry the ert' shal' be,
the waters also I cal' the see;
this warke to me is queme.

(8)

The earth to bring forth fruit.

Out' of' the ert' herbys shal spryng',
Trees to flouris' and frute furth bryng',
thare kynde that it' be kyd.
This is done after my wil';
Even) & morn) maide is ther' til'
A day, this is the thryd'. [MS. thyrd.]

(9)

The 4th day: creation of sun & moon.

Son) & moyne set in the heuen),
With' starnes, & the planett*ys* seuen),
To stand in thare degre;

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The son) to serue the day lygh̄t',
The moyne also to serue the nygh̄t';
The fourte day shaH̄ this be.

(10)

The water to norish̄ the fysh̄ swymand,
The erth̄ to norish bestys crepeand,
That' fly or' go may.
Multiplye in erth̄, and be
In my blyssyng', wax now ye;
This is the fyft' day.

The 5th day: the creation of fish & "creeping beasts that may fly or go." [Cp. ll. 162, 163.]

(11)

Cherubyn'. Oure lord god in trynyte,
Myrth̄ and lovyng' be to the,
Myrth̄ and lovyng' ouer al thyng';
ffor' thou has made[1], with thi bidyng',
Heuen), & erth̄, and aH̄ that is,
and giffen) vs Ioy that' neuer shaH̄ mys.
Lord, thou) art fuH̄ mych̄ of' mygh̄t,
that' has maide lucifer so bright;
we loue the, lord, bright' ar' we,
bot none of' vs so bright' as he:
He may weH̄ hight lucifere,
ffor' lufly ligh̄t that' he doth̄ bere.
He is so lufly and so brigh̄t
It is grete ioy to se that' sigh̄t;
We lofe the, lord, with aH̄ oure thoght',
that sich̄ thyng' can) make of nogh̄t.

[Fol. 1, b.] Cherubim praise God.

He has made all of them bright, but Lucifer brightest.

hic deus recedit à suo solio & lucifer sedebit in eodem solio.

(12)

Lucifer'. Certys, it' is a semely sight,
Syn that' we ar' aH̄ angels bright,
and euer in blis to be;
If' that' ye wiH̄ behold' me right,
this mastre longys to me.
I am so fare and bright,
of me commys aH̄ this light',
this gam) and aH̄ this gle;

Lucifer prides himself on his brightness & strength.

[1] The words "has made" are in a later hand, the originals having been obliterated.

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Agans my grete myght'
[1] may [no]thyng' stand [ne] be. 86

(13)

And ye weł me behold
I am a thowsand fold'
bright*er* then) is the son);
my strengthe may not be told,
my myght may no thyng' kon;
In heuen, therfor', wit I wold'
Above me who shuld won). 93

Who shall be above him in heaven?

(14)

ffor' I am lord of blis,
ou*er* ał this warld', I-wis,
My myrth is most of' ał;
the[r]for' my wiłł is this,
master' ye shałł me całł. 98

(15)

And ye shałł se, fułł sone onone,
How that me semys to sit' in trone
as kyng' of blis;
I am) so semely, blode & bone,
my sete shałł be ther' as was his. 103

He is so seemly he will take God's throne as King of bliss.

(16)

Say, felows, how semys now me
To sit in seyte of trynyte?
I am so bright' of' ich a lym)
I trow me seme as weł as hym). 107

[He seats himself &] asks the angels how he looks.

*primus angel*us *mal*us. Thou) art' so fayre vnto my syght,
thou) semys weł to sytt on) hight';
So thynke me that thou doyse.
*prim*us *bon*us *angel*us. I rede ye leyfe that vanys royse, 111
ffor' that' seyte may non) angeł seme
So weł as hym) that' ał shałł deme.
*Secundus bon*us *ang*elus. I reyde ye sese of that ye sayn),
ffor' weł I wote ye carpe in vayne; 115
hit semyd hym) neu*er*, ne neu*er* shałł,
So weł as hym) that has maide ał.

The bad praise, and the good warn him.

[1] MS. may thyng' stand then) be.

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Secundus malus angelus. Now, and bi ogh̄t that I can̄ witt,
he semys fulĦ welĦ theron̄ to sytt;
He is so fayre, *with*outten̄ les,
he semys fulĦ welĦ to sytt̄ on̄ des.
therfor̄, felow, hold thi peasse,
and vmbithynke the what thou̅ saysse.
he semys as welĦ to sytt there
as god hymself̄, if he were here.
Lucifer̄. leyf felow, thynk the not̄ so?
primus malus angelus. Yee, god wote, so dos othere mo. [Fol. 2, a.]
primus bonus [*Angelus*]. Nay, forsoth̄, so thynk not vs.
lucifer̄. Now, therof a leke what rek*ys* vs?
Syn̄ I my self am so bright
therfor̄ wiĦ I take a flyghtt̄.[1]

The bad angels think him as fit to sit in God's seat as God Himself.

Lucifer says he will take a flight.[1]

Tunc exibunt demones clamando, & dicit primus,

[Scene II. *Hell.*]

primus demon̄. Alas, alas, and wele-wo!
lucifer̄, whi feĦ thou so?
We, that were angels so fare,
and sat so hie aboue the ayere,
Now ar̄ we waxen̄ blak as any coyĦ,
and vgly, tatyrd as a foyĦ.
What̄ alyd the, lucif*er*, to faĦ?
was thou̅ not farist of̄ angels aĦ?
Brightist̄, and best, & most̄ of̄ luf̄
W*ith* god hym̄ self, that sytt*ys* aboyf̄?
thou̅ has maide [neyn,[2]] there was [ten,[3]]
thou̅ art̄ fouĦ comyn from̄ thi kyn̄;
thou̅ art̄ fallen̄, that̄ was the teynd,
ffrom̄ an angeĦ to a feynd.
thou̅ has vs doyn a vyle dispyte,
and broght̄ thi self̄ to sorow and sitt̄.
Alas, ther̄ is noght els to say
bot̄ we ar̄ tynt̄ for̄ now and ay.

The devils reproach Lucifer.

They are waxen black as coal.

He has made nine where there were ten [*i.e.* a tenth part of each order of angels has fallen. Cp. ll. 256, 257].

Secundus demon.—Alas, the ioy that̄ we were In
haue we lost̄, for oure syn̄.

[1] A scribe has mistaken Lucifer's boastfu̅ [illegible]ght for his fall. One or more stanzas containing either a speech of Deus (cp. *Chester* and *Coventry Plays*) or the exclamations of the devils as they fall (cp. *York Plays*) must have been omitted.

[2] MS. ix. [3] MS. x.

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alas, that' eu*er* cam pride in thoght',
ffor' it has brogħt vs aɫɫ to nogħt. 153
We were in myrth and Ioy enogħe
When lucif*er* to p*ri*de drogħ.

We may curse our wicked pride: "so may ye all that stand beside."

Alas, we may warrie wikkyd p*ri*de,
so may ye aɫɫ that' stand*ys* be side; 157
We held' witħ hym) ther' he saide leasse,
and therfor' haue we aɫɫ vnpeasse.
Alas, alas, oure Ioye is tynt',
We mon) haue payne that' neu*er* shaɫɫ stynt'. 161

[Scene III. *Earth.*]

(17)

God proceeds to make man.

Deus.—Erthly best*ys*, that may crepe and go,
bryng ye furtħ and wax ye mo,
I se that' it' is good; 164
now make we man to oure liknes,
that' shaɫɫ be kep*er* of more & les,
of' fowles, and fysħ in flood'. *Et' tanget' eum.* 167

(18)

spreyte of' life I in the blaw,
good and iɫɫ both shaɫɫ thou) knaw;
rise vp, and stand bi me. 170
Aɫɫ that' is in wat*er* or land,
It' shaɫɫ bow vnto thi hand,
and sufferan) shaɫɫ thou be; 173

(19)

He gives him knowledge, strength, the government of the world, & paradise to dwell in.

I gif' the witt', I gif the strenght,
of' aɫɫ thou sees, of brede & lengthe;
thou shaɫɫ be wond*er* wise. 176
Myrtħ and Ioy to haue at wiɫɫ,
Aɫɫ thi likyng to fulfiɫɫ,
and dweɫɫ in paradise. 179

(20)

This I make thi wonnyng playce,
ffuɫɫ of' myrtħ and of solace,
and I seasse the therin. 182
It' is not' good to be alone,
to walk here in this wortħely wone,
In aɫɫ this weltħly wyn); 185

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(21)

therfor', a rib I from the take,
therof' shall be [maide] thi make,
And be to thi helpyng'.
Ye both to gouerne that' here is,
and eu*er* more to be in blis,
ye wax in my blissyng'.

God makes woman to be man's helping.

(22)

ye shall have Ioye & blis therin,
whils ye will kepe you) out of syn),
I say w*ith*out[ten] lese.
Ryse vp, myn) angell cherubyn),
Take and leyd theym) both in,
And leyf' them) there in peasse.

[Fol. 2, b.]

And bids an angel lead them to paradise.

Tunc capit' cherubyn' adam per manum, & dicit' eis dominus,

(23)

Heris thou adam, and eue thi wife,
I forbede you the tre of' life,
And I co*m*maund, that' it' be gat',
Take which ye will, bot' negh not' that'.
Adam, if' thou breke my rede,
thou) shall dye a dulfull dede.
Cherubyn'. Oure lord, oure god, thi will be done;
I shall go w*ith* theym) full sone.
ffor' sothe, my lord, I shall not sted
till I haue theym) theder led.
we thank the, lord, with full good chere,
that' has maide man to be oure feere. [*Exit* Deus.]
Com furth, adam, I shall the leyd;
take tent' to me, I shall the reyd.
I rede the thynk how thou art' wroght,
and luf my lord in all thi thogh̄t,
That' has maide the thrugh his will,
angels ordin' to fulfill.
Many thyng*ys* he has the giffen),
and maide the master' of' all that' liffen);
He has forbed the bot' a tre;
look that thou) let it be,

God forbids Adam and Eve the tree of life.

The Angel instructs Adam.

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ffor' if' thou breke his commaundment,
thou) skapys not' bot' thou be shent.
Weynd here in to paradise,
and luke now that' ye be wyse,
And kepe you) weH, for' I must' go
vnto my lord, ther' I cam) fro. [*Exit* Cherubyn).]

Adam and Eve congratulate themselves & thank God.

Adam). Almyghty lord, I thank' it the
that' is, and was, and shaH be,
Of thi luf' and of' thi grace,
ffor' now is here a mery place;
Eue, my felow, how thynk the this?
Eua. A stede me thynk of' Ioye and blis,
That' god has giffen) to the and me;
Withoutten) ende blissyd be he.
Adam). Eue, felow, abide me thore,
ffor' I wiH go to viset more,
To se what trees that' here been);
here ar' weH moo then) we have seen),
Gres*ys*, and othere smaH floures,
that' smeH fuH swete, of seyr' coloures.
Eua. Gladly, *sir*, I wiH fuH fayne;
When) ye haue sene theym), com) agane.

Adam bids Eve keep away from the Tree of Life.

Adam). Bot' luke weH, eue, my wife,
that' thou) negh not the tree of' life;
ffor' if' thou) do he bese iH paide;
then be we tynt', as he has saide.
Eua. Go furth and play the aH aboute,
I shaH not' negh it' while thou) art' oute;
ffor' be thou sekyr' I were fuH loth
ffor' any thyng that' he were wroth. [*Exeunt* Adam & Eve.]

[Scene IV. *Hell.*]

Lucifer). Who wend eu*er* this tyme haue seyn)?

The tenth order of angels is fallen.

We, that in sich myrth haue beyn),
That we shuld suffre so mych wo?
Who wold eu*er* trow it' shuld be so?
[1 Ten] orders in heuen were
of' angels, that' had offyce sere;
Of ich order', in thare degre,
the [2 teynd] parte feH downe with me;

1 MS. X. 2 MS. x.

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ffor' thay held *with* me that' tyde,
and mantenyd me in my p*r*ide;
Bot' herkyns, felows, what I say—
the Ioy that we haue lost for ay,
God has maide man *with* his hend,
to haue that' blis *with*outten end,
The [1] neyn ordre to fulfiH,
that' after' vs left, sicH is his wiH.
And now ar' thay in paradise;
bot' thens thay shaH, if we be wise.

God has made man to fill its place.

The MS. has apparently lost 12 leaves here, containing (no doubt) the Temptation of Eve and the Expulsion of her and Adam from Paradise.

(II.)

Mactacio abel. Secunda pagina.

[Fol. 8, a.]

[473 *lines in thirteens* (*aaab cccb bdbd, no.* 1), *twelves* (*aaab cccb bdbd, no.* 3), *elevens* (*aab cccb, no* 2—*or aaab ccb, no.* 7—*bdbd*), *nines, eights* (*aaab bcbc, no.* 6, *or cccb, no.* 10; *aaa bbb cc, no.* 14), *sevens* (*aaab ccb, no.* 4; *aab ab cc, no.* 16), *sixes, fives* (*aa bbb, no.* 5), *fours* (*ab ab, no.* 13), *threes and twos.*]

[*Dramatis Personae.*
Garcio. *Cayn.* *Abel.* *Deus.*]

Garcio. (1) *Glover Pag.*[2]...

AH hayH, aH hayH, both blithe and glad,
ffor' here com I, a mery lad;
be peasse youre dyn, my master' bad,
Or' els the dwiH you spede.
Wote ye not' I com before?
Bot who that' Ianglis any more
He must' blaw my blak hoiH bore,
both behynd and before,
TiH his tethe blede.
ffelows, here I you forbede
To make nother nose ne cry;
Who so is so hardy to do that' dede
The dwiH [3] hang hym vp to dry.

Garcio makes a ranting speech.

[1] MS. ix. [2] In a later hand.
[3] MS. dewill; the "e" having been overlined by a later hand.

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(2)

His master is a good yeoman:
Gedlyng*is*, I am a fulle grete wat,
A good yoman my master' hat',
ffull well ye all hym ken);

ill to quarrel with.
Begyn he w*ith* you for to stryfe,
cert*is*, then mon ye neu*er* thryfe;
Bot' I trow, bi god on life,
Som of' you ar' his men.
Bot' let' youre lippis cou*er* youre ten,
harlott*is*, eu*er*ichon!
ffor if' my master' com, welcom' hym then'.
ffarewell, for' I am gone. [*Exit* Garcio.]

[*Enter* Cain, ploughing.]

(3)

Cain calls to his mare.
Cayn'. Io furth, greyn-horne! and war' oute, gryme!
Drawes on! god gif you ill to tyme!
Ye stand as ye were fallen in swyme;
What'! will ye no forther', mare?

Pull on a bit, you shrew.
War! let' me se how down' will draw;
Yit', shrew, yit', pull on a thraw!
What'! it' semys for' me ye stand none aw!
I say, donnyng, go fare!
A, ha! god gif the soro & care!

You're the worst mare I ever had in plough.
lo! now hard she what I saide;
now yit' art thou the warst mare
In plogh that' eu*er* I haide.

(4)

He calls the Boy.
How! pike-harnes, how! com hed*er* belife!

[*Enter* Garcio.]

They wrangle.
Garcio. I fend, god*is* forbot, tha' eu*er* thou thrife!
Cayn. What', boy, shal I both hold and drife?
heris thou not how I cry?
Garcio. Say, mall and stott, will ye not' go?
Lemyng', morell, white-horne, Io!
now will ye not se how thay hy?

(5)

Cayn'. Gog gif the sorow, boy; want' of mete it gars.
Garcio. thare prouand, s*ir*, for' thi, I lay behynd thare ars,
And tyes them fast bi the nek*is*,
With many stanys in thare hek*is*.
[Fol. 3, b.] *Cayn'*. That' shall bi thi fals chek*is*.

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(6)

Garcio. And haue agane as right. 49 Cain offers to fight him.
Cayn. I am thi mast*er*, wilt thou fight?
Garcio. Yai, with the same mesure and weght The Boy is quite ready.
That' I b..ro wiH I qwite. 52
Cayn. We! now, no thyng', bot' caH on tyte,
that we had ployde this land.
Garcio. harrer', moreH, iofurth, hyte!
and let the ploght stand. 56

[*Enter* Abel.]

(7)

*Abel*H. God, as he both may and can, 57 Abel bids them God speed.
Spede the, brother', & thi man.
Cayn. Com kis myne ars, me list not ban,
As welcom stand*is* ther' oute. 60 Cain tells him he isn't wanted.
Thou shuld haue bide til thou were cald;
Com nar', & other' drife or' hald,
and kys the dwillis toute. 63
Go grese thi shepe vnder' the toute,
ffor that' is the moste lefe.
*Abel*H. broder', ther' is none here aboute
that' wold the any grefe; 67

(8)

bot', leif' brother', here my sawe— Abel exhorts him to come & make burnt-offerings of his tenths of corn & cattle.
It' is the custom of' oure law,
AH that' wyrk as the wise
shaH worship god w*ith* sacrifice. 71
Oure fader' vs bad, oure fad*er* vs kend,
that' oure tend shuld be brend.
Com furth, brothere, and let vs gang
To worship god; we dweH fuH lang'; 75
Gif' we hym p*ar*te of oure fee,
Corne or' cataH, whed*er* it' be. 77

(9)

And therfor', brother', let vs weynd,
And first' clens vs from the feynd
or' we make sacrifice;
Then blis w*ith*outten end
get we for' oure seruyce, 82

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(10)

Of hym thaᵗ is oure saulis lecħe. 83

Cain will none of his sermoning.

*Cayn*ˡ. How! letᵗ furthħ youre geyse, the fox wiłł precħe;
How long wilt thou me appecħ
With thi sermonyngᵗ? 86
Hold thi tongᵗ, yit I say,
Euen therˡ the good wife strokid the hay;
Orˡ sit downe in the dwiłł way,
With thi vayn carpyngᵗ. 90

(11)

He won't leave his plough & his work. God only gives him sorrow & woe.

Shuld I leife my plogħ & ałł thyng
And go *with* the to make offeryng?
Nay! thou fynd*ys* me notᵗ so mad!
Go to the dwiłł, and say I bad! 94
Whatᵗ gifys god the to rose hym so?
me gifys he noghtᵗ botᵗ soro and wo. 96

[Fol. 4, a.]

(12)

*Abe*ł. Caym, leife this vayn carpyng,
fforˡ god giffys the ałł thi lifyng.
*Cayn*ˡ. Yitᵗ boroed I neu*er* a farthyng 99

Abel says their elders have told them they must tithe & make burnt-offering.

ofᵗ hym, here my hend.
*Abe*ł. Brotherˡ, as elders haue vs kend,
ffirst shuldᵈ we tend *with* oure hendᵈ,
and to his lofyngᵗ sithen be brend. 103

(13)

*Cayn*ˡ. My farthyng is in the preest hand
syn last tyme I offyrd.
*Abe*ł. leif brotherˡ, let vs be walkand;
I wold oure tend were *pro*fyrd. 107

(14)

Cain replies he is worse off each year.

*Cayn*ˡ. We! wherofᵗ shuld I tend, leifᵗ brothere?
fforˡ I am icħ yere wars then othere,
here my trouthħ itᵗ is none othere; 110
My wynnyng*is* arˡ bot meynˡ,
No wond*er* ifᵗ thatᵗ I be leyn;
ffuł long tił hym I may me meynˡ, 113
fforˡ bi hym that me dere boghtˡ,
I traw thatᵗ he wił leyn me noghtˡ. 115

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(15)

Abel. Yis, all the good thou has in wone
Of godis grace is bot a lone.
Cayn. Lenys he me, as com thrift apon the so?
ffor he has euer yit beyn my fo;
ffor had he my freynd beyn,
Other gatis it had beyn seyn.
When all mens corn was fayre in feld
Then was myne not worth a neld[1];
When I shuld saw, & wantyd seyde,
And of corn had full grete neyde,
Then gaf he me none of his,
No more will I gif hym of this.
hardely hold me to blame
bot if I serue hym of the same.
Abel. Leif brother, say not so,
bot let vs furth togeder go;
Good brother, let vs weynd sone,
no longer here I rede we hone.
Cayn. Yei, yei, thou Iangyls waste;
the dwill me spede if I haue hast,
As long as I may lif,
to dele my good or gif
Ather to god or yit to man,
of any good that euer I wan;
ffor had I giffen away my goode,
then mygh I go with a ryffen hood,
And it is better hold that I haue
then go from doore to doore & craue.
Abel. Brother, com furth, in godis name,
I am full ferd that we get blame;
Hy we fast that we were thore.
Cayn. We! ryn on, in the dwills nayme Before!
Wemay, man, I hold the mad!
wenys thou now that I list gad
To gif away my warldis aght?
the dwill hym spede that me so tagh!
what nede had I my traueH to lose,
to were my shoyn & ryfe my hose?

[1] MS. an eld.

119 God has always been his foe.

123 His own corn is the worst of anybody's.

127

131

135 He is in no haste to give.

139

143 If he had given away his good he might go with a torn hood. Better keep, than beg.

147

[Fol. 4, b.] He thinks Abel mad.

151

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Abel doesn't want to go without him.

Abell. Dere brother, hit were grete wonder
that I & thou shuld go in sonder, 155
Then wold oure fa ler haue grete ferly ;
Ar we not brether, thou & I?
Cayn. No, bot cry on, cry, whyls the thynk good ;
Here my trowth, I hold the woode ; 159
Whether that he be blithe or wroth
to dele my good is me full lothe.
I haue gone oft on softer wise
ther I trowed som prow wold rise. 163

I see I must come then. Go on before.

Bot well I se go must I nede ;
now weynd before, ill myght thou spede !
syn that we shall algat*is* go.
Abell. leif brother, whi sais thou so? 167

Let us go together, says Abel.

Bot go we furth both togeder ;
blissid be god we haue fare weder.
Cayn. lay downe thi trussell apon this hill.
Abell. fforsoth broder, so I will : 171
Gog of heuen, take it to good.

You tithe first, says Cain.

Cayn. Thou shall tend first if thou were wood.
Abell. God that shope both erth and heuen,
I pray to the thou here my steven, 175
And take in thank, if thi will be,
the tend that I offre here to the ;
ffor I gif it in good entent
to the, my lord, that all has sent. 179

Abel burns his tithes.

I bren it now, with stedfast thoght,
In worship of hym that all has wroght.
Cayn. Ryse ! let me now, syn thou has done ;

Cain begins tithing.

lord of heuen, thou here my boyne ! 183
And ouer, god*is* forbot, be to the
thank or thew to kun me ;
ffor, as browke I thise two shankys,
It is full sore, myne vnthankys, 187
The teynd that I here gif to the,
of corn, or thyng, that newys me ;
Bot now begyn will I then,
syn I must nede my tend to bren. 191
Oone shefe, oone, and this mak*ys* two,
bot nawder of thise may I forgo :

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Two, two, now this is thre,
yei, this also shall leif with me :
ffor I will chose and best haue,
this hold I thrift of all this thrafe ;
Wemo, wemo, foure, lo, here !
better groved me no this yere.
At yere tyme I sew fayre corn,
yit was it sich when it was shorne,
Thystyls & brerys, yei grete plente,
And all kyn wedis that myght be.
ffoure shefis, foure, lo, this makis fyfe—
deyll I fast thus long or I thrife—
ffyfe and sex, now this is sevyn,
bot this gettis neuer god of heuen ;
Nor none of thise foure, at my myght,
shall neuer com in godis sight.
Sevyn, sevyn, now this is aght,
Abel. Cain, brother, thou art not god betaght.
Cayn. We ! therfor is it that I say,
ffor I will not deyle my good away :
Bot had I gyffen hym this to teynd
Then wold thou say he were my Freynd ;
Bot I thynk not, bi my hode,
To departe so lightly fro my goode.
we ! aght, aght, & neyn, & ten is this,
we ! this may we best mys.
Gif hym that that ligis thore ?
It goyse agans myn hart full sore.

(16)

Abel. Cam ! teynd right of all bedeyn.
Cayn. we ! lo twelve, fyfteyn, sexteyn [1]
Abel. Caym, thou tendis wrang, and of the warst.
Cayn. we ! com nar, and hide myne een ;
In the wenyand wist ye now at last,
Or els will thou that I wynk ?
then shall I doy no wrong, me thynk.

(17)

Let me se now how it is—
lo, yit I hold me paide ;
I teyndyd wonder well bi ges,
And so euen I laide.

[1] MS. xij, xv, xvi.

He chooses & keeps the best for himself, grumbling all the time.

Cain keeps on counting. [The repetition of the numbers may mean that he counts 20 sheaves as 10, so as to pay a 20th instead of a 10th.]

[Fol. 5, a. Sig. C. 1.]

We may best do without this one.

Abel tells him he is tithing wrongly & of the worst

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(18)

Abell. Came, of' god me thynke thou has no drede.

Devil speed me if he get a sheaf more.

Cayn. Now and he get more, the dwill me spede!
As mych as oone reepe,
ffor' that cam hym full light chepe;
Not as mekill, grete ne small,
as he myght wipe his ars *with* all.
ffor' that', and this that lyys here,
haue cost me full dere;

I had many a weary back in getting this.

Or' it was shorne, and broght in stak,
had I many a wery bak;
Therfor' aske me no more of' this,
ffor' I haue giffen that' my will is.

Abell. Cam, I rede thou tend right'
ffor' drede of' hym that' sitt*is* on hight'.

Never you mind how I'm tithing.

Cayn. How that' I tend, rek the neu*er* a deill,
bot' tend thi skabbid shepe wele;
ffor' if' thou to my teynd tent' take,
It' bese the wars for' thi sake.
Thou wold I gaf' hym this shefe, or' this sheyfe;

Here are two sheaves, and that must do.

na, nawd*er* of' thise [two [1]] wil I leife;
Bot take this, now has he two,
and for' my saull now mot' it' go,
Bot' it gos sore agans my will,
and shal he like full ill.

Abell. Cam, I reyde thou so teynd
that' god of heuen be thi freynd.

Cayn. My freynd? na, not' bot' if' he will!
I did hym neu*er* yit' bot' skill.
If' he be neu*er* so my fo,
I am avisid gif' hym no mo;
Bot' chaunge thi conscience, as I do myn,
yit' teynd thou not' thi mesel swyne?

Abell. If' thou teynd right thou mon it fynde.

Cayn. Yei, kys the dwills ars behynde;
The dwill hang the bi the nek!
how that I teynd, neu*er* thou rek.

Cease your jangling.

Will thou not' yit hold thi peasse?
of' this Ianglyng I reyde thou seasse.
And teynd I well, or' tend I ill,
bere the euen & speke bot' skill.

[1] MS. ij.

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Bot now syn thou has teyndid thyne, [Fol. 6, a. Sig. C. 2.][1] He sets fire to his offering.
Now wiłł I set fyr' on myne.
We! out'! haro! help to blaw!
It' wiłł not' bren for' me, I traw; 276
Puf'! this smoke dos me mych shame— Cain's offering won't burn, but almost chokes him with smoke.
now bren, in the dwiłłys name!
A! what' dwiłł of hełł is it?
Almost had myne breth beyn dit'. 280
had I blawen oone blast more
I had beyn choked right' thore;
It' stank like the dwiłł in hełł,
that longer ther' mygħt I not dwełł. 284
Abeł. Cam, this is not' worth oone leke; Abel says it is no good.
thy tend shuld bren *with*outten smeke.
Caym'. Com kys the dwiłł right' in the ars, Cain reviles him.
for' the it' brens bot' the wars; 288
I wold that' it were in thi throte,
ffyr', & shefe, and ich a sprote. [*God appears above.*]
Deus. Cam, whi art' thou so rebeł God reproves Cain. As he tithes so shall he receive.
Agans thi brother' abeł? 292
Thar' thou nowther' flyte ne chyde,
if' thou tend right' thou gett*is* thi mede;
And be thou sekir', if' thou teynd fals,
thou bese alowed ther' after als. [*Exit* Deus.] 296

(19)

Caym'. Whi, who is that' hob-ouer-the-wałł? Cain scoffs at God. "Who is that hob-over-the-wall?"
we! who was that' that' piped so smałł?
Com go we hens, for' perels all;
God is out' of' hys wit'. 300
Com furth, abeł, & let' vs weynd;
Me thynk that' god is not' my freynd,
on land then wiłł I flyt. 303

(20)

Abeł. A, Caym, brother', that' is iłł done. Abel is shocked.
Caym'. No, bot' go we hens sone;

[1] The writer of MS. has by mistake continued his lines on Fol. 6 a, instead of fol. 5 b, and has made a note in red ink on top of fol. 5 b. as follows;—"[M]d' that' this syde of' the leyfe [sh]uld' folow the other next' syde [ac]cordyng to the tokyns here maide, [an]d' then after al stondys in ordre."

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And if' I may, I shaH be
ther' as god shaH not' me see. 307

He says he will go to his beasts.

*Abe*H. Dere brother', I wiH fayre
on feld ther' oure best*is* ar',
To looke if' thay be holgh or' fuH.

Cain stops him and says it is time to pay Abel what he owes him.

Caym'. Na, na, abide, we haue a craw to puH; 311
Hark, speke *with* me or' thou go;
what! wenys thou to skape so?
we! na! I aght' the a fowH dispyte,
and now is tyme that I hit qwite. 315

Abel. Brother', whi art' thou so to me in Ire?

Why did your tithe burn & not mine?

Caym'. we! theyf', whi brend thi tend so shyre?
Ther' myne did bot' smoked
right' as it wold vs both haue choked. 319

Abel. God*is* wiH I trow it' were
that' myn brened so clere;
[1] If' thyne smoked am I to wite?

I will take your life for it with this cheek bone.

Caym'. we! yei! that shal thou sore abite; 323
with cheke bon, or' that I blyn,
shal I the & thi life twyn; [*Cain kills Abel.*]
So lig down ther' and take thi rest,
thus shaH shrewes be chastysed best. 327

(21)

Abel cries for vengeance.

*Abe*H. Veniance, veniance, lord, I cry!
for' I am slayn, & not' gilty.

Caym'. Yei, ly ther' old shrew, ly ther', ly! 330

(22)

If any one thinks he did amiss, Cain will make things worse.

And if' any of' you thynk I did amys
I shal it' amend wars then it' is,
that' aH men may it' se: 333
weH wars then it' is
right' so shaH it' be. 335

[Fol. 5, b.]

But now that Abel is brought to sleep he would fain creep into a hole for 40 days.

(23)

Bot' now, syn he is Broght on Slepe,
Into Som hole fayn wold I crepe;
ffor ferd I qwake and can no rede,
ffor be I taken, I be bot dede; 339

[1] Originally written "I am not to wite"; "*I*" and "*not*" have been struck out with red ink, and "*I*" placed after "*am.*"

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here wiH I lig thise fourty dayes,
And I shrew hym that me fyrst rayse.
Deus. Caym, Caym! [*God appears above.*] God calls to Cain.
Caym. who is that' that' callis me?
I am yonder, may thou not' se? 343
Deus. Caym, where is thi brother' abeH? Where is thy brother?
Caym. what ask*is* thou me? I trow at heH:
At heH I trow he be—
who so were ther' then myght he se— 347
Or' somwhere fallen on slepyng; Cain answers he may be in hell or asleep.
when was he in my kepyng'?
Deus. Caym, Caym, thou was wode;
The voyce of' thi brother*is* blode 351
That' thou has slayn, on fals wise,
from erth to heuen venyance cryse. God curses him.
And, for' thou has broght thi brother' downe,
here I gif' the my malison. 355
Caym'. Yei, dele aboute the, for' I wiH none, Cain says since he has lost God's grace he will hide himself.
or' take it the when I am gone.
Syn I haue done so mekiH syn,
that' I may not' thi m*er*cy wyn, 359
And thou thus dos me from thi grace,
I shaH hyde me fro thi face;
And where so any man may fynd me, If any man find him, let him slay him: and bury him "in gudeboure at the quarell head."
Let hym slo me hardely; 363
And where so any man may me meyte,
Aythe*r*' bi sty, or' yit' bi strete;
And hardely, when I am dede,
bery me in gudeboure at the quareH hede, 367
ffor', may I pas this place in quarte,
bi aH men set I not a fart.
Deus. Nay, caym, it' bese not so; God will not let him be slain.
I wiH that' no man other' slo,[1] 371
ffor' he that sloys yong or' old
It shaH be punyshid sevenfold'. [*Exit* Deus.]
Caym'. No force, I wote whede*r* I shaH;
In heH I wote mon be my staH. 375 Cain knows that hell will be his place.
It' is no boyte m*er*cy to craue,
ffor' if I do I mon none haue; 377

[1] Opposite this line a later hand has added in the margin, "& that shaH do thy boddy der."

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He wants to hide the body.

Bot' this cors I wold were hid,
ffor som man mygh̄t' com at vngayn,
'ffle fals shrew,' wold he bid,

If Pike-harnes were there they would bury it together.

And weyn I had my brother' slayn.
Bot' were pike-harnes, my knafe, here,
we shuld bery hym' both in fere.
How, pyke-harnes, scape-thryft! how, pike-harnes, how!

Garcio. Master', master'!

Cain calls Pyke-harnes and hits him

Cayn'. harstow, boy? ther' is a podyng' in the pot;
take the that, boy, tak *the that*!

Garcio. I shrew thi ball vnd*er* thi hode,
If' thou were my syre of flesh̄ & blode;
All the day to ryn and trott',
And eu*er* amang thou strykeand,
Thus am I comen bofett*is* to fott.

to keep his hand in.

Cayn'. Peas, man, I did it bot to vse my hand;

(24)

[Fol. 6, b.]

He tells him he has slain Abel.

Bot Harke, boy, I haue a counsell to the to Say—
I slogh̄ my brother' this same day;
I pray the, good boy, and thou may,
to ryn away *with* the bayn.

The boy cries out upon him.

Garcio. We! out apon the, thefe!
has thou thi brother' slayn?

Caym. Peasse, man, for' god*is* payn!

(25)

I saide it' for' a skaunce.

We shall come off ill if the bailies catch us.

Garcio. Yey, bot' for' ferde of grevance
here I the forsake;
we mon haue a mekill myschaunce
and the bayles vs take.

(26)

Cain promises to cry his peace.

Caym'. A, *sir*, I cry you m*er*cy; seasse!
and I shall make you a releasse.

Garcio. what', wilt' thou cry my peasse

(27)

thrugh̄out' this land'?

Cayn'. Yey, that' I gif' god a vow, belife.

Garcio. how will thou do long or' thou thrife?

Caym'. Stand vp, my good boy, belife,
and thaym peasse both̄ man & [w]ife;

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(28)

And who so wiłł do after' me
ffułł slape of thrift' then shal he be.
Bot' thou must be my good boy,
and cry oyes, oyes, oy!
Garcio. Browes, browes, to thi boy.

He bids him cry *Oyes.*

(29)

Cain makes proclamation of pardon for himself & his boy.

Caym'. I commaund' you in the kyng*is* nayme,
Garcio. And in my master*es*, fals Cayme,
Caym'. That' no man at' thame fynd fawt ne blame.
Garcio. Yey, cold rost is at my master*es* hame.

The boy mocks him in audible 'asides.'

(30)

Caym'. Nowther' w*ith* hym nor' w*ith* his knafe,
Garcio. What', I hope my mast*er* rafe.
Caym'. ffor' thay ar' trew, fułł many fold';
Garcio. My mast*er* suppys no coyle bot cold'.
Caym'. The kyng wryt*is* you vntiłł.
Garcio. Yit' ete I neu*er* half my fiłł.

(31)

Caym'. The kyng wiłł that thay be safe,
Garcio. Yey, a dragh' of' drynke fayne wold I hayfe.
Caym'. At' thare awne wiłł let tham) wafe;
Garcio. My stomak is redy to receyfe.

(32)

Caym'. Loke no man say to theym, on nor' other';
Garcio. This same is he that slo his brother'.
Caym'. Byd eu*er*y man thaym luf' and lowt',
Garcio. Yey, iłł spon) weft' ay comes foule out.
Caym'.[1] long or' thou get' thi hoyse and thou go thus aboute.

(33)

Byd eu*er*y man theym pleasse to pay.
Garcio. Yey, gif' don), thyne hors, a wisp of' hay.
Caym'. we! com downe in twenty dwiłł way,
The dwiłł I *th*e betake;
ffor' bot' it' were abełł, my brothere,
yit knew I neu*er* thi make.

Cain curses the boy. He has never known his equal since Abel.

[Fol. 7, a. Sig. C, 8.]

[1] This line should probably be Garcio's.

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(34)

The boy wishes the spectators the blessing God gave Cain.

Garcio. Now old and yong', or' that' ye weynd,
The same blissyng withoutten end',
All sam then shall ye haue,
That' god of heuen my mast*er* has giffen';
Browke it' well, whils that ye liffen',
he vowche it' full well safe.

(35)

Cain makes the boy go to the plough.

Cayn'. Com downe yit' in the dwill*is* way,
And angre me no more;
And take yond plogh, I say,
And weynd the furth fast' before;
And I shall, if' I may,
Tech the another' lore;
I warn the lad, for' ay,
ffro now furth, eu*er*more,

If he angers him he will hang him on it.

That' thou greue me nogh't;
ffor', bi God*is* syd*is*, if' thou do,
I shall hang the apon this plo,
with this rope, lo, lad, lo!
By hym that' me dere bogh't.

(36)

Now fayre well, felows all,
ffor I must ned*is* weynd,
And to the dwill be thrall,
warld' *with*outten end'.

His own place must be in hell.

Ordand ther' is my stall,
with sathanas the feynd,
Euer ill myght' hym befall
that theder me co*m*mend',
This tyde.
ffare well les, & fare well more,
ffor' now and euer more,
I will go me to hyde.

Explicit Mactacio Abell.
Seguitur' Noe.

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(III.)

Processus Noe cum filiis. Wakefeld.

[Fol. 7, b.]

[*In 62 nine-line stanzas,* aaaab ccb, *with central rymes in* aaaa *markt here by bars.*]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Noe.	*Primus filius.*	*Prima Mulier.*
Deus.	*Secundus filius.*	*Secunda Mulier.*
Vxor Noe.	*Tercius filius.*	*Tercia Mulier.*]

Noe. (1)

Noah praises God for His work of creation.

Myghtfull god veray / Maker of all that is,
Thre persons withoutten nay / oone god in endles blis,
Thou maide both nyght & day / beest, fowle, & fysh,
All creatures that lif may / wroght thou at thi wish,
As thou wel myght;
The son, the moyne, verament,
Thou maide; the firmament,
The sternes also full feruent,
To shyne thou maide ful bright.

(2)

He recalls the making of the angels

Angels thou maide ful euen / all orders that is,
To haue the blis in heuen / this did thou more & les,
full mervelus to neuen / yit was ther vnkyndnes,
More bi foldis seuen / then I can well expres;
for whi?
Of all angels in brightnes
God gaf lucifer most lightnes,
Yit prowdly he flyt his des,
And set hym euen hym by.

(3)

and the fall of Lucifer.

He thoght hymself as worthi / as hym that hym made,
In brightnes, in bewty / therfor he hym degrade;
put hym in a low degre / soyn after, in a brade,
hym and all his menye / wher he may be vnglad
for euer.
shall thay neuer wyn away
hence vnto domysday,
Bot burne in bayle for ay,
shall thay neuer dysseuer.

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(4)

Noah recalls the creation of Adam & Eve

Soyne after that gracyous lord / to his liknes maide man),
That place to be restord / euen as he began),
Of the trinite bi accord / Adam & eue that woman),
To multiplie without discord / In paradise put he thaym),
And sithen to both
Gaf in commaundement,
On the tre of life to lay no hend;
Bot yit the fals feynd
Made hym with man wroth,

(5)

and their Fall.

Entysyd man to glotony / styrd him to syn in pride;
Bot in paradise securly / myght no syn abide,
And therfor man full hastely / was put out, in *that* tyde,
In wo & wandreth for to be / In paynes full vnrid
To knawe,[1]
ffyrst in erth, in sythen in hell
with feynd*is* for to dwell,
Bot he his mercy mell
To those that will hym trawe.

(6)

[Fol. 8, a. Sig. C, 4.]

Oyle of mercy he Hus hight / As I haue Hard red,
To euery lifyng wight / that wold luf hym and dred;
Bot now before his sight / euery liffyng leyde,

All living people now sin boldly.

Most party day and nyght / syn in word and dede
ffull bold;
Som in pride, Ire, and enuy,
Som in Couet[yse][2] & glotyny,
Som in sloth and lechery,
And other wise many fold.

(7)

So that he dreads God's vengeance.

Therfor I drede lest god / on vs will take veniance,
ffor syn is now alod / without any repentance;
Sex hundreth yeris & od / haue I, without distance,
In erth, as any sod / liffyd with grete grevance
All way;

[1] MS. knowe. [2] MS. Couetous.

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And now I wax old, Noah himself is old.
seke, sory, and cold,
As muk apon mold
I widder away; 63

(8)

Bot yit will I cry / for mercy and call; He calls to God for mercy.
Noe thi seruant, am I / lord ouer all!
Therfor me and my fry / shal with me fall;
saue from velany / and bryng to thi hall
In heuen; 68
And kepe me from syn,
This warld within;
Comly kyng of mankyn,
I pray the here my stevyn! [*God appears above.*]

(9)

Deus. Syn I haue maide all thyng / that is liffand, God soliloquizes. He has made all men & they should love Him & repent.
Duke, emperour, and kyng / with myne awne hand,
ffor to haue thare likyng / bi see & bi sand,
Euery man to my bydyng / shuld be bowand
ffull feruent; 77
That maide man sich a creatoure,
ffarest of favoure,
Man must luf me paramoure,
by reson, and repent. 81

(10)

Me thoght I shewed man luf / when I made hym to be
All angels abuf / like to the trynyte; But they lie sunk in sin, for which He will take vengeance.
And now in grete reprufe / full low ligis he,
In erth hymself to stuf / with syn that displeasse me
Most of all; 86
Veniance will I take,
In erth for syn sake,
My grame thus will I wake,
both of grete and small. 90

(11)

I repente full sore / that euer maide I man, He repents He ever made man.
Bi me he settis no store / and I am his soferan;
I will distroy therfor / Both beest, man, and woman, [Fol. 8, b.]
All shall perish les and more / that bargan may thay ban,

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The earth is full of sin.

That iH has done.
In erth I se right noght
Bot syn that is vnsoght;
Of those that weH has wroght
ffynd I bot[1] a fone.

(12)

God will destroy it with floods,

Therfor shaH I fordo / AH this mediH-erd
with floodis that shaH flo / & ryn with hidous rerd;
I haue good cause therto / ffor me no man is ferd,
As I say shal I do / of veniance draw my swerd,

& make end of every thing living, save Noah & his wife.

And make end
of all that beris life,
Sayf noe and his wife,
ffor thay wold neuer stryfe
With me [ne] me offend. [MS. then.]

(13)

He will warn Noah quickly.

hym to mekiH wyn / hastly wiH I go,
To noe my seruand, or I blyn / to warn hym of his wo.
In erth I se bot syn / reynand to and fro,
Emang both more & myn / ichon other fo;
With aH thare entent;
AH shaH I fordo
with floodis that shall floo,
wirk shaH I thaym wo,
That wiH not repent. [*God descends & comes to Noah.*]

(14)

God bids Noah build a ship

Noe, my freend, I thee commaund / from cares the to keyle,
A ship that thou ordand / of nayle and bord ful wele.
Thou was alway weH wirkand / to me trew as stele,
To my bydyng obediand / frendship shal thou fele
To mede;
of lenth thi ship be

300 cubits long, 50 high, 50 broad.

Thre hundreth cubettis, warn I the,
Of heght euen thrirte,
of fyfty als in brede.

(15)

Anoynt thi ship with pik and tar / without & als within,
The water out to spar / this is a noble gyn;

[1] MS. bot.

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look no man the mar' / thre chese[1] chambres begyn,
Thou must spend many a spar' / this wark or' thou wyn
To end fully. 131
Make in thi ship also,
*par*loures oone or' two,
And houses of offyce mo,
ffor' beest*is* that ther must be. 135

(16)

Oone cubite on hight / A wyndo shal thou make;
on the syde a doore *with* slyght' / be-neyth̄ shal thou take;
With the shal no man fyght' / nor' do the no kyn wrake.
When all̄ is doyne thus right / thi wife, that' is thi make, [Fol. 9, a.]
Take in to the; 140
Thi sonnes of good fame,
Sem, Iapheth', and Came,
Take in also hame,
Thare wif*is* also thre. 144

(17)

ffor' all̄ shal be fordone / that lif' in land bot' ye,
with flood*is* that from abone / shal fall̄, & that' plente;
It shall̄ begyn full̄ sone / to rayn vncessantle,
After dayes seuen be done / and induyr' dayes fourty,
*with*outten fayl̄. 149
Take to thi ship also
of ich̄ kynd beest*is* two,
Mayl̄ & femayl̄, bot no mo,
Or' thou pul̄ vp thi sayl̄. 153

(18)

ffor' thay may the avayl̄ / when al this thyng is wroght'; and to victual it well.
Stuf' thi ship *with* vitayl̄, / ffor' hungre that ye *peri*sh̄ nogh̄t';
Of' beest*is*, foul̄, and catayl̄ / ffor' thaym haue thou in thogh̄t,
ffor thaym is my counsayl̄ / that som socour' be sogh̄t,
In hast; 158
Thay must haue corn and hay,
And oder' mete alway;
Do now as I the say,
In the name of' the holy gast. 162

How the ark is to be fitted.

Noah is to take his wife, his three sons & their wives,

to escape the rain that shall last 40 days.

He is to take in the ark two beasts of every kind,

[1] MS. "chefe." Compare line 281.

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(19)

Noah asks who it is who speaks.

Noe. A! benedicite! / what art' thou that thus
Tellys afore that' shall be? / thou art full mervelus!
Tell me, for' charite / thi name so gracius.

God declares Himself.

Deus. My name is of dignyte / and also full glorius
To knawe.[1]
I am god most myghty,
Oone god in trynyty,
Made the and ich man to be;
To luf me well thou awe.

(20)

Noah thanks Him for appearing to a simple knave like himself, & begs His blessing.

Noe. I thank the, lord, so dere / that wold' vowch sayf'
Thus low to appere / to a symple knafe;
Blis vs, lord, here / for charite I hit crafe,
The better may we stere / the ship that' we shall hafe,
Certayn).

God blesses him.

Deus. Noe, to the and to thi fry
My blyssyng graunt I;
Ye shall wax and multiply,
And fill the erth agane,

(21)

When all thise flood*is* ar' past' / and fully gone away.

Noah says he will go tell his wife.

Noe. lord, homward will I hast' / as fast as that I may;
My [wife] will I frast' / what she will say, [*Exit* Deus.]
And I am agast' / that we get som fray
Betwixt vs both;
ffor' she is full tethee,
ffor' litill oft' angre,
If any thyng' wrang be,
Soyne is she wroth. *Tunc perget ad vxorem).*

(22)

[Fol. 9, b.]

God spede, dere wife / how fayre ye?

She wants to know what he has been doing.

Vxor). Now, as euer myght I thryfe / the wars
I thee see;
Do tell me belife / where has thou thus long be?
To dede may we dryfe / or' lif' for' the,
ffor' want'.

[1] MS. knowe.

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When we swete or swynk,
thou dos what thou thynk,
Yit of mete and of drynk
haue we veray skant.

We sweat while you play.

(23)

Noe. Wife, we ar hard sted / with tythyng*is* new.
Vxor. Bot thou were worthi be cled / In stafford blew;
ffor thou art alway adred / be it fals or trew;
Bot god knowes I am led / and that may I rew,
ffull ill;
ffor I dar be thi borow,
ffrom euen vnto morow,
Thou spek*is* eu*er* of sorow;
God send the onys thi fill!

Noah has bad news.
His wife says he should be "clad in stafford blew," for he is always afraid.

(24)

We women may wary / all ill husband*is*;
I haue oone, bi mary! / that lowsyd me of my band*is*;
If he teyn I must tary / how so eu*er* it stand*is*,
With seymland full sory, / wryngand both my hand*is*
ffor drede.
Bot yit other while,
What with gam & w*ith* gyle,
I shall smyte and smyle,
And qwite hym his mede.

Women may curse all ill husbands, but she knows how to pay out hers.

(25)

Noe. We! hold thi tong, ram-skyt / or I shall the still.
Vxor. By my thryft, if thou smyte / I shal turne the vntill.
Noe. We shall assay as tyte / haue at the, gill!
Apon the bone shal it byte. /
Vxor. A, so, mary! thou smyt*is* ill!
Bot I suppose
I shal not in thi det,
flyt of this flett!
Take the ther a langett
To tye vp thi hose!

Noah bids her hold her tongue. She dares him. He strikes her.
She hits back,

(26)

Noe. A! wilt thou so? / mary, that is myne.
Vxor. Thou shal thre for two / I swere bi god*is* pyne.

& promises three blows for two.

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Noah promises to pay her back.

Noe. And I shall qwyte the tho / In fayth or' syne.
Vxor'. Out' apon the, ho! /
Noe. Thou can both byte and whyne,
with a rerd';
ffor all if' she stryke,
yit' fast' will she skryke,
In fayth I hold' none slyke
In all medill-erd';

(27)

Bot' I will kepe charyte / ffor' I haue at do.
She says she will go spin.
Vxor'. Here shal no man tary the / I pray the go to!
ffull well may we mys the / as euer haue I ro;
To spyn will I dres me. /
Noe. We! fare well, lo;
Noah bids her pray for him.
Bot wife,
Pray for me besele,
To eft I com vnto the.
Vxor. Euen as thou prays for' me,
As euer myght' I thrife. [*Exit* Vxor'.]

(28)

[Fol. 10, a.]
Noah begins work on the ark,
Noe. I tary full Lang / Fro my warke, I traw;
Now my gere will I fang / and thederward draw;
I may full ill gang / the soth for to knaw,
Bot if god help amang / I may sit' downe daw
To ken);
Now assay will I
first invoking the Trinity.
how I can of wrightry,
In nomine patris, & filii,
Et spiritus sancti, Amen.

(29)

He gets the ark of the right dimensions.
To begyn of this tree / my bonys will I bend,
I traw from the trynyte / socoure will be send';
It fayres full fayre, thynk me / this wark to my hend;
Now blissid be he / that this can amend.
lo, here the lenght,
Thre hundreth cubettis euenly,
of' breed lo is it fyfty,
The heght is euen thyrty
Cubettis full strenght.

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(30)

Now my gowne wiⁿ I cast / and wyrk in my cote,
Make wiⁿ I the mast / or' I ſlyt oone foote,
A! my bak, I traw, wiⁿ brast! / this is a sory note!
hit' is wonder that I last' / sicⁿ an old' dote
Aⁿ dold,
To begyn sicⁿ a wark!
My bonys ar' so stark,
No wonder if' thay wark,
ffor' I am fuⁿ old'.

Takes off his gown to work at the mast, but finds it hard work for his old bones.

(31)

The top and the sayⁿ / botⁿ wiⁿ I make,
The helme and the casteⁿ / also wiⁿ I take,
To drife icⁿ a nayⁿ / wiⁿ I not forsake,
This gere may neuer fayⁿ / that dar' I vndertake
Onone.
This is a nobuⁿ gyn,
Thise nayles so thay ryn,
Thoro more and myn,
Thise bordis ichon;

He makes top & sail, helm & castle, & drives in the nails.

(32)

wyndow and doore / euen as he saide,
Thre ches chambre / thay ar' weⁿ maide,
Pyk & tar' fuⁿ sure / ther apon laide,
This wiⁿ euer endure / therof' am I paide;
ffor why?
It' is better wrogⁿt
Then I coude haif' thoght;
hym that' maide aⁿ of' noght
I thank oonly.

He makes window & door, & three rooms.

(33)

Now wiⁿ I hy me / and no thyng be leder,
My wife and my meneye / to bryng euen' heder.
Tent hedir tydely / wife, and consider,
hens must vs fle / Aⁿ sam togeder'
In hast.

Then comes to his wife & bids her flee.

Vxor'. Whi, syr', what alis you?
Who is that asalis you?
To fle it avalis you,
And ye be agast'.

[Fol. 10, b.]
She asks what ails him.

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(34)

Noah tells his wife of the coming flood.

Noe. Ther is garñ on the reyłł / other', my dame. 298
Vxor'. Tełł me that ich̄ a deyłł / els get ye blame.
Noe. He that' cares may keiłł / blissid be his name!
he has for oure seyłł / to sheld vs fro shame,
And sayd', 302
Ałł this warld aboute
With̄ flood*is* so stoute,
That shałł ryn on a route,
Shałł be ou*er*laide. 306

(35)

All are to be slain save themselves, their sons, and their son's wives.

he saide ałł shałł be slayn / bot oonely we,
Oure barnes that' ar' bayn / and thare wif*is* thre;
A ship he bad me ordayn / to safe vs & oure fee,
Therfor' w*ith* ałł oure mayn / thank we that fre
Beytt*er* of' bayłł; 311
hy vs fast, go we thedir'.
Vxor'. I wote neu*er* whedir',

She is afraid at his tale.

I dase and I dedir
ffor' ferd of that tayłł. 315

(36)

Noah bids wife & sons help get together their goods. They all promise.

Noe. Be not aferd', haue done / trus sam oure gere,
That we be ther' or none / w*ith*out more dere.
*pri*mus *fili*us. It shałł be done fułł sone / brether', help to bere.
*Secundus fili*us. ffułł long shałł I not hoyne / to do my devere,
Brether sam. 320
Tercius filius. w*ith*out any yelp,
At my myght̄ shałł I help.
Vxor'. Yit for' drede of' a skelp
help wełł thi dam. 324

(37)

The gear must be got into the ark.

Noe. Now ar' we there / as we shuld be;
Do get in oure gere / oure catałł and fe,
In to this vesseł here / my chyld*er* fre.
Vxor'. I was neu*er* bard ere / As eu*er* myght I the,
In sich̄ an oostre as this. 329

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In fatħ I can not fynd
which is before, which is behynd;
Bot shaƚƚ we here be pynd,
Noe, as haue thou blis? 333

The wife complains of the ark. She can't tell fore from aft.

(38)

Noe. Dame, as it is skiƚƚ / here must vs abide grace;
Therfor', wife, *with* good wiƚƚ / com into this place.
Vxor'. Sir, for Iak nor for giƚƚ / wiƚƚ I turne my face
Tiƚƚ I haue on this hiƚƚ / spon a space
on my rok; 338
Weƚƚ were he, myght get me,
Now wiƚƚ I downe set me,
Yit reede I no man let me,
ffor' drede of a knok. 342

She won't go in till she has done some spinning.

(39)

Noe. Behold to the heuen / the cateractes aƚƚ,
That are open fuƚƚ euen / grete and smaƚƚ,
And the planett*is* seuen / left has thare staƚƚ,
Thise thoners and levyn / downe gar' faƚƚ
ffuƚƚ stout, 347
Both halles and bowers,
Castels and towres;
ffuƚƚ sharp ar' thise showers,
that renys aboute; 351

Noah sees the heavens are threatening,

[Fol. 11, a.]

(40)

Therfor', wife, haue done / com into ship fast.
Vxor'. Yei, noe, go cloute thi shone / the bett*er* wiƚƚ thai last.
prima mulier'. Good mod*er*, com in sone / ffor' aƚƚ is ou*er* cast,
Both the son and the mone. /
Secunda mulier'. and many wynd blast'
ffuƚƚ sharp; 356
Thise flood*is* so thay ryn,
Therfor' mod*er* come in.
Vxor'. In faytħ yit wiƚƚ I spyn;
Aƚƚ in vayn ye carp. 360

and bids her come in.

Her sons' wives entreat her.

She says she will spin on.

(41)

Tercia Mulier'. If' ye like ye may spyn / Mod*er*, in the ship.

"Why not spin in the ship?"

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Noe. Now is this twyys com in / dame, on my frenship.

She will spin out her spindle on the hill where she is.

Vxor'. Wheder I lose or' I wyn / In fayth, thi felowship,
set I not at a pyn / this spyndiłł wiłł I slip
Apon this hiłł,
Or' I styr' oone fote.

Noe. Peter! I traw we dote;
without any more note
Come in if ye wiłł.

(42)

Vxor'. Yei, water nyghys so nere / that I sit not' dry,
Into ship with a byr' / therfor' wiłł I hy
ffor' drede that I drone here. /

Noe. dame, securly,
It bees boght fułł dere / ye abode so long by
out' of' ship.

Vxor'. I wiłł not', for thi bydyng,
go from doore to mydyng'.

Noah threatens her with the whip.

Noe. In fayth, and for' youre long taryyng
Ye shal lik on the whyp.

(43)

She defies him,

Vxor'. Spare me not, I pray the / bot euen as thou thynk,
Thise grete wordis shałł not flay me. /

Noe. Abide, dame, and drynk
ffor' betyn shałł thou be / with this staf to thou stynk;
Ar' strokis good? say me. /

Vxor'. what say ye, wat wynk?

Noe. speke!
Cry me mercy, I say!

Vxor'. Therto say I nay.

Noe. Bot thou do, bi this day,
Thi hede shałł I breke.

(44)

& wishes she were a widow. She wouldn't grudge a penny dole for his soul then, & sees other wives who think the same.

Vxor'. Lord, I were at ese / and hertely fułł hoylle,
Might' I onys haue a measse / of wedows coyłł;
ffor thi saułł, without lese / shuld I dele penny doyłł,
so wold mo, no frese / that I se on this sole
of' wifis that ar' here,

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ffor the life that thay leyd, Wives have such a bad life.
Wold thare husband*is* were dede,
ffor, as eu*er* ete I brede,
So wold I oure syre were. 396

(45)

Noe. Yee men that has wif*is* / whyls they ar' yong, Noah bids husbands chastise their wives' tongues early.
If' ye luf youre lif*is* / chastice thare tong:
Me thynk my hert ryf*is* / both̄ levyr' and long,
To se sich̄ stryf*is* / wedmen emong;
Bot I, 401
As haue I blys, [Fol. 11, b.]
shaH̄ chastyse this. He will set an example.
Vxor'. Yit may ye mys,
Nichoh̄ nedy! 405

(46)

Noe. I shaH̄ make þe stiH̄ as stone / begynnar' of blunder'! He threaten & beats her.
I shaH̄ bete the bak and bone / and breke aH̄ in sonder'.
[*They fight.*]
Vxor'. Out, alas, I am gone! / oute apon the, mans wond*er*! She cries out & beats him back.
Noe. Se how she can grone / and I lig vnd*er*;
Bot, wife, 410
In this hast let vs ho,
ffor my bak is nere in two.
Vxor'. And I am bet so blo
That I may not thryfe. [*They enter the Ark.*] 414

(47)

Primus filius. A! whi fare ye thus? / ffad*er* and mod*er* both̄! Their sons reproach them.
Secundus filius. Ye shuld not be so spitus / standyng in sich̄ a woth̄.
Tercius filius. Thise ar' so hidus / *with* many a cold coth̄.
Noe. we wiH̄ do as ye bid vs / we wiH̄ no more be wroth,
Dere barnes! 419
Now to the helme wiH̄ I hent, Noah takes the helm.
And to my ship tent.
Vxor'. I se on the firmament,
Me thynk, the seven starnes. 423

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(48)

The flood rises.

Noe. This is a grete flood / wife, take hede.
Vxor'. So me thoght, as I stode / we ar' in grete drede;
Thise wawghes ar' so wode. /

Noah calls on God.

Noe. help, god, in this nede!
As thou art' stere-man good / and best, as I rede,
Of all;
Thou rewle vs in this rase,
As thou me behete hase.
Vxor'. This is a perlous case:
help, god, when we call!

(49)

Noah bids his wife take the helm while he sounds.

Noe. Wife, tent the stere-tre / and I shall assay
The depnes of the see / that we bere, if' I may.
Vxor'. That shall I do ful wysely / now go thi way,
ffor' apon this flood haue we / flett many day,
with pyne.
Noe. Now the water will I sownd:
A! it is far to the grownd;
This trauell I expownd
had I to tyne.

(50)

The waters are 15 cubits above the hills, but now they will abate, after the 40 days' rain.

Aboue all hillys bedeyn / the water is rysen late
Cubett*is fyfteyn*,[1] / bot in a highter state
It may not be, I weyn / for this well I wate,
This forty dayes has rayn beyn / It' will therfor' abate
Full lele.
This water in hast,
eft will I tast;

He sounds again.

Now am I agast,
It is wanyd a grete dele.

(51)

Now are the weders cest / and cateractes knyt,
Both the most and the leest. /

The wife sees the sun shining in the east.

Vxor'. Me thynk, bi my wit,
The son shynes in the eest / lo, is not yond it'?
we shuld haue a good feest / were thise flood*is* flyt
So spytus.

[1] MS. xv.

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Noe. we haue been here, aƚƚ we,
thre hundreth[1] dayes and fyfty.
Vxor'. Yei, now wanys the see;
lord, weƚƚ is vs! 459

They have now been 350 days in the ark.

(52)

[Fol. 12, a.]

Noe. The thryd tyme wiƚƚ I prufe / what depnes we bere.
Vxor'. Now long shaƚƚ thou hufe / lay in thy lyne there.
Noe. I may towcħ witħ my lufe / the grownd evyn here.
Vxor'. Then begynnys to grufe / to vs mery chere;
Bot, husband, 464
What grownd may this be?
Noe. The hyllys of armonye.
Vxor'. Now blissid be he
That thus for vs caṇ ordand! 468

Noah takes soundings a third time, & touches ground.

They are on the hills of Armenia.

(53)

Noe. I see toppys of' hyllys he / many at a sygħt,
No thyng to let me / the wedir' is so bright.
Vxor'. Thise ar of' m*er*cy / tokyns fuƚƚ rigħt.
Noe. Dame, thi counseƚƚ me / what fowƚƚ best mygħt,
And Cowtħ, 473
witħ fligħt of wyng
bryng, w*ith*out taryying,
Of m*er*cy som tokynyng
Ayther' bi north or southe? 477

Noah asks his wife what bird will fly away & soonest bring back a token of mercy.

(54)

ffor this is the fyrst day / of the tent moyne.
Vxor'. The ravyn, durst I lay / wiƚƚ com agane sone;
As fast as thou may / cast hym furtħ, haue done,
He may happyn to day / com agane or' none
With gratħ. 482
Noe. I wiƚƚ cast out also
Dowf*ys* oone or' two:
Go youre way, go,
God send' you som watħe! 486

She suggests the raven.

He lets loose a dove or two also.

(55)

Now ar' thise fowles flone / Into seyr' countre;
Pray we fast ichon / kneland on our kne,

[1] MS. ccc.

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Noah and his family pray to God that the birds may return with good news.

To hym that' is alone / worthiest of' degre,
That he wold send anone / oure fowles som fee
To glad vs.
Vxor'. Thai may not fayH of land,
The wat*er* is so wanand.
Noe. Thank we god aH weldand,
That' lord that made vs.

(56)

He wonders why they tarry so long.

It' is a wond*er* thyng / me thynk sothle,
Thai ar' so long taryyng / the fowles that we
Cast' out in the mornyng. /
Vxor'. Syr', it' may be
Thai tary to thay bryng. /
Noe. The ravyn is a hungrye
AH way;
He is w*ith*out any reson,
And he fynd any caryon,
As p*er*aventure may befon,
he wiH not away;

(57)

He hopes most from the dove. The wife sees her coming with an olive-branch in her bill.

The dowfe is more gentiH / her' trust I vntew,
like vnto the turtiH / for' she is ay trew.
Vxor'. hence bot a litiH / she com*m*ys, lew, lew!
she bryng*ys* in her biH / som novels new;
Behald'!
It' is of' an olif' tre
A branch, thynk*ys* me.
Noe. It' is soth, p*er*de,
right' so is it' cald'.

(58)

[Fol. 12, b.] Noah blesses the dove.

Doufe, byrd' fuH blist / ffayre myght' the befaH!
Thou art trew for' to trist / as ston in the waH;
FuH weH I it wist / thou wold com to thi haH,

Her return is a true token they shall be saved.

Vxor'. A trew tokyn ist' / we shaH be sauyd aH:
ffor' whi?
The wat*er*, syn she com,
Of' depnes plom,
Is fallen a fathom,
And more hardely.

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(59)

Primus filius. Thise flood*is* ar' gone / fad*er*, behold'.
*Secundus f*ilius. Ther' is left right' none / and that be ye bold'.
*Tercius f*ilius. As still as a stone / oure ship is stold.
Noe. Apon land here anone / that we were, fayn I wold;
My child*er* dere, 527
Sem, Japhet and Cam,
w*ith* gle and w*ith* gam,
Com go we all sam,
we will no long*er* abide here. 531

Noah's sons exclaim that the floods are gone & the ark rests quietly.

Noah bids them come all together out of the ark.

(60)

Vxor'. here haue we beyn / noy long enogh,
w*ith* tray and w*ith* teyn / and dreed mekill wogh.
Noe. behald' on this greyn / nowd*er* cart' ne plogh
Is left', as I weyn / nowd*er* tre then bogh,
Ne other thyng', 536
Bot all is away;
Many castels, I say,
Grete townes of' aray,
fflitt has this flowyng'. 540

There is neither cart nor plough, tree nor bough, to be seen on the land. Castles & towns are all swept away.

(61)

Vxor'. Thise flood*is* not' afright / all this warld' so wide
has mevid w*ith* mygh't / on se and bi side.
Noe. To dede ar' thai dyght' / prowdist of' pryde,
Eu*er* ich a wygh't / that eu*er* was spyde,
With syn', 545
All ar' thai slayn,
And put vnto payn.
Vxor'. ffrom thens agayn
May thai neu*er* wyn? 549

The proudest of pride are slain and in torment,

(62)

Noe. wyn? no, I-wis / bot' he that myght hase
Wold myn of' thare mys / & admytte thaym to grace;
As he in bayll is blis / I pray hym in this space,
In heven hye w*ith* his / to purvaye vs a place,
That we, 554

never to escape thence, save God admit them to grace.

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May God bring Noah & his family to heaven with His saints!

with̄ his sant*is* in sight,
And his angels bright̄,
May com to his light:
Amen, for charite. 558

Explicit processus Noe, sequitur Abraham.

(IV.)

[Fol. 13, a. Sig. D. 1.]

Sequitur Abraham.

[*Incomplete.* 35¾ *eight-line stanzas,* ab ab ab ab.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Abraham. | *Deus.* | *Secundus Puer.*]
Primus Puer. | *Isaac.*

Abraham. (1)

Abraham prays to God for mercy.

Adonay, thou god veray,
Thou here vs when we to the ca*ll*,
As thou art he that best̄ may,
Thou art most socoure and help of a*ll*; 4
Mig*h*tfu*ll* lord! to the I pray,
Let̄ onys the oyle of̄ mercy fa*ll*,
Sha*ll* I neu*er* abide that day,
Truly yit I hope I sha*ll*. 8

(2)

He muses on the fate of his forefathers, since first Adam ate the apple in Paradise.

Mercy, lord omnipotent!
long syn he this warld has wroght;
Whed*er* ar̄ a*ll* oure elders went?
This musys meki*ll* in my thoght. 12
ffrom adam, vnto eue assent̄,
Ete of̄ that̄ appy*ll* sparid he noght,
ffor a*ll* the wisdom that he ment̄
ffu*ll* dere that̄ bargan has he boght̄, 16

(3)

Adam lived long in sorrow.

ffrom̄ paradise thai bad hym ganḡ;
He went̄ mowrnyng w*ith* symple chere,
And aft*er* liffyd he here fu*ll* lang,
More then *thre hundreth*[1] yere, 20

[1] MS. ccc.

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In sorow and in traueH strang,
And euery day he was in were;
his childre angred hym amang;
Caym slo abeH, was hym fuH dere.

(4)

Sithen Noe, that was trew and good,
his[1] and his chyldre thre,
was saued when aH was flood:
That was a wonder thyng to se.
And loth fro sodome when he yode,[2]
Thre cytees brent, yit eschapyd he;
Thus, for thai menged my lordis mode,
he vengid syn thrugh his paustè.

(5)

when I thynk of oure elders aH,
And of the mervels that has been),
No gladnes in my hart may faH,
M[y] comfort goys away fuH cleyn.
lord, when shaH dede make me his thraH?
An *hundreth*[3] yeris, certis, haue I seyn);
Ma fa! sone I hope he shaH,
ffor it were right hie tyme I weyn).

(6)

Yit adam is to heH gone,
And ther has ligen many a day,
And[4] aH oure elders, euerychon,
Thay ar gone the same way,
Vnto god wiH here thare mone;
Now help, lord, adonay!
ffor, certis, I can no better wone,
And ther is none that better may.

(7) [*God appears above.*]

Deus. I wiH help adam and his kynde,
Might I luf and lewte fynd;
Wold thay to me be trew, and blyn
Of thare pride and of thare syn:
My seruand I wiH found & frast,
Abraham, if he be trast;

Cain slew Adam's dear son Abel.

Noah was saved from the Flood

and Lot from Sodom.

Abraham himself is sad at heart.

[Fol. 13, b.]

He is an hundred years old. When will death take him?

His fore-fathers lie in hell till God release them.

He can do no better.

God desires to help Adam and his kind. He will prove Abraham's faith.

[1] Query "he."
[2] MS. yede.
[3] MS. c.
[4] MS. And and.

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On certan wise I wiłł hym proue,
If' he to me be trew of' louf'. 56

(8)

God calls to Abraham.

Abraham! Abraham! 57
Abraham. Who is that? war'! let me se!
I herd oone neven my name.
Deus. It' is I, take tent to me, 60
That fourmed thi fad*er* adam,
And eu*er*y thyng in it' degre.
Abraham. To here thi wiłł, redy I am,
And to fulfiłł, what eu*er* it' be. 64

(9)

He has heard his prayers, & now bids him take his son Isaac to 'the land of Visyon' & there sacrifice him

Deus. Of' m*er*cy haue I herd thi cry,
Thi devoute prayers haue me bun';
If' thou me luf', look þ*at* thou hy
Vnto the land of' Visyon; 68
And the thryd day be ther', bid' I,
And take w*ith* the, Isaac, thi son,
As a beest to sacryfy,
To slo hym look thou not shon, 72

(10)

Abraham cheerfully promises obedience.

And bren hym ther' to thyn offerand.
Abraham. A, lovyd be thou, lord in throne!
hold ou*er* me, lord, thy holy hand,
ffor' cert*is* thi bidyng shałł be done. 76
Blissyd be that lord in eu*er*y land
wold viset his seruand thus so soyn'.
ffayn wold I this thyng ordand,
ffor it p*r*ofett*is* noght' to hoyne; [*Exit* Deus.] 80

(11)

He must obey God whatever it costs him, even if he be bidden to slay wife and child.

This co*m*maundement' must' I ned*is* fulfiłł,
If' that my hert wax hevy as leyde;
Shuld I offend my lord*is* wiłł?
Nay, yit were I leyffer' my child were dede. 84
What' so he bidd*is* me, good or' iłł,
That' shałł be done in eu*er*y steede;
Both wife and child', if' he bid spiłł;
I wille not do agans his rede. 88

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(12)

Abraham calls Isaac.

wist Isaac, wher' so he were,
he wold be abast now,
how that he is in dangere.
Isaac, son, wher art' thou? 92
Isaac. Aƚƚ redy, fad*er*, Lo me here;
Now was I commyng vnto you;
I luf' you mekiƚƚ, fad*er* dere.
Abraham. And dos thou so? I wold wit how 96

[Fol. 14, a. Sig. D. 2.]

Isaac comes to him. 'I love you much, dear father.'

(13)

luf*is* thou me, son, as thou has saide.
Isaac. Yei, fader', witħ aƚƚ myn hart,
More then aƚƚ that' eu*er* was maide;
God hold' me long youre life in quart! 100
Abraham. Now, who would not be glad that had
A child so lufand as thou art'?
Thi lufly chere mak*is* my hert glad,
And many a tyme so has it gart. 104

Abraham rejoices in his son's love,

(14)

Go home, son; com sone agane,
And teƚƚ thi mod*er* I com ful fast;
[*hic transsiet* Isaac *à patre*,
So now god the saif and sayne!
Now weƚƚ is me that he is past! 108
Alone, right here in this playn,
Might I speke to myn hart brast,
I wold' that' aƚƚ were weƚƚ ful fayn,
Bot' it' must' ned*is* be done at last'; 112

and bids him tell his mother he is coming quickly.

Now he is alone he could speak till his heart break.

(15)

And it' is good that I be war',
To be avised fuƚƚ good it were.[1]
The land of' vision is ful far',
The thrid day end must I be there;[1] 116
Myn ase shaƚƚ witħ vs, if' it thar',
To bere oure harnes les & more,
ffor' my son may be slayn no nar';
A swerd must' w*ith* vs yit therfore, 120

But he must prepare for his three days' journey.

[1] The rhyme needs 'wore, thore.'

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(16)

Abraham will start this night, for God's will must be done.

And I shaƚƚ foundꝫ to make me yare; 121
This nygħt wiƚƚ I begyn my way,
þofꝫ Isaac be neu*er* so fayre,
And myn awn son, the sotħ to say, 124
Andꝫ thofꝫ he be myn rigħt haire,
And aƚƚ shuldꝫ weldꝫ aft*er* my day,
God*is* bydyngꝫ shaƚƚ I not spare;
shuld I that ganstandꝫ? we, nay, ma fay! 128

(17)

He calls Isaac, & tells him to prepare for a journey to sacrifice in a far country. He is to take wood & fire.

Isaac!
Isaac.—sir!
Abraham.—luke thou be bowne;
ffor' certan, son, thi selfꝫ and I,
we two mustꝫ now weyndꝫ furtħ ofꝫ towne,
In far' country to sacrifie, 132
ffor certan skyllys and encheson.
Take wod and fyere w*ith* the, in hy;
Bi hillys andꝫ dayllys, botħ vp & downe,
son, thou shal ride andꝫ I wiƚƚ go bi. 136

Isaac shall ride & he will walk.

(18)

looke thou mys nogħt þ*at* thou shuldꝫ nede;
Do make the redy, my darlyng!
Isaac. I am redy to do this dede,
And eu*er* to fulfiƚƚ youre bydyng. 140
Abraham. My dere son, look thou haue no drede,
We shal com home w*ith* grete lovyng;
Botħ to & fro I shal vs lede;
Com now, son, in my blyssyng. 144

Isaac is ready at his word.

(19)

[They come near the hill of sacrifice.] Abraham tells the servants to stay behind.

Ye two here w*ith* this asse abide, [*To the Servants.*
ffor' Isaac & I wiƚƚ to yond hiƚƚ;
Itꝫ is so hie we may notꝫ ride,
therfor' ye two shal abide here stiƚƚ. 148
primus puer'. sir, ye ow not to be denyedꝫ:
we ar redy youre bydyng to fulfiƚƚ.
secundus puer'. Whatꝫ so eu*er* to vs betide
To do youre bidyng ay we wiƚƚ. 152

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(20)

Abraham blesses them. He will soon be back.

Abraham. God*is* blyssyng' haue ye both̄ in fere;
I shall̄ not tary long you fro.
primus puer'. Sir', we shal abide you here,
Oute of this stede shall̄ we not' go.
Abraham. Childre, ye ar' ay to me full̄ dere,
I pray god kepe [you] eu*er* fro wo.
Secundus puer'. we will̄ do, s*ir*, as ye vs lere.
Abraham. Isaac, now ar' we bot' we two,

(21)

He and Isaac come to the place.

we must go a full̄ good paase,
ffor it' is farther than I wend̄;
we shall̄ make myrth̄ & grete solace,
Bi this thyng be broght to end̄.
lo, my son, here is the place.

Isaac asks where is the beast they are to burn.

Isaac. wod and fyere ar' in my hend;
Tell̄ me now, if' ye haue space,
where is the beest' that' shuld̄ be brend̄?

(22)

Abraham tells him he is to be slain.

Abraham. Now, son, I may no long*er* layn.
sich will̄ is into myne hart went;
Thou was eu*er* to me full̄ bayn
Eu*er* to fulfill̄ myn̄ entent'.
Bot' certanly thou must' be slayn,
And it' may be as I haue ment.

Isaac is heavy at heart and unwilling.

Isaac. I am hevy and nothyng fayn,
Thus hastely that shall̄ be shent.

(23)

Abraham bids him take his death meekly & he submits.

Abraham. Isaac!
Isaac. sir?
Abraham Com hed*er*, bid I;
Thou shal be dede what so eu*er* betide.
Isaac. A, fad*er*, merc*y*! merc*y*!
Abraham. That' I say may not' be denyde;
Take thi dede therfor' mekely.
Isaac. A, good s*ir*, abide;
ffad*er*!
Abraham. What son?
Isaac. to do youre will̄ I am redy,
where so eu*er* ye go or' ride,

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(24)

Isaac says since he has trespassed he would be beaten.

If I may ogħt ouertake youre wiħ, 185
syn I haue trepa[s]t I wold be bet.
Abraham. Isaac!
Isaac. What, *sir*?
Abraham. good son, be stiħ.
Isaac. ffader!
Abraham. what, son!

But what has he done?

Isaac. think on thi get! 188
what haue I done?

"Truly, no ill," Abraham answers, yet that may not help him.

Abraham. truly, none iħ.
Isaac. And shaħ be slayn?
Abraham. so haue I het.
Isaac. *sir*, what may help?
Abraham. certis, no skiħ.
Isaac. I ask mercy.
Abraham. that may not let. 192

(25)

His questions wring Abraham's heart, but he bids him lie still.

Isaac. when I am dede, and closed in clay,
who shaħ then be youre son?
Abraham. A, lord, that I shuld abide this day!
Isaac. *sir*, who shaħ do that I was won? 196
Abraham. speke no sicħ wordis, son, I the pray.
Isaac. shaħ ye me slo?
Abraham. I trow I mon);
lyg stiħ! I smyte!
Isaac. *sir*, let me say.
Abraham. Now, my dere child, thou may not shon). 200

(26)

[Fol. 15, a. Sig. D. 3.]

Isaac quakes at the sight of the sword. He is placed on his face that he may not see it.

Isaac. The shynyng of youre bright blayde
It gars me quake for ferde to dee.
Abraham. Therfor groflyngis thou shaħ be layde,
Then when I stryke thou shal not se. 204
Isaac. What haue I done, fader, what haue I saide?
Abraam. Truly, no kyns iħ to me.
Isaac. And thus gyltles shaħ be arayde.
Abraham. Now, good son, let sicħ wordis be. 208

(27)

Isaac. I luf you ay.
Abraham. so do I the.

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Isaac. ffad*er*!
Abraham. what', son?
Isaac. let now be seyn).
ffor' my mod*er* luf.
Abraham. let be, let be!
It' will not help that thou wold' meyn;
Bot' ly styll till I com to the,
I mys a lytyll thyng, I weyn.
he spek*is* so rufully to me
That' wat*er* shot*is* in both myn eeyn,

Isaac implores Abraham by his mother's love.

Abraham turns aside, blinded by tears.

(28)

I were leu*er* than all wardly wyn,
That I had fon hym onys vnkynde,
Bot' no defawt' I faund' hym in:
I wold be dede for' hym, or' pynde;
To slo hym thus, I thynk grete syn,
So rufull word*is* I with hym fynd;
I am full wo that we shuld' twyn,
ffor he will neu*er* oute of' my mynd.

If only he had found Isaac once unkind!

(29)

What shal I to his mod*er* say?
ffor "where is he," tyte will she spyr;
If' I tell hir', "ron away,"
hir' answere bese belife—"nay, sir'!"
And I am ferd' hir' for to slay;
I ne wote what I shal say till hir'.
he lyys full still ther' as he lay,
ffor to I com, dar' he not' styr.

What shall he say to his mother? She will not believe Isaac has run away.

(30) [*God appears above.*]

Deus. Angell, hy with all thi mayn!
To abraham thou shall be sent;
say, Isaac' shall not' be slayn;
he shall lif', and not' be brent.
My bydyng stand*is* he not agane,
Go, put' hym out of' his intent';
Byd' hym go home agane,
I know well how he ment.

God bids an angel tell Abraham to spare his son.

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(31)

[Fol. 15, b.] The Angel rejoices in his errand.

Angelus. Gladly, Lord, I am redy:
thi bidyng shall be magnyfyed;
I shall me spede ful hastely,
the to obeye at euery tyde;
Thi will, Thi name, to glorifye,
Ouer all this warld so wide;
And to thi seruand now in hy,
good, trew, abraham, will I glyde.

(32)

Abraham says to himself he must run up suddenly & slay Isaac where he lies.

Abraham. Bot myght I yit of wepyng sese,
till I had done this sacrifice;
It must nedis be, withoutten lesse,
thof all I carpe on this kyn wise,
The more my sorow it will incres;
when I look to hym, I gryse;
I will ryn on a res,
And slo hym here, right as he lyse.

(33)

The Angel bids him hold his hand.

Angelus. Abraham! Abraham! [*Seizes him.*]
Abraham. Who is ther now?
War! let the[1] go.
Angelus. stand vp, now, stand;
Thi good will com I to alow,
Therfor I byd the hold thi hand.
Abraham. say, who bad so? any bot thou?

Abraham doubts which is God's final order.

Angelus. Yei, god; & sendis this beest to thyn offerand.
Abraham. I speke with god latter, I trow,
And doyng he me commaund.

(34)

The Angel assures him, & he thanks God for His goodness.

Angelus. He has persauyd thy mekenes
And thi good will also, Iwis;
he will thou do thi son no distres,
ffor he has graunt to the his blys.
Abraham. Bot wote thou well that it is
As thou has sayd?
Angelus. I say the yis.
Abraham. I thank the, lord, well of goodnes,
That all thus has relest me this;

[1] Query "me."

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(35)

To speke *with* the haue I no space,
  with my dere son tiH I haue spokyn.
My good son, thou shal haue grace,
  On the now wiH I not' be wrokyn;
Ryse vp now, with thi frely face.
  Isaac. sir', shaH I lif?
  Abraham. yei, this to tokyn.

Abraham tells Isaac he is not to be killed. Bids him arise,

Et' osculatur eum.

and kisses him.

son thou has skapid a fuH hard grace,
  Thou shuld haue beyn both brent & brokyn.

(36)

  Isaac. Bot, fader, shaH I not' be slayn?
  Abraham. No, certis, son.
  Isaac. then am I glad;
Good sir, put' vp youre sword agayn.
  Abraham. Nay hardely, son, be thou not adrad.
  Isaac. Is aH for geyn?
  Abraham. yei, son, certan.
  Isaac. ffor' ferd, sir, was I nere-hand mad.

Isaac bids him put up his sword again.

He was almost mad for fear.

* * * * * *

[Two leaves of the MS. are wanting here, sigs. d 4 and d 5. They contained the end of *Abraham* and the beginning, almost all, of *Isaac*.]

(V.)

[Fol. 16, a.]

[Isaac.]

[*Incomplete. The last* 35 *couplets only left.*]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Isaac. Jacob. Esaw. Rebecca.]

* * * * * *

[*Isaac.*] Com nere son and kys me,
that' I may feyle the smeH of' the.
The smeH of' my son is lyke
to a feld with flouris, or' hony bike.
where art' thou, Esaw, my son?
  Iacob. here, fader, and askis youre benyson.

Isaac bids Esau come near that he may smell him.

Jacob comes instead and asks his blessing.

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Isaac blesses Jacob in mistake for Esau.

Isaac. The blyssyng my fader gaf to me,
god of heuen & I gif the;
God gif the plente grete,
of wyne, of oyll, and of whete;
And graunt thi childre all
to worship the, both grete and small;
who so the blyssys, blyssed be he;
who so the waris, wared be he.
Now has thou my grete blyssyng,
loue the shall all thyne ofspryng;
Go now wheder thou has to go.
Iacob. Graunt mercy, sir, I will do so.

recedet iacob. [*Esaw advances.*]

Esau brings Isaac the venison he has prepared and asks his blessing.

Esaw. haue, ete, fader, of myn huntyng,
And gif me sythen your blyssyng.
Isaac. Who is that?
Esaw. I, youre son
Esaw, bryngis you venyson.
Isaac. Who was that was right now here,
And brought me bruet of a dere?
I ete well, and blyssyd hym;
And he is blyssyd, ich a lym.
Esaw. Alas! I may grete and sob.

Isaac sees how he has been beguiled by Jacob.

Isaac. Thou art begylyd thrugh iacob,
That is thyne awne german brother.
Esaw. haue ye kepyd me none other
Blyssyng then ye set hym one?

He gives Esau the best blessing he can.

Isaac. sich another haue I none;
Bot god gif the to thyn handband
the dew of heuen & frute of land;
Other then this can I not say.

Esau vows to slay Jacob if he meet him.

Esaw. Now, alas, and walo-way!
May I with that tratoure mete,
my faders dayes shall com with grete,
And my moders also;
may I hym mete, I shall hym slo.

[*Esaw retires. Rebecca advances.*]

Rebecca. Isaac, it were my deth
If Iacob weddeth in kynd of heth;

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I will send hym to aran,
there my brothere dwellys, laban;
And there may he *ser*ue in peasse
till his brother's wrath will seasse.
why shuld I apon a day
loyse both my sonnes? bett*er* nay.

Isaac. Thou says soth, wife; call hym hed*er*,
And let vs tell hym where & whed*er*
That he may fle esaw,
that vs both het*is* bale to brew.

[*Iacob advances.*]

Rebecca. Iacob, son! thi fad*er* & I
wold speke w*ith* the; com, stand vs by!
Out of contry must thou fle,
that Esaw slo not the.

Iacob. Whederward shuld I go, dame?

Rebecca. To mesopotameam;
To my brothere, and thyn eme,
that dwellys besyde Iordan streme;
And ther may thou with hym won,
to Esaw, myne other son),
fforget, and all his wrath be dede.

Iacob. I will go, fad*er*, at youre rede.

Isaac. Yei, son, do as thi mod*er* says;
Com kys vs both, & weynd thi ways.

*et osculat*ur.

Iacob. Haue good day, *sir* and dame!

Isaac. God sheld the, son, from syn and shame!

Rebecca. And gif the grace, good man to be,
And send me glad tythyng*is* to the.

Explicit Isaac.

Rebecca and Isaac resolve to send Jacob to his uncle Laban till Esau's wrath cease.

Rebecca tells Jacob he must flee from Esau.

[Fol. 16, b.]

He kisses his father & mother, & goes his way with their blessing.

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(VI.)

Sequit*ur* iacob.

[71 *couplets* aa.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Jacob.	*Lya.* [*Leah.*]	*Joseph.*
Deus.	*Turmae.*	*Benjamin.*
Rachell.		*Esaw.*]

Iacob.

Jacob prays God to be his guide on his way.

Help me lord, adonay,
And hald me in the right way
To mesopotameam;
ffor I cam neuer or now where I am;
I cam neuer here in this contre;
lord of heuen, thou help me!
ffor I haue maide me, in this strete,
sore bonys & warkand feete.
The son is downe, what is best?
her purpose I all nyght to rest;
Vnder my hede this ston shal ly;
A nyght*is* rest take will I.

God appears to him and blesses him.

Deus. Iacob, iacob, thi god I am; [Deus *appears above.*]
Of thi forfad*er* abraham,
And of thi fad*er* Isaac;
I shall the blys for thare sake.
This land that thou slepys in,
I shall the gif, and thi kyn;
I shall thi seede multyply,
As thyk as powd*er* on erth may ly.
The kynd of the shall sprede wide,
ffrom east to west on eu*er*y syde,
ffrom the south vnto the north;
All that I say, I shall forth;
And all the folk*is* of thyne ofspryng,
shal be blyssyd of thy blyssyng.
Iacob, haue thou no kyns drede!
I shall the clethe, I shall the fede.
Whartfull shall I make thi gate;
I shal the help erly and late;

He lies down to sleep with a stone for a pillow.

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And aH in qwart' shaH I bryng the
home agane to thi countre.
I shaH not' fayH, be thou bold',
Bot I shaH do as I haue told'.

God promises him a peaceful return home.

hic vigilet.

Iacob. A! lord! what' may this mene?
what' haue I herd' in slepe, and sene?
That god leynyd hym to a stegh̄,
And spake to me, it' is no legh̄e;
And now is here none othere gate,
bot' god*is* howse and heuens yate.
lord, how dredfuH is this stede!
ther' I layde downe my hede,
In god*is* lovyng' I rayse this stone,
And' oyH wiH I putt' theron).
lord' of' heuen, that aH wote,
here to the I make a hote:
If' thou gif' me mete and foode,
And close to body, as I behoued',
And bryng me home to kyth̄ and kyn,
by the way that I walk in,
with̄out' skathe and in quarte,
I *pro*myse to the, *with* stedfast' hart',
As thou art' lord' and god myne,
And I Iacob, thi trew hyne,
This stone I rayse in sygne to day
shaH I hold' holy kyrk for' ay;
And of' aH that' newes me
rightwys tend' shaH I gif' the.

Jacob awakes, & sets up a stone in praise of God, pouring oil thereon.

The stone is his witness, that if God provides for him & brings him home in peace he wil. hold to his holy Church for ever.

[Fol. 17, a.]

hic egrediatur iacob de aran in terram natiuitatis sue.

A, my fad*er*, god of' heuen,
that' saide to me, thrugh̄ thi steven,
when I in aran was dwelland',
that' I shuld turne agane to land'
Ther' I was both fed and borne,
warnyd thou me, lord, beforne,
As I went' toward aran
with̄ my staff, and passyd' Iordan:

On his return from Aran, Jacob remembers God's promise.

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Jacob is returning with two hosts of men.

And now I com agane to kyth̄,
with̄ two ostes of' men me with̄.
Thou hete me, lord', to do well̄ *with* me,
to multyplye my seede as sand of' see;

He prays God to protect him from Esau.

Thou saue me, lord', thrugh̄ vertew,
ffrom veniance of' Esaw,
That' he slo not', for' old' greme,
these moders *with* thare barne teme.

Rachel̄. Oure anguysh̄, sir', is many fold',
syn that' oure messyngere vs told'
That Esaw wold' you slo,
with foure hundreth̄ men and mo.

He has sent Esau many beasts as a present, & hopes it may pacify him.

Iacob. ffor' soth̄, rachel̄, I haue hym sent
of' many beest*is* sere *present*'.
May tyde he will̄ oure gift*is* take,
And right' so shall̄ his wrath slake.
where ar' oure thyng*is*, ar' thay past Iordan?
Lya. Go and look, sir', as ye can.

*hic scrutet*ur *super*lectile, & *luctet*ur *angel*us *cum eo*.

He wrestles with God, and will not let Him go.

Deus. The day spryng*is*; now lett' me go.
Iacob. Nay, nay, I will̄ not so,
Bot' thou blys me or' thou gang:
If' I may, I shall̄ hold' the lang.
Deus. In tokynyng that' thou spek*is* *with* me,
I shall̄ toche now thi thee,
That halt shall̄ thou eu*er*more,
bot' thou shall̄ fele no sore;
What' is thy name, thou me tell̄?
Iacob. Iacob.

God changes his name to Israel.

Deus. nay, bot' Israel̄;
syn thou to me sich̄ strengthe may kythe,
to men of' erth̄ thou must be stythe.

Jacobs asks God's name, and is told "Wonderful."

Iacob. what is thy name?
Deus. whi ask*is* thou it?
'wond*er*full̄,' if' thou wil wyt.
Iacob. A, blys me, lord'!
Deus. I shall̄ the blys,
And be to the full̄ *pro*pyce,

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And gyf' the my blyssyng for' ay,
As lord and he that' all may.
I shall grayth thi gate,
And full well ordeyn thi state;
when thou has drede, thynk on me,
And thou shal full well saynyd be,
And look thou trow well my sayes;
And farewell now, the day dayes.

God blesses Jacob.

Iacob. Now haue I a new name, israell;
this place shall [hight] fanuell,
ffor' I haue seyn in this place,
god of' heuen' face to face.

Jacob calls the place "Fanuell," for he has seen God face to face.

Rachell. Iacob, lo we haue tythand'
that' Esaw is here at' hand.

Rachel announces the approach of Esau.

hic diuidit turmas in tres partes.

Iacob. Rachell, stand thou in the last' eschele,
ffor' I wold' thou were sauyd wele;
Call Iosepħ and beniamin,
And let' theym not' fro the twyn.
If' it' be so that' Esaw
vs before all-to-hew,
Ye that' ar' here the last'
Ye may be sauyd if' ye fle fast.

Jacob divides his hosts into three parts, placing Rachel & her sons in the third for safety.

[Fol. 17, b.]

& vadat iacob osculand' Esaw; venit iacob, flectit genua exorando deum, & leuando, occurrit illi Esaw in amplexibus.

Iacob. I pray the, lord, as thou me het',
[1] thou saue me and' my gete.
Esaw. welcom brother', to kyn and kyth,
thi wife and childre that' comes the with.
how has thou faren in far' land'?
tell me now som good tythand'.
Iacob. Well, my brother' Esaw,
If' that' thi men no bale me brew.

Jacob & Esau greet each other kindly.

dicit seruis suis.

Esaw. wemo! felows, hold youre hend,
ye se that I and he ar' frend',

Esau bids his men hold their hands.

[1] MS. that.

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And frenship here wiłł we fulfiłł,
syn that' it' is god*is* wiłł.

Jacob thanks Esau for his kindness.

Iacob. God yeld' you, brothere, that it so is
that' thou thi hyne so wold' kys. 136

Esau recognizes him as his lord "through destiny."

Esaw. Nay, Iacob, my dere brothere,
I shałł the tełł ałł anothere;
Thou art' my lord' thrugh destyny;
go we toged*er* both thou and I, 140
To my fad*er* and' his wife,
that' lofys the, brother', as thare lyfe.

Explicit Iacob.

(VII.)

Processus Prophetarum.

[*Incomplete: 39 six-lined stanzas,* aab ccb, *and 4 bits of Latin.*]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Moyses. *Dauid.* *Sybilla propheta.* *Daniel.*]

Moyses. (Prolog.)

PRophetam excitabit' deus de fratrib*us* vestris;
O*mn*is a*nim*a, que no*n* audierit' p*ro*phetam illum,
exterminabit*ur* de p*op*u*l*o suo;
Nemo p*ro*ph*et*a sine honore nisi in patriâ suâ.

(1)

Moses reminds the people of Israel of the condemnation of Adam.

Ałł ye folk of' israełł,
herkyn to me! I wiłł you tełł
Tythyng*is* farly goode; 3
Ałł wote ys how it' be fełł
wherfor' Adam was dampnyd' to hełł,
he, and ałł his blode. 6

(2)

God will raise up a prophet, & all who believe in him shall be saved.

Therfor' wiłł god' styr' and rayse
A p*ro*phete, in som man dayes,
Of' oure brethere kyn; 9
And ałł trowes as he says,
And wiłł walk in his ways,
ffrom hełł he wiłł theym twyn. 12

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(3)

when his tyme begynnys to day,
I rede no man fro hym dray,
In way, ne stand on strut;
ffor he that will not here his sagh,
he be shewed as an out-lagh,
And from his folk*is* be putt.

He who will not hear him shall be as an outlaw

(4)

I warne you well that same p*ro*phete
shall com hereaft*er*ward, full swete,
And many m*er*uels shew;
Man shall fall till his feete,
ffor cause he can bales beete,
Thrugh his awn thew.

The prophet shall show many marvels.

(5)

All that will in trowth ren
shall he saue, I warne you then,
Trust shall his name be.
Bot all ou*er* will man p*ro*phete ken
w*ith* worshi*p*, amang*is* men,
Bot in his awne countre.

He will save them who walk in truth.

But a prophet ever has honour save in his own country

(6)

herkyns all, both yong and old!
God that has all in wold,
Gretys you bi me;
his co*m*maundement*is* ar ten;
Behold, ye that ar his men,
here ye may theym se.

[Fol. 18, a.]

Moses declares God's commandments.

(7)

his co*m*maundement*is* that I haue broght,
looke that ye hold thaym noght
ffor tryfyls, ne for fables;
ffor ye shall well vnd*er*stand
That god wrote theym w*ith* his hand
In thyse same tables.

They are no trifles nor fables.

God wrote them with His own hand.

(8)

Ye that thyse in hart will hald,
vnto heuen shall ye be cald,

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They who hold them in their heart shall go to heaven; those who do not, to hell.

That is fyrst to com);
And ye that will not do so,
Till hell pyne mon ye go,
And byde a bytter dome.

(9)

The first commandment is against idols.

Do now as I shall you wys;
The fyrst commaundement is this
That I shall you say;
Make no god of stok ne stone,
And trow in none god bot oone,
That mayde both nyght and day.

(10)

The second, against swearing falsely by God's name.

Anothere bydis thou shall not swere,
ffor no mede, ne for no dere,
ffalsly, bi godis name;
If thou swere wrongwosly,
Wit thou well and wytterly,
Thou art worthi grete blame.

(11)

The third, to keep the holy day.

The thyrd is, thou shall well yheme
Thi holy day, and serue to wheme
God with all thi hart.

The fourth, to honour father and mother.

The fourt commaundement is bi tayll,
ffader and moder worship thou shall,
In pouert and in qwarte.

(12)

The fyft, to forsake fornication & take a mate.

The fyft commaundis thou shall forsake
ffornycacyon, and take the a make,
And lyf in rightwys state.

The sixth, to be no manslayer.

The sext commaundis thou shal not be
Man sloer, for gold ne fee,
Ne for luf, ne for hate.

(13)

The seventh, not to steal.

The seuenth commaundis that thou shall leue,
And nather go to stele ne reue,
ffor more then for les.

The eighth, to be true of tongue.

The aght bydis both old and yong,
That thay be traw of thare tong,
And bere no fals witnes.

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(14)

The nenth̄ bydis the, bi thi lif',
Thou desyre not' thi negh̄bur's wife,
Ne mayden that' is his.
The tent' bidis the, for' no case,
Desyre not' wranwosly thyng thi negh̄bur' has;
Do thus, and do no mys.

The ninth, not to covet thy neighbour's wife.

The tenth, to covet nothing of thy neighbour's.

(15)

I am the same man that' god chase,
And toke the ten commaundements of peasse
In the monte synay;
Thise words, I say, ar no les;
My name is callyd moyses;
And haue now a‡ good day! [*Exit* Moses.]

[Fol. 18, b.]

These words are true.

Dauid. Omnes reges adorabunt eum, omnes gentes seruient ei.

(16)

herkyn, a‡, that' here may,
And perceyf we‡ what I sha‡ say,
A‡ with̄ righ[t]wisnes.
loke ye put' it' not' away,
Bot' thynk theron both̄ nygh̄t' and day,
ffor' it' is sothfastnes.

David bids the people think on righteousness.

(17)

Iesse son, ye wote I am;
Dauid is my right' name,
And I bere crowne;
Bot' ye me trow, ye ar to blame;
Of' Israel, both̄ wyld and tame,
I haue in my bondon.[1]

I am Jesse's son, David, and have all Israel subject to me.

(18)

As god of' heuen has gyffyn me wit,
sha‡ I now syng you a fytt,
With̄ my mynstrelsy;
loke ye do it' we‡ in wrytt',
And theron a knot' knytt',
ffor' it' is prophecy.

He will sing a fytt, which shall be a prophecy.

[1] The ryme needs 'bondowne.'

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(19)

David sings of the coming of God's Son

Myrth I make tiH aH men,
with my harp and fyngers ten,
And warn theym that thay glad;
ffor god wiH that his son down send,
That wroght adam with his hend,
And heuen and erth mayde.

(20)

to be man's Saviour. Of His coming he is glad.

He wiH lyght fro heuen towre,
ffor to be mans saueyoure,
And saue that is forlorne;
ffor that I harp, and myrth make,
Is for he wiH manhede take,
I teH you thus beforne;

(21)

God's Son shall return to the highest seat in heaven

And thider shaH he ren agane,
As gyant of mych mayne,
Vnto the hyest sete;
Ther is nawther kyng, ne swayn,
Then no thyng that may hym layn,
Ne hyde from his hete.

(22)

He shall be lord of all. Kings shall kneel to Him,

he shaH be lord and kyng of aH,
TyH hys feete shaH kyngis faH,
To offre to hym wytterly.
Blyssyd be that swete blome,
That shaH saue vs at his com!
Ioyfuli may we be.

(23)

and bring Him rich gifts.

Riche gyftis thay shaH hym bryng,
And tiH hym make offeryng,
kneland on thare kne;
weH were hym that that lordyng,
And that dere derlyng,
Myght bide on lyfe and se.

(24)

[Fol. 19, a. Sig. E. 1.]

Men may know hym bi his marke,
Myrth and lovyng is his warke,
that shaH he luf most.

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lyght' shall be born that' tyme in darke,
Both to lawd' man and to clark,
the luf' of rightwys gost.

Light shall come both to layman and to clerk.

(25)

Therfor', both emperoure and kyng,
Ryche and poore, both old' and ying,
temper well youre gle,
Agans that kyng lyght' downe,
ffor' to lowse vs of' pryson,
And make vs all free.

Temper your glee, emperor & king, till that King come to free us.

Ostende nobis *domi*ne misericordiam tuam, *et'* salutare tuum da nob*is*.

(26)

Thou shew thi mercy, lord, tyll vs,
ffor to thou com, to hell we trus,
we may not' go beside;
lord, when thi will is for' to dele
Tyll us thi salue and thi hele,
whom we all abyde.

Till the Lord come we must all go to hell.

(27)

Now haue I songen you a fytt';
loke in mynd that ye haue it',
I rede *with* my mygh't';
he that' maide vs all *with* his wytt',
sheld' vs all from hell pytt,
And graunt' vs heuen lygh't! [*Exit* David.]

I have sung you a fytt, look you keep it in mind.

sibilla propheta. Iudicii signum tellus sudore madescit',
E celo rex aduenie't' per secla futurus,
Scilicet' in carne presens vt' iudicet' orbem.

(28)

Who so will here tythyng*is* glad,
of' hym that all this warld' made,
here me wytterly!
sibill sage is my name;
Bot' ye me here, ye ar to blame,
My word' is prophecy.

The Sibyl calls on men to hear her.

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(29)

A new king is coming to fight the fiend.

AH men was slayn thrugh adam syn,
And put to pyne that neuer shall blyn,
thrugh falsnes of the feynd; 171
A new kyng comes from heuen to fyght
Agans the feynd, to wyn his right,
so is his mercy heynd. 174

(30)

He shall judge the world.

AH the warld shall he deme,
And that haue seruyd hym to wheme,
Myrth thaym mon betyde; 177
AH shall se hym with thare ee,
Ryche and poore, low and hye,
No man may hym hyde; 180

(31)

Every man shall rise in his flesh, & see Him on the Judgment Day.

Bot thay shall in thare flesh ryse,
That euery man shall whake and gryse,
Agans that ilk dome. 183
with his sant*is*, many oone,
he shall be sene in flesh and bone,
that kyng that is to com. 186

(32)

[Fol. 19, b.] They shall stand before Him, and the earth shall be burnt with fire.

AH that shall stand hym before,
AH shal be les and more,
Of oone eld ichon. 189
Angels shall qwake then for ferd,
And fyre shall bren this mydyH-erd,
yei, erth and all ther apon. 192

(33)

Hill and dale shall run together & all be made even.

shall nothyng here in erth be kend,
Bot it shall be strewyd and brend,
AH waters and the see. 195
sythen shall both hill and dale
Ryn togeder, grete and smale,
And all shall euen be. 198

(34)

At hys commyng shall bemys blaw,
That men may his commyng knaw;
ffull sorowfull shall be that blast; 201

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Ther is no man that herys it,
Bot he shall qwake for all his witt,
Be he neuer so stedfast.

Trumpets shall blow at His coming. & men shall quake at the sound.

(35)

Then shall hell gape and gryn,
That men may know thare dome therin,
Of that hye iustyce;
That ill have done, to hell mon go;
And to heuen the other also,
that has been rightwys.

Hell shall gape & grin. The bad shall go there, the good to heaven.

(36)

Therfor, I rede ilk a man,
kepe, as well as he can,
ffro syn and fro mysdede.
My prophecy now haue I told;
God you saue, both yong and old,
And help you at youre nede! [*Exit* Sybil.]

Therefore let each man keep him from sin.

Daniel. Cum venerit *sanctus sanctorum* cessabit vncio vestra.

(37)

God that maide adam and eue,
whils thay dyd well, he gaf thaym leue
In paradise to dwell;
Sone when thay that appyll ete,
Thay were dampned, sone and skete,
Vnto the pyne of hell,

Daniel recalls the fall of Adam.

(38)

Thrugh sorow and paynes euer new;
Therfor wyll god apon vs rew,
And his son downe send
Into erth, flesh to take,
That is all for oure sake,
oure trespas to amend.

God wills that His Son shall take flesh to amend our trespass.

(39)

fflesh with fleshe will be boght,
That he lose not that he has wroght
wyth hys awne hend;

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He shall be born of a maiden to save the lost.

Of a madyn shal he be borne,
To saue all that ar forlorne,
Euermore withoutten end.[1] 234

* * * * *

(VIII.)

[Fol. 21, a. Sig. E. 3.]

Incipit Pharao.

[36 *eight-line stanzas*, ab ab ab ab ; 1 *seven-line* (*no.* 49), ab ab aba ; 1 *six* (*no.* 55), ab ab ab ; 32 *fours*, ab ab ; *and* 2 *single lines*, 109, 355.]

[*Dramatis Personae*

Pharao. | *Moyses.* | *Primus Puer.*
Primus Miles. | *Deus.* | *Secundus Puer.*]
Secundus Miles.

Pharao. (1) *Litsters Pagonn.*[2]

Pharaoh calls for Peace.

PEas, of payn that no man pas ;
bot kepe the course that I commaunde,
And take good hede of hym that has
youre helth all holy in hys hande ; 4

He is king as his father was before him.

ffor kyng pharro my fader Was,
And led thys lordshyp of thys land ;
I am hys hayre as age Wyll has,
Euer in stede to styr or stand. 8

(2)

All Egypt is his.

All Egypt is myne awne
To leede aftyr my law ;
I Wold my myght Were knawne[3]
And honoryd, as hyt awe. 12

They who hearken not to his words shall be hanged high.

ffull low he shall be thrawne
That harkyns not my sawe,
hanged hy and drawne,
Therfor no boste ye blaw ; 16

[1] This Play is unfinished, the rest of fol. 19 b, and the whole of fol. 20, being left blank.

[2] This is written at top of the page in the margin, in a more recent hand ; but about half-way down (and not in the margin) are the words "lyster play," in yet another hand.

[3] MS. knowne.

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(3)

Bot' as for kyng I commaund peasse,
To aH the people of thys empyre.
looke no man put hym self in preaase,
Bot' that WyH do as I desyre,
And of youre Words look that ye seasse.
Take tent' to me, youre soferand syre,
That' may youre comfort most increasse,
And to my lyst bowe lyfe and lyre.

Be obedient and take heed to me.

(4)

Primus Miles. My lord, if any here Were,
That Wold not' wyrk youre Wyll,
If We myght com thaym nere,
ffuH soyn we shuld theym spyH.

[Fol. 21, b.]

The 1st soldier will kill any one who will not work Pharaoh's will.

(5)

Pharao. Thrugh out' my kyngdom Wold I ken,
And kun hym thank that' Wold me teH,
If any Were so Waryd men
That' wold my fors downe feH.
Secundus Miles. My lord, ye haue a maner of men
that make great' mastres vs emeH;
The Iues that Won in gersen,
thay ar callyd chyldyr of Israel.

Pharaoh asks if there are any in his kingdom who wish his downfall.

The 2nd soldier thinks the Jews in 'gersen' are too strong.

(6)

Thay multyplye fuH fast',
and sothly We suppose
That' shaH euer last',
oure lordshyp for to lose.

(7)

Pharao. Why, how haue thay sych gawds begun?
ar thay of myght to make sych frayes?
Primus Miles. Yei, lord, fuH feH folk ther Was fun
In kyng pharao, youre fader dayes.
Thay cam of IosepH, Was iacob son—
he Was a prince Worthy to prayse—
In sythen in ryst' haue thay ay ron;
thus ar thay lyke to lose youre layse,

They come of Joseph, Jacob's son.

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(8)

The Jews will confound Pharaoh, if they go on multiplying.

Thay Wyll confound you cleyn,
bot' if thay soner sesse.
Pharao. What' deuyll is that' thay meyn
that' thay so fast' increse?

(9)

Secundus Miles. How thay incres full well we ken,
as oure faders dyd vnderstand;
They were but 70 when they came, and after 400 years are 800,000 men.
Thay Were bot' sexty and ten
when thay fyrst' cam in to thys land;
Sythen haue soierned in geirsen
[Fower hundreth][1] Wynter, I dar warand;
Now ar thay nowmbred of myghty men
moo then [thre hundreth][2] thousand,

(10)

Wyth outen Wyfe and chyld,
or hyrd*is* that kepe thare fee.
Pharao. How thus mygh̄t we be begyld?
bot' shall it not' be;

(11)

Pharaoh determines to crush them by cunning.

ffor wyth quantyse we shall thaym quell,
so þat thay shall not far sprede.
Primus Miles. My lord, we haue hard oure faders tell,
and clerk*is* that well couth rede,
He is told of a prophecy, & gives orders that the midwives shall kill all Hebrew babies.
Ther shuld a man walk vs amell
that shuld fordo vs and oure dede.
Pharao. ffy on hym, to the deuyll of hell!
sych destyny wyll we not' drede;

(12)

We shal make mydwyf*is* to spyll them
where any ebrew is borne,
[Fol. 22, a. Sig. E. 4.]
And all menkynde to kyll them,
so shall thay soyn be lorne.

(13)

The rest shall be kept in bondage to ditch and delve.

And as for elder haue I none awe,
sych bondage shall I to thaym beyde,
To dyke and delf, bere and draw,
and to do all vnhonest deyde;

[1] MS. iiijc. [2] MS. ccc.

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So shaH these laddis be halden law,
In thraldom euer thare lyfe to leyde.
Secundus Miles. Now, certis, thys was a soteH saw,
thus shaH these folk no farthere sprede.

The second soldier thinks this a subtle saying.

(14)

Pharao. Now help to hald theym downe,
look I no fayntnes fynde.
Primus Miles. AH redy, lord, We shaH be bowne,
in bondage thaym to bynde.

Pharaoh says there must be no faintness.

Tunc Intrat moyses cum virgâ in manu, etc.

(15)

Moyses. Gret god, that aH thys Warld began,
and growndyd it in good degre,
Thou mayde me, moyses, vnto man,
and sythen thou sauyd me from the se;
kyng Pharao had commawndyd than,
ther shuld no man chyld sauyd be;
Agans hys WyH away I wan;
thus has godf shewed hys myght for me.

Moses thanks God for saving him from Pharaoh at his birth.

(16)

Now am I sett to kepe,
vnder thys montayn syde,
Byshope Iettyr shepe,
to better may be tyde;

He is now set to keep sheep till better betide.

(17)

A, lord, grete is thy myght!
What man may of yond merueH meyn?
Yonder I se a selcowth syght,
sycH on in Warld Was neuer seyn;
A bush I se burnand fuH bryght,
and euer elyke the leyfes are greyn;
If it be wark of Warldly Wyght,
I WyH go wyt wythoutyn Weyn.

He sees a strange sight, a bush burning while its leaves keep green.

Deus. Moyses, Moyses!

hic properat ad rubum, et *dicit ei deus*, etc.

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(18)

God bids Moses take off his shoes for the place is hallowed.

Moyses, com not to nere,
bot styH in that stede thou dweH,
And harkyn vnto me here;
take tent What I the teH.
do of thy shoyes in fere,
wyth mowth as I the meH,
the place thou stand*is* in there
forsothe, is halowd WeH.

(19)

He declares himself as the God who blessed Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

I am thy lord, Wythouten lak,
to lengthe thi lyfe euen as I lyst;
I am god that som tyme spake
to thyn elders, as thay Wyst;
To abraam, and Isaac,
and iacob, I sayde shuld be blyst,
And multytude of them to make,
so that thare seyde shuld not be myst.

(20)

He will not suffer Pharaoh to hurt the Jews.

Bot now thys kyng, pharao,
he hurtys my folk so fast,
If that I suffre hym so,
thare seyde shuld soyne be past;
Bot I WyH not so do,
in me if thay WyH trast,
[Fol. 22, b.] Bondage to bryng thaym fro.
therfor thou go in hast

(21)

Moses is bidden to tell Pharaoh to let the Jews go to the Wilderness to worship God.

To do my message, haue in mynde,
to hym that me sych harme mase;
Thou speke to hym Wyth wordis heynde,
so that he let my people pas,
To Wyldernes that thay may Weynde,
to Worshyp me as I wyH asse.
Agans my wyH if that thay leynd,
ful soyn hys song shaH be 'alas.'

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(22)

Moyses. A, lord! pardon me, Wyth thy leyf,
that' lynage luffis me noght;
Gladly thay Wold me greyf,
if I sych̄ bodworde broght'.

Moses begs God to send somebody of more force.

(23)

Good lord, lett som othere frast',
that has more fors the folke to fere.
Deus. Moyses, be thou nott abast',
my bydyng shaH thou boldly bere;
If thay with wrong away Wold Wrast',
outt of the way I shaH the Were.

God bids him not be abashed.

Moses fears that without a token he will not be trusted.

Moyses. Good lord, thay WyH not me trast
for aH the othes that I can swere;

(24)

To neuen sych noytis newe
to folk of Wykyd WyH,
Wyth outen tokyn trew,
thay wyH not tent ther tyH.

(25)

Deus. If that he wyH not vnderstand
thys tokyn trew that I shaH sent,
Afore the kyng cast downe thy Wand,
and it shaH turne to a serpent;
Then take the tayH agane in hand—
boldly vp look thou it hent—
And in the state that thou it fand,
then shal it turne by myne intent'.

A wand that shall turn into a serpent & again into a wand shall be his token.

(26)

Sythen hald thy hand soyn in thy barme,
and as a lepre it shal be lyke,
And hole agane with outen harme;
lo, my tokyns shal be slyke.

He shall be able to make his hand leprous or whole.

(27)

And if he wyH not suffre then
my people for to pas in peasse,
I shaH send venyance [neyn][1] or ten,
shaH sowe fuH sore or I seasse.

If Pharaoh will not let the people go, God will punish him.

[1] MS. ix.

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The Hebrews shall escape the plagues.

Bot *th*e eb̄rewes, won in Iessen,
shaH not be m*er*kyd w*ith* that measse;
As long as thay my lawes WyH ken
thare comforth̄ shaH eu*er* increasse.

(28)

Moyses. A, lord, to luf the aght vs weH,
that mak*is* thy folk thus free;
I shaH vnto thaym teH
as thou has told to me.

(29)

Moses asks by what name he is to speak to Pharaoh of God.

Bot to the kyng, lord, when I com,
if he aske what is thy[1] name,
And I stand styH, both deyf & dom,
how shuld I [skape][2] w*ith*outten blame?

God tells him and blesses him.

Deus. I say the thus, 'Ego sum qui sum,'
I am he that is the same;
If thou can nother muf nor mom,
I shaH sheld the from shame.

(30)

Moyses. I vnderstand fuH weH thys thyng,
I go, lord, w*ith* aH the myght in me.

[Fol. 23, a.]

Deus. Be bold in my blyssyng,
thi socoure shaH I be. [Deus *retires.*]

(31)

Moses resolves to tell his friends of this comfort.

Moyses. A, lord of luf, leyn me thy lare,
that I may truly talys teH;
To my freynd*is* now wyH I fare,
the chosyn childre of IsraeH,
To teH theym comforth̄ of thare care,
in dawngere ther as thay dweH.
God manteyn you euermare, [*Moses accosts the Israelites.*]
And mekyH myrth̄ be you emeH.

(32)

The Israelites he speaks to complain of their lot.

primus puer. A, mast*er* moyses, dere!
oure myrth̄ is aH mowrnyng;
ffull hard halden ar we here,
as carls vnd*er* the kyng.

[1] MS. my. [2] MS. skake.

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(33)

Secundus puer. We may mowrn̄, both̄ more and myn,
ther is no man that oure myrth mase;
Bot syn we ar aH of a kyn,
god send vs comforth̄ in thys case.

They pray God send them comfort,

Moyses. Brethere, of youre mowrnyng blyn;
god WyH delyu*er* you thrugh̄ his g*r*ace,
Out of this wo he wyH you wyn,
and put you to youre pleassyng place;

(34)

ffor I shaH carp vnto the kyng,
and fownd fuH soyn to make you free.
primus puer. God graunt you good Weyndyng,
and eu*er*more w*ith* you be.

& wish Moses success.

[*Moses approaches Pharaoh.*]

(35)

Moyses. kyng pharao, to me take tent.
Pharao. Why, boy, what tythyng*is* can thou teH?
Moyses. ffrom god hym self hydd*er* am I sent
to foch̄e the chyldre of IsraeH;
To Wyldernes he wold thay went.

Moses asks Pharaoh to let the Israelites go to the wilderness.

Pharao. yei, weynd the to the devyH of heH!
I gyf no force What he has ment',
In my dangere, herst thou, shaH thay dweH;

Pharaoh refuses, with threats.

(36)

And, fature, for thy sake,
thay shalbe put to pyne.
Moyses. Then wyH god venyance take
of the, and of aH thyn.

(37)

Pharao. On me? fy on the lad, out of my land!
wenys thou thus to loyse oure lay?
[*To the soldiers.*]
Say, whence is yond warlow w*ith* his wand
that thus wold wyle oure folk away?
Primus Miles. Yond is moyses, I dar warand,
agans aH egypt has beyn ay,
Greatt defawte w*ith* hym youre fad*er* fand;
now wyH he mar you) if he may.

The 1st soldier says Moses has ever been a foe to Egypt.

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(38)

Pharao. ffy on hym! nay, nay, that dawnce is done;
lurdan, thou leryd to late.
Moyses. God bydis the graunt my bone,
and let me go my gate.

(39)

Pharaoh asks Moses for a token.

Pharao. Bydis god me? fals loseH, thow lyse!
What tokyn told he? take thou tent.

[Fol. 23, b.]

Moyses. He sayd thow shuld dyspyse
both me, and hys commaundement;
fforthy, apon thys wyse,

He changes his wand into a serpent.

my Wand he bad, in thi present,
I shuld lay downe, and the avyse
how it shuld turne to oone serpent;

(40)

And in hys holy name
here I lay it downe;
lo, syr, here may thou se the same.
Pharao. A, ha, dog! the devyH the drowne!

(41)

Then changes it back again.

Moyses. He bad me take it by the tayH,
for to prefe hys powere playn;
Then he sayde, wythouten fayH,
hyt shuld turne to a wand agayn.
lo, sir, behold!

Pharaoh says these gauds shall help the Israelites nothing.

Pharao. wyth ylahayH!
Certis this is a soteH swayn!
bot thyse boyes shaH abyde in bayH,
AH thi gawdis shaH thaym not gayn;

(42)

Bot wars, both morn and none,
shaH thay fare, for thi sake.
Moyses. I pray god send us venyange sone,
and on thi Warkis take wrake.

(43)

primus Miles. Alas, alas! this land is lorn!
on lyfe we may [no] longer leynd;
Sych myschefe is fallen syn morn,
ther may no medsyn it amend.

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Pharao. Why cry ye so, laddis? lyst ye skorn?
ijus Miles. Syr kyng, sych care was neuer kend,
In no mans tyme that euer was borne.
Pharao. Teh on, belyfe, and make an end.

(44)

Primus Miles. Syr, the Waters that were ordand
for men and bestis foyde,
Thrugh outt ah egypt land,
ar turnyd into reede bloyde;

The soldiers announce the first plague: the waters are turned to red blood.

(45)

ffuh vgly and fuh yh is hytt,
that both fresh and fayre was before.
Pharao. O, ho! this is a wonderfuh thyng to wytt,
of ah the warkis that euer wore!
ijus Miles. Nay, lord, ther is anothere yit,
that sodanly sowys vs fuh sore;
ffor todis and froskis may no man flyt,
thay venom vs so, both les and more.

The 2nd plague: venomous toads.

(46)

Primus Miles. Greatte mystis, sir, ther is both morn and noyn,
byte vs fuh bytterly;
we trow that it be doyn
thrugh moyses, oure greatte enmy.

The 3rd plague: great 'mystis' [gnats] biting bitterly.

(47)

ijus Miles. My lord, bot if this menye may remefe,
Mon neuer myrth be vs amang.
Pharao. Go, say to hym we wyh not grefe,
bot thay shah neuer the tytter gang.
Primus Miles. Moyses, my lord gyffys leyfe
to leyd thi folk to lykyng lang,
So that we mend of oure myschefe.
Moyses. ffuh weh I wote, thyse wordis ar wrang;

Pharaoh makes delusive offers to let the Jews go

[Fol. 24, a.]

(48)

But hardely ah that I heytt
ffuh sodanly it shah be seyn;
vncowth meruels shalbe meyt
And he of malyce meyn.

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(49)

The 4th plague: great "loppys" [fleas].

Secundus Miles. A, lord, alas, for doyħ we dy! 302
we dar look oute at' no dowre.

Pharao. What', ragyd the dwyħ of heħ, alys you so to cry?

Primus Miles. ffor we fare wars then eu*er* we fowre; 305
grete loppys ou*er* aħ *þis* land thay fly,
And where thay byte thay make grete blowre,
and in eu*er*y place oure best*is* dede ly.[1] 308

(50)

The 5th plague: a murrain on the cattle.

Secundus Miles. hors, ox, and asse,
thay faħ downe dede, syr, sodanly.

Phorao. we! lo, ther is no man that has
half as mycħ harme as I. 312

(51)

Primus Miles. yis, s*ir*, poore folk haue mekyħ wo,
to se thare cataħ thus out cast.
The Iues in gessen fayre not' so,
thay haue lykyng for to last. 316

Pharaoh renews his pretended permission

Pharao. Then shaħ we gyf theym leyf to go,
to tyme this p*er*eħ be on past;
Bot', or thay flytt ogħt' far vs fro,
we shaħ *þem* bond twyse as fast. 320

(52)

Secundus Miles. Moyses, my lord gyf*fis* leyf
thi meneye to remeue.

Moyses. ye mon hafe more myschefe
bot' if thyse talys be trew. 324

(53)

Primus Miles. A, lord, we may not leyde thyse lyfys.

Pharao. what, dwyħ! is grevance grofen agayn?

The 6th plague: boils & blains.

Secundus Miles. ye, s*ir*, sicħ powd*er* apon vs dryfys,
where it abid*ys* it' mak*ys* a blayn; 328
Meseħ mak*ys* it man and wyfe,[2]
thus ar we hurt w*ith* hayħ & rayn.

The 7th plague: hail and rain.

Syr, v[y]nys in montanse may not' thryfe,
so has frost & thoner thaym slayn. 332

[1] The following line in—*owre* is left out.
[2] The singular rymes with the plural now and then.

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(54)

Pharao. yei, bot' how do thay in gessen,
the Iues, can ye me say?
Primus Miles. Of aH thyse cares no thyng thay ken,
thay feyH nogHt of *our* afray.

Pharaoh rages when he hears the Jews are unhurt by these harms.

(55)

Pharao. No? the ragyd! the dwyH! sytt thay in peasse?
and we eu*e*ry day in doute & drede?
ijus Miles. My lord, this care wyll eu*er* encrese,
to moyses haue his folk to leyd;
Els be we lorn̄, it is no lesse,
yit' were it better that þai yede.

(56)

Pharao. Thes folk shaH flyt' no far,
If he go welland wode.
Primus Miles. Then wiH it sone be war;
It' were bett*er* thay yode.

But still will not let them go.

[Fol. 24, b.]

(57)

ijus Miles. My lord, new harme is comyn in hand.
Pharao. Yei, dwiH, wiH it' no bett*er* be?
Primus Miles. wyld wormes ar layd ou*er* aH this land,
Thai leyf no floure, nor leyf on tre.
ijus Miles. Agans that storme may no man stand;
And mekyH more m*er*ueH thynk me,
That' thise *thre*[1] dayes has bene durand
Sich̄ myst, þat no man may other se.
Primus Miles. A, my lord!
Pharao. hagh̄!

The 8th plague: wild worms, or locusts.

The 9th plague: a great mist or darkness.

(58)

ijus Miles. Grete pestilence is comyn;[2]
It' is like ful long to last.
Pharao. [pestilence[3]] in the dwilys name!
then is oure p*r*ide ou*er* past.

The 10th plague: the pestilence.

(59)

Primus Miles. My lord, this care last*is* lang,
and wiH, to moyses haue his bone;
let hym go, els wyrk we wrang,
It' may not help to hou*er* ne hone.

The 1st soldier says care will last till Moses be satisfied.

[1] MS. iij.
[2] Its ryme *name* is assonantal.
[3] MS. pentilence.

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Pharaoh gives leave for the Jews to go, but hopes to catch them again.

Pharao. Then wiłł we gif theym leyf to gang; 364
Syn it' must' ned*is* be doyn;
P*er*chauns we sałł thaym fang
and mar the*m* or to morñ at' none. 367

(60)

*ij*us *M*iles. Moyses, my lord he says
thou shałł haue passage playn.
Moyses. Now haue we lefe to pas,
my freynd*is*, now be ye fayn; 371

(61)

Com furtħ, now sałł ye weynd
to land of lykyng you to pay.
*Pri*m*us* *puer.* Bot' kyng Pharao, that fals feynd,
he wiłł vs eft betray; 375

The Israelites doubt, but Moses assures them.

ffułł soyn he wiłł shape vs to sheynd,
And aft*er* vs send his garray.
Moyses. Be not' abast', god is oure freynd,
And ałł oure foes wiłł slay; 379

(62)

Therfor com on w*ith* me,
haue done and drede you noght.
*ij*us *Puer.* That' lord blyst might he be,
that vs from bayłł has broght. 383

(63)

*Pri*m*us* *puer.* Sicħ frenship neu*er* we fand;
bot' yit' I drede for p*er*els ałł,
The reede see is here at hand,
ther shal we byde to we be thrałł. 387

He parts the Red Sea with his wand.

Moyses. I shałł make way ther w*ith* my wand',
as god has sayde, to sayf vs ałł;
On ayther syde the see mon' stand,
to we be gone, right' as a wałł. 391

(64)

[Fol. 25, a.]

Com on wyth me, leyf none behynde;
lo fownd' ye now youre god to pleasse.

hic pertransient' mare.

Secundus puer. O, lord'! this way is heynd;
Now weynd we ałł at easse. 395

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(65)

*prim*us *M*iles. kyng pharao! thyse folk ar gone. Pharaoh is told of the flight of the Jews.
Pharao. Say, ar ther any noyes new?
*ij*us *M*iles. Thise Ebrews ar gone, lord, eu*er*-ichon).
Pharao. how says thou that?
*Prim*us *M*iles. lord, that tayH is trew.
Pharao. We, out tyte, that they were tayn;
That ryett radly shaH thay rew,
we shaH not seasse to thay be slayn,
ffor to the see we shaH thaym sew;

(66)

So charge youre chariott*is* swythe, He pursues them with his chariots;
And fersly look ye folow me.
*ij*us *M*iles. AH redy, lord, we ar fuH blyth
At youre byddyng to be.

(67)

*Prim*us *M*iles. lord, at youre byddyng ar we bowne
Oure bodys boldly for to beyd;
we shaH not seasse, bot dyng aH downe,
To aH be dede withouten drede.
Pharao. heyf vp youre hert*is* vnto mahowne, calling on Mahound.
he wiH be nere vs in oure nede; He & his men are drowned.
help! the raggyd dwyH, we drowne!
Now mon we dy for aH oure dede.

Tunc mergeet eos mare.

(68)

Moyses. Now ar we won from aH oure wo, Moses and the Jews give thanks to God for their safe passage.
And sauyd out of the sec;
louyng gyf we god vnto,
Go we to land now merely.

(69)

*prim*us *puer*. lofe we may that lord on hyght,
And eu*er* teH on this meruelH;
Drownyd he has Kyng pharao myght, [Fol. 25, b.]
louyd be that lord EmanueH.
Moyses. heuen, thou attend, I say, in syght,
And erth my wordys; here what I teH.
As rayn or dew on erth doys lyght
And waters herbys and trees fuH weH,

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(70)

Honoured be God in Trinity.

Gyf louyng to godd*ys* mageste, 428
hys dedys ar done, hys ways ar trew,
honowred be he in trynyte,
to hym be honowre and vertew. 431
Amen).
Explicit pharao.

(IX.)

Incipit Cesar Augustus.

[40 *six-line stanzas* aab ccb.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Imperator.
Primus Consultus.
Secundus Consultus.
Nuncius. (*Lyghtfote.*)
Sirinus.]

Imperator. (1)

The Emperor commands silence, and magnifies his own power.

BE styH, beshers, I commawnd yow,
That no man speke a word here now
Bot' I my self alon ; 3
And if ye do, I make a vow,
Thys brand abowte youre nekys shaH bow,
ffor thy be styH as ston) : 6

(2)

And looke ye grefe me noght,
ffor if' ye do it' shaH be boght,
I swere you by mahowne ; 9
I wote weH if ye knew me ought,
To slo you aH how lityH I roght',
Ston st'yH ye wold syt downe. 12

(3)

ffor aH is myn that' vp standys,
Castels, towers, townys, and landys,
To me homage thay bryng ; 15
[Fol. 26, a.] ffor I may bynd and lowse of band,
Euery thyng bowys vnto my hand,
I want' none erthly thyng. 18

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(4)

I am lord and syr ouer aH, — He is lord over all.
AH bowys to me, both grete and smaH,
As lord of euery land; 21
Is none so comly on to caH,
Whoso this agane says, fowH shaH be faH,
And therto here my hand. 24

(5)

ffor I am he that myghty is, — All heatheness obeys him.
And hardely aH hathennes
Is redy at my wyH; 27
Both ryche, and poore, more & les,
At' my lykyng for to redres,
whether I wyH saue or spyH. 30

(6)

Cesar august I am calcl, — He is called Caesar Augustus, the fairest body on earth.
A fayrer cors for to behald,
Is not' of bloode & bone; 33
Ryche ne poore, yong ne olcl,
Sycli an othere, as I am told,
In aH thys warlcl is none. 36

(7)

Bot oone thyng doys me fuH mycli care, — One thing troubles him: he needs loyal counsel.
I trow my land wyH sone mysfare
ffor defawte of counseH lele; 39
My counsellars so wyse of lare,
help to comforth me of care,
No wyt from me ye fele. 42

(8)

As I am man moost' of renowne,
I shaH you gyf youre waryson
To help me if ye may. 45
*prim*us Con*sult*us. To counseH you, lord, we ar bowne, — The 1st councillor bids him send for his messenger.
And for no man that' lyfys in towne
wyH we not let, *per*fay; 48

(9)

youre messyngere I reede ye caH,
ffor any thyng that may befaH,

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His messenger shall proclaim his peace over all the land.

Byd hym go hastely,
Thrugh out youre landys ouer aH,
Amang youre folk, both grete and smaH
youre gyrth & peasse to cry;

(10)

ffor to commaunde both yong & old,
None be so hardy ne so bold,
To hold of none bot you;
And who so doth, put them in hold,
And loke ye payn theym many fold.
Imperator. I shaH, I make a vowe;

(11)

The Emperor assents.

Of thys counseH weH payde am I,
It shaH be done fuH hastely,
wyth outen any respytt.

[Fol. 26, b.]

Secundus Consultus. My Lord abyde awyle, for why?
A word to you I wold cleryfy.
Imperator. Go on, then, teH me tytt.

(12)

The 2nd councillor has heard that a virgin shall bear a child who shall lay low the Emperor's might.

Secundus Consultus. AH redy, lord, now permafay,
Thys haue I herd syn many day,
ffolk in the contre teH;
That in this land shuld dweH a may,
The which saH bere a chylde, thay say,
That shaH youre force downe feH.

(13)

The Emperor rages with fear and anger.

Imperator. Downe feH? dwyH! what may this be?
Out, harow, fuH wo is me!
I am fuH wyH of reede!
A, fy, and dewyls! whens cam he
That thus shuld reyfe me my pawste?
Ere shuld I be his dede.

(14)

ffor certys, then were my worshyp lorne,
If sych a swayn, a snoke horne,
Shuld thus be my suffrane;
may I wyt when that boy is borne,
In certan, had the dwyH hit sworne,
that gadlyng shuld agane.

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(15)

Primus Consultus. Do way, lord, greyf you not so,
youre messyngere ye cause furth go
Aftyr youre cosyn dere,
To speke *with* you a word or two,
The best counseH that lad to slo,
ffuH soyn he can you lere;

The 1st Councillor bids the Emperor take counsel with his cousin Sirinus.

(16)

ffor a wyse man that knyght men know.
Imperator. Now I assent vnto thi saw,
of witt art thou *the* weH;
ffor aH the best men of hym blowys;
he shaH neu*er* dystroy my lawes,
were he the dwyH of heH.

The Emperor assents,

(17)

Com lyghtfote, lad, loke thou be yare
On my message furth to fare,
go tytt to s*ir* syryn;
Say sorow takys me fuH sare,
pray hym to comforth me of care,
As myn awne dere cosyn;

and sends his messenger Lyghtfoot,

(18)

And bot if thou com agane to nyght,
look I se the neu*er* in syght,
neu*er* where in my land.
Nuncius. yis, cert*ys*, lord, I am fuH lyght,
or noyn of the day, I dar you hyght,
to bryng hym by *the* hand.

bidding him be back by night,

(19)

Imperator. yai, boy, and as thou luff*ys* me dere,
Luke that thou spy, both far and nere,
Ouer aH in ycH place;
If thou here any saghes sere,
Of any carpyng, far and nere,
Of that lad where that thou gase.

[Fol. 27, a. Sig. ff. 1.]

and keep his ears open for news.

(20)

Nuncius. AH redy, lord, I am fuH bowne,
To spyr and spy in euery towne,

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Lyghtfoot promises.

After that wykkyd queyd; 117
If I here any runk or rowne,
I shall fownd to crak thare crowne,
Ouer all, in ylk a stede; 120

(21)

And therfor, lord, haue now good day.

The Emperor prays Mahound to speed him.

Imperator. Mahowne he wyse the on thi way,
That weldys water and wynde; 123
And specyally, here I the pray,
To spede the as fast as thou may.
Nuncius. yis, lord, that shall ye fynde. 126

(22) [*To Sirinus.*]

Lyghtfoot greets Sirinus in the Emperor's name,

Mahowne the saue and se, sir syryne!
Cesar, my lord, and youre cosyn,
he gretys you well by me. 129
Sirinus. Thou art welcom to me and myn;
Com nere and tell me tythandys thyn,
Tyte, what thay may be. 132

(23)

and bids him come to hold counsel.

Nuncius. My lord prays you, as ye luf hym dere,
To com to hym, if youre will were,
To speke with hym awhyle. 135

Sirinus promises.

Sirinus. Go grete hym well, thou messyngere,
say hym I com, and that right nere,
Behynd the not a myle. 138

(24)

Lyghtfoot returns to the Emperor,

Nuncius. All redy, lord, at youre byddyng. [*To Cesar.*]
Mahowne the menske, my lord kyng,
And save the by see and sand. 141
Imperator. Welcom, bewshere, say what tythyng,
Do tell me tyte, for any thyng,
What herd thou in my land? 144

(25)

and announces the approach of Sirinus.

Nuncius. I herd no thyng, lord, bot goode;
Syr syryn, that I after yode,
he will be here this nyght. 147
Imperator. I thank the by mahownes bloode;
Thise tythyngys mekyll amendys my mode;
Go rest, thou worthy wyght. 150

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(26)

Sirinus. Mahowne so semely on) to caH,
he saue the, lord of lord*is* aH,
Syttyng w*ith* thi meneye.
*Imperat*or. Welcom, s*ir* syrynne, to this haH,
Besyde my selfe here sytt thou shaH,
Com) vp belyf to me.

Sirinus and the Emperor greet each other.

(27)

*Sirin*us. yis, lord, I am at youre talent'.
*Imperat*or. Wherfor, s*ir*, I aft*er* the sent,
I shaH the say fuH right';
And therfor take to me intent,
I am in poynt for to be shent'.
*Sirin*us. how so, for mahownes myght?

The Emperor tells Sirinus of his danger; [Fol. 27, b.]

(28)

*Imperat*or. syr, I am done to vnderstand,
That a qweyn here, in this land,
shaH bere a chyld' I wene,
That shaH be crowned kyng lyfand,
And aH shaH bow vnto his hand;
Thise tythyng*ys* doth me teyne.

how a quean shall bear a child who shall become king.

(29)

he shaH com*m*aunde both ying and old,
None be so hardy ne so bold
To gyf s*er*uyce to me;
Then wold' my hart be cold
If sich a beggere shold
My kyngdom) thus reyf me;

No one will then give service to himself.

(30)

And therfor, s*ir*, I wold the pray,
Thy best counseH thou wold me say,
To do what I am) best;
ffor securly, if that I may,
If he be fonden I shaH hym slay,
Aythere by eest' or west'.

He asks counsel from Sirinus.

(31)

*Syrin*us. Now wote ye, lord, what that I reede;
I counseH you, as ete I brede,

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Sirinus bids the Emperor seek out the boy & kill him,

what' best therof may be; 183
Gar serche youre land in euery stede,
And byd that boy be done to dede,
who the fyrst' may hy*m* see; 186

(32)

and command every man to come to him, bringing a headpenny,

And also I rede that' ye gar cry,
To fleme wyth all that' belamy,
That' shuld be kyng *with* crowne; 189
Byd ych man com to you holly,
And bryng to you a heede penny,
That' dwellys in towere or towne; 192

(33)

on the third day. Thus they will all pay him homage.

That' this be done by the thyrde day,
Then may none of his freynd*ys* say,
Bot' he has mayde homage. 195
If ye do thus, *sir*, p*er*mafay,
youre worship shall ye wyn for ay,
If thay make you trowage. 198

(34)

The Emperor agrees, & rewards him.

*Imper*at*or*. I thank you, *sir*, as myght' I the,
ffor thyse tythyng*ys* that' thou tellys me,
Thy counsell shall avayll; 201
lord and syre of this cowntre,
wythouten ende here make I the,
ffor thy good counsell; 204

(35)

He sends out his messenger

My messyngere, loke thou be bowne,
And weynd belyf from towne to towne,
And be my nobyll swane; 207
I pray the, as thou luff*ys* mahowne,
And also for thy waryson,
That' thou com tytt' agane. 210

(36)

[Fol. 28, a. Sig. ff. 2.] to command the folk to own none but him as their lord.

Co*m*maunde the folk holly ichon,
Ryche ne poore forgett thou none,
To hold' holly on me, 213
And lowtt' me as thare lord alone;
And who wyll not' thay shall be slone,
This brand thare bayll shal be. 216

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(37)

Therfor thou byd both̄ old and ying,
That ich̄ man know me for his kyng,
ffor drede that I thaym spyH,
That' I am lord, and in tokynyng,
Byd ich̄ man a penny bryng,
And make homage me tyH.

Old and young must bring their penny and do homage.

(38)

To my statut*ys* who wyH not stand,
ffast' for to fle outt of my land,
Byd thaym, w*ith*outen lyte;
Now by mahowne, god aH weldand,
Thou shaH be mayde knyght w*ith* my hand,
And therfor hye the tyte.

Whoso will not keep his statutes must flee from his land. He promises the messenger knighthood.

(39)

Nuncius. AH redy, lord, it' shaH be done;
Bot' I wote weH I com) not sone,
And therfor be not' wroth;
I swere you, *sir*, by son and moyne,
I com) not' here by fore eft' none,
whed*er* ye be leyfe or loth̄;

The messenger says he cannot be back soon,

(40)

Bot' hafe good day, now wyH I weynd,
ffor long*er* here may I not' leynd,
Bot' grathe me furth my gate.

and starts off.

Imperator. Mahowne that' is curtes and heynd,
he bryng thi Iornay weH to eynd,
And wysh the that' aH wate.

The Emperor bids Mahound speed him.

Explicit Cesar Augustus.

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(X.)

Incipit Annunciacio.

[38 *couplets* aa ; 49½ *six-line stanzas* aab ccb.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Deus. *Gabriel.* *Maria.* *Joseph.* *Angelus.*]

(1)

God recalls the creation of Adam and his fall.

Deus. Sythen I haue mayde aƚƚ thyng of noght,
And Adam w*ith* my hand*is* hath wroght,
Lyke to myn ymage, att my devyse,
And gyffen hym Ioy in paradyse, 4
To won therin, as that I wend,
To that he dyd that' I defend;
[Fol. 28, b.] Then I hym) put out of that' place,
Bot' yit, I myn), I hight hym grace · 8
Oyƚƚ of mercy I can hym) heyt,
And tyme also his bayƚƚ to beytt.

The time is come to redeem him from his pain,

ffor he has boght' his syn fuƚƚ sore,
Thise fyfe [1] thowsand yeris and more, 12
ffyrst' in erthe and sythen) in heƚƚ;
Bot' long therin shaƚƚ he not dweƚƚ.
Outt' of payn he shaƚƚ be boght',
I wyƚƚ not tyne that I haue wroght. 16
I wyƚƚ make redempcyon,
As I hyght for my p*er*son,
Aƚƚ wytħ reson and w*ith* right,
Botħ thrugħ m*er*cy and thrugħ myght'. 20
he shaƚƚ not, therfor, ay be spylt',

for Adam was beguiled by the Serpent & Eve.

ffor he was wrangwysly begylt';
he shaƚƚ out of p*re*son pas,
ffor that' he begyled was 24
Thrugh the edder, and his wyfe;
Thay gart hym towcħ the tree of lyfe,
And ete the frute that I forbed,
And he was dampned for that dede. 28

God's Son shall take on Him manhood.

Ryghtwysnes wyƚƚ we make;
I wyƚƚ that' my son manhede take,

[1] MS. v.

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ffor reson wyłł that' ther be thre,
A man, a madyn, and a tre: 32
Man for man, tre for tre,
Madyn for madyn; thus shal it be.
My son shałł in a madyn light',
Agans the feynd of hełł to fight'; 36
wythouten wem), os son thrugħ glas,
And she madyn as she was.
Both god and man shałł he be,
And she mod*er* and madyn fre. 40
To abraham I am in dett'
To safe hym and his gett;
And I wyłł that' ałł p*ro*phecye
Be fulfyllyd here by me; 44
ffor I am lord and lech of heyle,
My p*ro*phetys shałł be funden leyle;
As moyses sayd, and Isay,
Kyng dauid, and Ieromy, 48
Abacuk, and danieł,
Sybyłł sage, that' sayde ay weł,
And myne othere p*ro*phet*is* ałł,
As thay haue [said] it' shałł befałł.[1] 52
Ryse vp, gabrieł, and weynd
vnto a madyn that' is heynd,
To nazareth in galilee,
Ther she dwellys in that' cytee. 56
To that' vyrgyn and to that' spouse,
To a man of dauid house,
Iosepħ also he is namyd by,
And the madyn name mary. 60
Angełł must to mary go,
ffor the feynd was eue fo;
he was foule and layth to syght,
And thou art angełł fayr and bright; 64
And hayls that' madyn, my lemman,
As heyndly as thou can.
Of my behalf thou shałł hyr grete,
I haue hyr chosen, that' madyn swete, 68

There must be man for man, maid for maid, tree for tree.

Abraham & his seed must be saved, and all prophecy fulfilled.

God bids Gabriel go to the Virgin Mary, spouse of Joseph,

(a good angel to Mary, as a bad angel to Eve)

and hail her.

[1] The word "said" has been inserted in the MS. by a later hand.

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God has chosen Mary to conceive his darling.

She shaH conceyf my derlyng,
Thrugh thy word and hyr heryng.
In hyr body wyH I lygt,
That' is to me clenly dyght';
She shaH of hyr body bere
God and man wythouten dere.

[Fol. 29, a. Sig. ff. 3.]

She shaH be blyssyd wythouten ende;
Grayth the gabrieH, and weynd.

(2) [*Gabriel goes to Mary.*]

Gabriel hails Mary, queen of virgins.

*Gabrie*H. hayH, mary, gracyouse!
hayH, madyn and god*is* spouse!
Vnto the I lowte;
Of aH vyrgyns thou art' qwene,
That euer' was, or shaH be seyn,
wythouten dowte.

(3)

The Lord of heaven is with her.

hayH, mary, and weH thou be!
My lord of heuen is wyth the,
wythouten end;
hayH, woman most of mede!
Goodly lady, haue thou no drede,
That' I co*m*mend;

(4)

She shall conceive a child of might.

ffor thou has fonden aH thyn oone,
The grace of god, that' was out gone,
ffor adam plyght.
This is the grace that the betydys,
Thou shaH conceyue w*ith*in thi sydys
A chyld of myght.

(5)

He shall be called Jesus.

When he is comen, that thi son,
he shaH take cyrcu*m*sycyon,
CaH hym ihe*su*m.
MightfuH man shaH be he that',
And god*ys* son shaH he hat,
By his day com.

(6)

My lord also shaH gyf hym tyH
hys fader sete, dauid, at wyH,

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Therin to sytt :
he shaH be kyng in Iacob kyn,
hys kyngdom shaH neu*er* blyn,
lady, weH thou wytt.

(7)

Maria. What' is thi name ?
Gabriel. gabrieH ;
god*ys* strengthe and his angeH,
That comys to the.

Maria. fferly gretyng thou me gretys ;
A child to bere thou me hetys,
how shuld' it' be ?

(8)

I cam neu*er* by man's syde,
Bot has avowed my madynhede,
ffrom fleshly gett.
Therfor I wote not how
That this be brokyn, as a vow
That' I haue hett ;

(9)

Neu*er* the les, weH I wote,
To wyrk thi word and hold' thi hote
MightfuH god is ;
Bot' I ne wote of what manere,
Therfor I pray the, messyngere,
That thou me wysh.

(10)

*Gabrie*H. lady, this is the preuate ;
The holy gost shaH light' in the,
And his vertue,
he shaH vmshade and fulfyH
That' thi madynhede shaH neu*er* spyH,
Bot' ay be new.

(11)

The child that' thou shaH bere, madame,
ShaH god*ys* son be callid by name ;
And se, mary,
Elesabeth, thi Cosyn, that' is cald' geld',
She has conceyffed a son in elde,
Of zacary ;

He shall be King in Jacob.

Mary asks Gabriel's name.

How can all this be ?

She is a vowed virgin.

But God is mighty to fulfill Gabriel's word.

Gabriel says the Holy Ghost shall light in her.

[Fol. 29, b.]

The child she shall bear shall be God's Son. Her cousin Elizabeth also has conceived a son.

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(12)

And this is, who wyⁿ late,
The sextⁱ moneth of hyr conceytate,
That geldᵈ is caldᵈ. 139

Nothing is impossible with God.

No word, lady, thatⁱ I the bryng,
Is vnmyghtfuⁿ to heuen kyng,
Botⁱ aⁿ shaⁿ haldᵈ. 142

(13)

Mary praises God, & believes the angel's message.

Maria. I lofe my lord aⁿ weldand,
I am his madyn atⁱ his hand,
And in his woldᵈ; 145
I trow bodword thatⁱ thou me bryng,
Be done to me in aⁿ thyng,
As thou has toldᵈ. 148

(14)

Gabriel takes leave of Mary.

*Gabrie*ⁿ. Mary, madyn heynd,
me behovys to weynd,
my leyf atⁱ the I take. 151
Maria. ffar to my freynd,
Who the can send,
ffor mankynde sake. 154

[*Gabriel retires; Joseph advances.*]

(15)

Joseph marvels at the condition in which he finds his wife.

*Iosep*ⁿ. Aⁿ-myghty god, what may this be!
Of mary my wyfe me*r*uels me,
Alas, what has she wroghtⁱ? 157
A, hyr body is grete and she w*ith* childe!
ffor me was she neue*r* fylyd,
Therfor myin is itⁱ noght. 160

(16)

He bemoans himself that ever he married one so young.

I irke fuⁿ sore w*ith* my lyfe,
Thatⁱ eue*r* I wed so yong a wyfe,
Thatⁱ bargan may I ban; 163
To me it was a carefuⁿ dede,
I myght weⁿ wytⁱ that yowthede
wold haue lykyng of man. 166

(17)

I am oldᵈ, sothly to say,
passedᵈ I am aⁿ p*reu*ay play,

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The gams fro me ar gane.
It is ill cowpled of youth and elde; — It is ill to wed youth with age.
I wote well, for I am vnwelde,
som othere has she tane.

(18)

she is *with* chyld, I wote neu*er* how,
Now, who wold any woman trow?
Cert*ys*, no man that can any goode;
I wote not in the warld what I shuld do,
Bot now then wyll I weynd hyr to,
And wytt who owe that foode.

(19)

hayll, mary, and well ye be!
why, bot woman, what chere *with* the?
Maria. The bett*er*, *sir*, for you.
*Iosep*h. So wold I, woman, that ye wore;
Bot cert*ys*, mary, I rew full sore
It stand*ys* so *with* the now.

(20)

Bot of a thyng frayn the I shall, — [Fol. 30, a. Sig. ff. 4.]
who owe this child thou gose *with* all?
Maria. Syr, ye, and god of heuen).
*Iosep*h. Myne, mary? do way thi dyn; — & asks whose is the child?
That I shuld oght haue parte therin
Thou ned*ys* it not to neuen; — She replies his & the God of heaven's.

(21)

wherto neuyns thou me therto? — Joseph denies any part therein.
I had neu*er* *with* the to do,
how shuld it then be myne?
whos is that chyld, so god the spede?
Maria. Syr, god*ys* and yowrs, *with* outen drede. — Mary repeats it is God's & his.
*Iosep*h. That word had *tho*u to tyne,

(22)

ffor it is right full far me fro,
And I forthynk*ys* thou has done so
Thise ill ded*ys* bedene;
And if thou speke thi self to spyll,
It is full sore agans my wyll,
If bett*er* myght haue bene.

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(23)

Mary denies knowledge of any other man.

Maria. At̄ god*ys* wyH, Ioseph̄, must̄ it̄ be,
ffor certanly bot̄ god and ye
I know none othere man̄;
ffor fleshly was I neu*er* fylyd.
Ioseph̄. how shuld thou thus then be w*ith* chyld?
Excuse the weH thou can;

(24)

Joseph does not blame her; it is but the way of women.

I blame the not̄, so god me saue,
woman maners if that̄ thou haue,
Bot̄ cert*ys* I say the this,
weH wote thou, and so do I,
Thi body fames the openly,
That̄ thou has done amys.

(25)

Maria. yee, god he knowys aH my doyng.

He knows not what to do.

Ioseph̄. we! now, this is a wond*er* thyng,
I can noght̄ say therto;
Bot̄ in my hart̄ I haue greatt care,
And ay the long*er* mare and mare;
ffor doyH what̄ shaH I do?

(26)

He will not father the child, & thinks of leaving his wife.

God*ys* and myn she says it̄ is;
I wyH not̄ fad*er* it̄, she says amys;
ffor shame yit̄ shuld̄ she let,
To excuse hir velany by me;
w*ith* hir I thynk no long*er* be,
I rew that̄ eu*er* we met.

(27)

He describes the origin of their betrothal.

And how we met̄ ye shaH wyt sone;
Men vse yong chyldren for to done
In temple for to lere;
Soo dyd thay hir, to she wex more
Then othere madyns wyse of lore;
then byshopes sayd to hir,

(28)

" Mary, the behowfys to take
Som yong man to be thi make,

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As thou seys other hane,
In the temple which thou wyll neuen);"
And she sayd, none, bot god of heuen,
To hym she had hir tane;

(29)

She wold none othere for any sagh̄;
Thay sayd she must, it' was the lagh,
She was of age thertill.
To the temple thay somond old and ying,
All of Iuda ofspryng,
The law for to fulfill.

(30)

Thay gaf ich̄ man a white wand,
And bad vs bere them in oure hande,
To offre *with* good intent;
Thay offerd thare yerd*ys* vp in that' tyde,
ffor I was old' I stode be syde,
I wyst' not what thay ment';

(31)

Thay lakyd' oone, thay sayde in hy,
All had offerd', thay sayd, bot I,
ffor I ay *with*drogh̄ me.
ffurth̄ *with* my wande thay mayd' me com,
In my hand' it floryshed *with* blome;
Then sayde thay all to me,

(32)

"If thou be old' meruell not' the,
ffor god of heuen thus ordans he,
Thi wand shewys openly;
It florishes so, *with*outen) nay,
That the behovys wed mary the may;"
A sory man then was I;

(33)

I was full sory in my thoght',
I sayde for old I myght' noght
hir haue neu*er* the whed*er*;
I was vnlykely to hir so yong,
Thay sayde ther helpyd' none excusyng,
And wed vs thus toged*er*.

235 Mary, when pressed to take a young man for her husband, dedicated herself to God.

238

[Fol. 30, b.]

241 She was urged again, & old & young were summoned to the temple.

244

247 Each man was given a white wand & told to offer it. Joseph stood aside & made no offering because he was old.

250

253

256 He was made to come forth, & his wand blossomed in his hand.

259 This showed clearly that he was to marry Mary.

262

265 He was sad, but no excuses helped him, & they were married.

268

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(34)

After the wedding the maidens, kings' daughters, worked silks; Mary alone wrought purple.

when I all thus had wed hir thare,
we and my madyns home can fare,
That kyngys doghters were;
All wroght thay sylk to fynd them on,
Marie wroght purpyll, the oder none
bot othere colers sere.

(35)

Joseph went into the country to work.

I left thaym in good peasse wenyd I,
Into the contre I went on hy,
My craft to vse with mayn;
To gett oure lyfyng I must nede,
On marie I prayd them take good hede,
To that I cam agane.

(36)

After nine months he returns & finds her with child. The women say an angel visited her,

Neyn[1] monethes was I fro that myld;
when I cam home she was with chyld;
Alas, I sayd, for shame!
I askyd ther women who that had done,
And thay me sayde an angell sone,
syn that I went from hame;

(37)

An angell spake with that wyght,
And no man els, bi day nor nyght,
"sir, therof be ye bold."

giving this excuse for her folly.

Thay excusyd hir thus sothly,
To make hir clene of hir foly,
And babyshed me that was old.

(38)

[Fol. 31, a.]

Shuld an angell this dede haue wroght?
Sich excusyng helpys noght,
ffor no craft that thay can;

It must have been some earthly man.

A heuenly thyng, for sothe, is he,
And she is erthly; this may not be,
It is som othere man.

(39)

Certys, I forthynk sore of hir dede,
Bot it is long of yowth-hede,

[1] MS. ix.

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Alł sich̄ wanton playes ; 301
ffor yong women wyłł ned*ys* play them
with yong men, if old' forsake them,
Thus it is sene always. 304

Young women will needs play with young men.

(40)

Bot' marie and I playd neu*er* so sam,
Neu*er* toged*er* we vsid' that gam,
I cam hir neu*er* so nere ;[1] 307

But Mary & he never played together.

(41)

she is as clene as cristałł clyfe
ffor me, and shalbe whyls I lyf,
The law wyłł it be so. 310
And then am I cause of hir dede,
ffor thi then can I now no rede,
Alas, what' I am wo ! 313

She is clean as crystal for him, and shall be so while he lives.

(42)

And sothly, if it so befałł,
God*ys* son that' she be w*ith* ałł,
If sich̄ grace myght betyde, 316
I wote wełł that I am not he,
which̄ that' is worthi to be
That' blyssed' body besyde, 319

If it be God's Son she has for her child, then Joseph is not worthy to lie beside her.

(43)

Nor yit' to be in company ;
To wyldernes I wiłł for thi
Enfors me for to fare ; 322
And neu*er* long*er* w*ith* hir dele,
Bot' stylly shałł I from hir stele,
That' mete shałł we no mare. 325

He will steal away to the wilderness so that they meet no more.

(44)

Angelus. Do wa, Iosep̄h, and mend thy thoght',
I warne the wełł, and weynd thou noght',
To wyld*er*nes so wylde ; 328
Turne home to thi spouse agane,
look thou deme in hir no trane,
ffor she was neu*er* ffylde. 331

An Angel warns him to mend his thoughts and return to his wife.

(45)

wyte thou no wyrkyng of Werk*ys* wast,
She hase consauyd the holy gast,

[1] Is half a stanza of the original left out ?

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Mary is with child of the Holy Ghost.

And she shall bere godys son);
ffor thy *with* hir, in thi degre,
Meke and buxom looke thou be,
And *with* hir dwell and won.

(46)

Joseph praises God for entrusting him with the care of the young Child.

Joseph. A, lord, I lofe the all alon,
That vowches safe that I be oone
To tent that chyld so ying;
I that thus haue vngrathly gone,
And vntruly taken apon
Mary, that dere darlyng.

(47)

He grieves for his suspicions, & goes to ask Mary's forgiveness. [Fol. 31, b.]

I rewe full sore that I haue sayde,
And of hir byrdyng hir vpbrade,
And she not gylty is;
ffor thy to hir now Wyll I weynde,
And pray hir for to be my freynde,
And aske hir forgyfnes.

(48)

A, mary, wyfe, what chere?

Mary asks where he has been.

Maria. The bett*er*, *sir*, that ye ar here;
Thus long where haue ye lent?

Joseph. Cert*ys*, walkyd aboute, lyke a fon,
That wrangwysly hase taken apon;
I wyst neu*er* What I ment;

(49)

Joseph says he has sinned against God & her, and asks forgiveness. She forgives him freely.

Bot I wote well, my le*m*man fre,
I haue trespast to god and the;
fforgyf me, I the pray.

Maria. Now all that eu*er* ye sayde me to,
God forgyf you, and I do,
With all the myght I may.

(50)

He thanks her. A man may be well content with a meek wife, though she have no goods.

Joseph. Gram*er*cy, mary, thi good wyll
So kyndly forgyf*ys* that I sayde yll,
When I can the vpbrade;
Bot well is hym hase sich a fode,
A, meke wyf, *with*outen goode,
he may well hold hym payde.

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(51)

A, whatꝫ I am light as lynde!
he thatꝫ may bothꝫ lowse and bynde,
And euery mys amend,
leyn me grace, powere, and myghtꝫ,
My wyfe and hir swete yongꝫ wightꝫ
To kepe, to my lyf*ys* ende.

Joseph is light of heart. He prays God help him keep wife and child.

Explicit Annunciacio beate Marie.

(XI.)

Incipit Salutacio Elezabeth.

[15 *six-line stanzas*, aab, ccb.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*
Maria. *Elezabeth.*]

Maria. (1)

My lord of heuen, that syttys he,
And aꝫ thyng seys withꝫ ee,
The safe, Elezabethꝫ.
Elezabethꝫ. Welcom, mary, blyssed blome,
Ioyfuꝫ am I of thi com
To me, from nazarethꝫ.

Mary salutes Elizabeth.

(2)

Maria. how stand*ys* it w*ith* you, dame, of qwartꝫ?
Elezabethꝫ. weꝫ, my doght*er* and dere hartꝫ,
As can for myn elde.
Maria. To speke w*ith* you me thoghtꝫ fuꝫ lang,
ffor ye w*ith* childe in elde gang,
And ye be caldꝫ geldꝫ.

She has long desired to speak with her.

(3)

Elezabethꝫ. ffuꝫ lang shaꝫ I the bett*er* be,
That I may speke my fyꝫ w*ith* the,
My dere kyns Woman;
To wytt how thi freynd*ys* fare,
In thi countre where thay ar,
Therof teꝫ me thou can,

Elizabeth is glad to hear about her friends.

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(4)

[Fol. 32, a.] And how thou farys, my dere derlyng.
Maria. Weℍ, dame, gramercy youre askyng,
ffor good I wote ye spyr.

Elizabeth asks after Mary's father and mother.

*Elezabet*ℍ. And Ioachym, thy fad*er*, at hame,
And anna, my nese, and thi dame,
how stand*ys* it' w*ith* hym and hir?

(5)

Mary says they are both well, & thanks her.

Maria. Dame, yit' ar thay botℍ on lyfe,
Botℍ ioachym and anna his wyfe.
*Elezabet*ℍ. Els were my hart' fuℍ sore.
Maria. Dame, god that aℍ may,
yeld' you that' ye say,
And' blys you therfore.

(6)

Elizabeth hails Mary as the mother of her Lord.

*Elezabet*ℍ. Blyssed be thou of aℍ women,
And the fruyte that' I weℍ ken,
W*ith*in the wombe of the;
And this tyme may I blys,
That' my lord*ys* moder is
Comen thus vnto me.

(7)

The child in her own body makes joy.

ffor syn that' tyme fuℍ weℍ I wote,
The stevyn of angeℍ voce it' smote,
And rang now in myñ ere;
A selcouth thyng is me betyde,
The chyld makys Ioy, as any byrd,[1]
That' I in body bere.

(8)

She commends Mary for believing the word of the Lord.

And als, mary, blyssed be thou,
That' stedfastly wold' trow,
The word*ys* of oure heven kyng;
Therfor aℍ thyng now shaℍ be kend,
That' vnto the were sayd or send,
By the angeℍ gretyng.

(9)

Maria. Magnificat' a*nima* mea d*omin*um;
My sauℍ luf*ys* my lord abuf,
And my gost' glad*ys* w*ith* luf,

[1] The rhyme requires *bryd*.

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In god, that' is my hele; 51 **Mary praises God in the *Magnificat.***
ffor he has bene sene agane,
The buxumnes of his bane,
And kept' me madyn lele. 54

(10)

Lo, therof what me shaƚƚ betyde— **All nations shall call her blessed.**
Aƚƚ nacyons on euery syde,
Blyssyd shaƚƚ me caƚƚ; 57
ffor he that is fuƚƚ of myght,
Mekyƚƚ thyng to me has dyght',
his name be blyssed ou*er* aƚƚ; 60

(11)

And his m*er*cy is also **God's mercy is on them that dread Him.**
ffrom kynde to kynde, tyƚƚ aƚƚ tho
That' ar hym dredand. 63
Myght' in his armes he wroght',
And dystroed in his thoght',
Prowde men and hygħ berand'. 66

(12)

Myghty men furtħ of sete he dyd, **He hath upraised the meek.**
And he hyghtynd in that' stede
The meke men of hart; 69
The hungre Witħ aƚƚ good he fyld, **[Fol. 32, b.]**
And left the rich outt shyld,
Thaym to Vnquart'. 72

(13)

Israeƚƚ has vnder law,
his awne son in his awe,
By menys of his m*er*cy; 75
As he told before by name, **He fulfils His promise to Abraham.**
To oure fad*er*, abraham,
And seyd of his body. 78

(14)

Elezabetħ, myn awnt dere, **Mary takes leave of Elizabeth.**
My lefe I take at' you here,
ffor I dweƚƚ now fuƚƚ lang. 81
*Elezabet*ħ. wyƚƚ thou now go, god*ys* fere?
Com kys me, doghter, w*ith* good chere,
or thou hens gang; 84

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(15)

Elizabeth bids Mary farewell & sends greeting to her kinsfolk.

ffareweH now, thou frely foode!
I pray the be of comforth goode,
ffor thou art' fuH of grace;
Grete weH aH oure kyn of bloode;
That lord, that the *with* grace infude,
he saue aH in this place.

Explicit Salutacio Elezabeth.

(XII.)

Incipit Pagina pastor*um*.

[54 *nine-line stanzas*, aaaab cccb, *and* 1 *seven-line* (*no.* 15), aab cccb. *The* aaaa *lines have central rymes markt by bars.*]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Primus Pastor.	*Iak Garcio.*	*Ihesus.*
Secundus Pastor.	*Angelus.*	*Maria.*]
Tercius Pastor.		

Primus Pastor. (1)

The 1st shepherd envies the dead who are now exempt from vicissitudes.

LOrd, what' thay ar weyH / that hens ar past'!
ffor thay noght' feyH / theym to downe cast.
here is mekyH vnceyH / and long has it' last',
Now in hart', now in heyH / now in weytt', now in blast',
Now in care,
Now in comforth agane,
Now is fayre, now is rane,
Now in hart' fuH fane,
And after fuH sare.

(2)

[Fol. 33, a.] In this world sorrow comes after play.

Thus this Warld', as I say / farys on ylk syde,
ffor after oure play / com sorows vnryde;
ffor he that' most' may / When he sytt*ys* in pryde,
When it' comys on assay / is kesten downe wyde,

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This is seyn;
When ryches is he,
Then comys pouerte,
hors-man Iak cope
Walkys then), I weyn.

After riches comes poverty, & Jack Cope must walk instead of riding.

(3)

I thank it' god / hark ye what I mene,
ffor euen or for od / I haue mekyH tene;
As heuy as a sod / I grete *with* myn eene,
When I nap on my cod / for care that' has bene,
And sorow.
AH my shepe ar gone,
I am not' left oone,
The rott has theym slone;
Now beg I and borow.

He himself has much trouble.

His sheep are slain with the rot & he must beg.

(4)

My hand*ys* may I wryng / and mowrnyng make,
Bot' if good wiH spryng / the countre forsake;
ffermes thyk ar comyng / my purs is bot' wake,
I haue nerehand nothyng' / to pay nor to take;
I may syng'
WitH purs penneles,
That' mak*ys* this heuynes,
Wo is me this dystres!
And has no helpyng.

Rents are due & his purse is weak.

(5)

Thus sett' I my mynde / truly to neuen),
By my wytt to fynde / to cast' the warld in seuen);
My shepe haue I tynde / by the moren fuH euen);
Now if hap wiH grynde / god from his heuen)
Send grace.
To the fare wiH I me,
To by shepe, p*er*de,
And yit' may I multyple,
ffor aH this hard case.

He has lost his sheep & must go to the fair to buy more.

(6)

Secundus pastor. Benste, benste[1] / be vs emang,
And saue aH that' I se / here in this thrang,

[1] Benedicite, benedicite!

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The 2nd shepherd comes in with a benison.

he saue you and me / ouertwhart and endlang,
That hang on a tre / I say you no wrang;
Cryst saue vs
ffrom all myschefys,
ffrom robers and thefys,
ffrom those mens grefys,
That oft ar agans vs.

(7)

[Fol. 33, b.] God keep us from boasters and braggers & their weapons. They will bear no gainsaying.

Both bosters and bragers / god kepe vs fro,
That *with* thare long dagers / dos mekyll wo;
ffrom all byll hagers / *with* colknyf*ys* that go;
Sich wryers and wragers / gose to and fro
ffor to crak.
Who so says hym agane,
were bett*er* be slane;
Both ploghe and wane
Amendys will not make.

(8)

These fellows are as proud as lords, with a fine head of hair and grim bearing.

he will make it as prowde / a lord as he were,
With a hede lyke a clowde / ffelterd his here;
he spekys on lowde / *with* a grym bere,
I wold not haue trowde / so galy in gere
As he glydys.
I wote not the bett*er*,
Nor whed*er* is gretter,
The lad or the master,
So stowtly he strydys.

(9)

It is hard to tell lad from master.

They will have what they want.

If he hask me oght / that he wold to his pay,
ffull dere bese it boght / if I say nay;
Bot god that all wroght / to the now I say,
help that thay were broght / to a bett*er* way
ffor thare sawlys;
And send theym good mendyng
With a short endyng,
And *with* the to be lendyng
When that thou callys.

(10)

May God mend them and end them.

He calls out "Good morning, Gyb," to the 1st shepherd.

how, gyb, goode morne / whed*er* goys thou?
Thou goys ou*er* the corne / gyb, I say, how!

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primus pastor. Who is that? Joħn horne / I make god a vowe! — The 1st shepherd greets the 2nd as John Horne.
I say not' in skorne / thom, how farys thou?
Secundus pastor. hay, ha!
Ar ye in this towne?
primus pastor. yey, by my crowne.
ijus pastor. I thoght by youre gowne
This was youre aray.

(11)

primus pastor. I am eu*er* elyke / wote I neu*er* what' it' gars, — Gyb is faring as badly as any shepherd in the kingdom.
Is none in this ryke / a shepard farys wars.
ijus pastor. poore men ar in the dyke / and oft tyme mars, — Horne says poor men are in the ditch.
The warld is slyke / also helpars
Is none here.
primus pastor. It is sayde fuħ ryfe, — Gyb quotes the proverb, "A man may not marry & thrive all in a year."
"a man may not' wyfe
And also thryfe,
And aħ in a yere."

(12)

ijus pastor. ffyrst must vs crepe / and sythen go. — We must creep ere we go.
primus pastor. I go to by shepe. /
Secundus [pastor]. nay, not so; — Gyb says he is going to buy sheep, & they quarrel as to where he shall feed them.
What, dreme ye or slepe? / where shuld thay go? [Fol. 34, a.]
here shaħ thou none kepe. /
primus pastor. A, good s*ir*, ho!
Who am I?
I wyħ pasture my fe
where so eu*er* lyk*ys* me,
here shaħ thou theym se.
ijus pastor. Not' so hardy!

(13)

Not' oone shepe tayħ / shaħ thou bryng hedyr.
primus pastor. I shaħ bryng, no fayħ / A hu*n*dreth̄ togedyr.
ijus pastor. What', art' thou in ayħ / long*ys* thou ogħt' whedir? — Gyb imagines he has his sheep already, & tells the bell-wether to go on.
primus pastor. Thay shaħ go, saunce fayħ / go now, beħ wed*er*!

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The two shepherds call out contradictory orders to the imaginary sheep.

*ij*us *past*or. I say, tyr! 113
*prim*us *past*or. I say, tyr, now agane!
I say skyp ou*er* the plane.
*ij*us *past*or. wold‡ thou neu*er* so fane,
Tup, I say, whyr! 117

(14)

*prim*us *past*or. What', wyll‡ thou not' yit / I say, let the shepe go?
Whop!
*Secund*us *past*or. abyde yit. /

Gyb threatens to break Horne's head.

*prim*us *past*or. Will‡ thou bot' so?
knafe, hens I byd flytt / as good that' thou do,
Or I shall‡ the hytt / on thi pate, lo,
shall‡ thou reyll‡; 122
I say, gyf the shepe space. /
*ij*us *past*or. Syr, a lett*er* of youre grace,
here comys slaw-pase
ffro the mylñ whele. 126

(15)

The 3rd shepherd, Slow-pace, arrives & asks what is wrong. Gyb says Horne won't let him drive his sheep this way.

*Terci*us *past*or. What a do, what' a do / is this you betweyn?
A good day, thou, and thou. /
*prim*us *past*or. hark what I meyn
You to say: 129
I was bowne to by store,
drofe my shepe me before,
he says not' oone hore
shall‡ pas by this way; 133

(16)

Slow-pace asks where the sheep are, and chaffs him.

Bot and he were wood / this way shall‡ thay go.
*iij*us *past*or. yey, bot' tell‡ me, good / where ar youre shepe, lo?
*ij*us *past*or. Now, s*ir*, by my hode / yit' se I no mo,
Not' syn I here stode. /
*iij*us *past*or. god gyf you wo
and sorow! 138
ye fysh̄ before the nett,
And stryfe on this bett,
sich folys neu*er* I mett
Evyn or at' morow. 142

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(17)

It is wonder to wyt / where wytt shuld be fownde ;
here ar old knafys yit / stand*ys* on this grownde,
these wold by thare wytt / make a shyp be drownde ;
he were well qwytt / had sold for a pownde
sich two.
thay fyght and thay flyte
ffor that at comys not tyte ;
It is far to byd hyte
To an eg or it go.

Here are two old knaves not worth a pound between them, fighting for nothing.

(18)

Tytter want ye sowll / then sorow I pray ;
Ye brayde of mowll / that went by the way—
Many shepe can she poll / bot oone had she ay—
Bot she happynyd full fowll / hyr pycher, I say,
Was broken) ;
"ho, god," she sayde,
bot oone shepe yit she hade,
The mylk pycher was layde,
The skarthis was the tokyn.

[Fol. 34, b.] They are like Moll who, while counting up many sheep, broke her pitcher, and had but one sheep all the time.

(19)

Bot syn ye ar bare / of wysdom to knawe,[1]
Take hede how I fare / and lere at my lawe ;
ye nede not to care / if ye folow my sawe ;
hold ye my mare / this sek thou thrawe
On my bak,
Whylst I, *with* my hand,
lawse the sek band ;
Com nar and by stand
Both gyg and Iak ;

[1] MS. knowe.

He makes them hold his mare while he shakes his sack empty,

(20)

Is not all shakyn owte / and no meyll is therin ?
primus pastor. yey, that is no dowte. /
Tercius pastor. so is youre wytt*ys* thyn.
And ye look well abowte / nawther more nor myn,
So gose youre wytt*ys* owte / evyn as It com In :
Ged*er* vp
And seke it agane.
ijus pastor. May we not be fane !
he has told vs full plane
Wysdom to sup.

and then compares it to their thin wits.

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(21)

Jack the boy comes in. Save the men of Gotham he thinks they bear the bell of all fools from heaven unto hell.

Iak garcio. Now god gyf you care / foles aH sam;
Sagh I neu*er* none so fare / bot' the foles of gotham.
Wo is hir that' yow bare / youre syre and youre dam,
had she brogh't' furth an hare / a shepe, or a lam,
had bene weH. 183
Of aH the foles I can teH,
ffrom heuen vnto heH,
ye thre bere the beH;
God gyf you vnceyH. 187

(22)

Gyb asks after his sheep and then proposes to sit down & drink.

*prim*us *past*or. how pastures oure fee / say me, good pen.
Garcio. Thay ar gryssed to the kne. /
*ij*us *pastor.* fare faH the!
Garcio. Amen!
If ye wiH ye may se / youre bestes ye ken.
*prim*us *past*or. Sytt we downe aH thre / and drynk shaH we then.

Horne asks, "What is drink without meat?"

*iij*us *past*or. yey, torde! 192
I am leu*er* ete;
what' is drynk w*ith*oute mete?
Gett' mete, gett',
And sett vs a borde, 196

(23)

and wants dinner.

Then may we go dyne / oure bellys to fyH.
*ij*us *past*or. Abyde vnto syne. /
*iij*us *pastor.* be god, s*ir*, I nyH!
I am worthy the wyne / me thynk it' good skyH;
[Fol. 35, a. Sig. G. 1.] My seruyse I tyne / I fare fuH yH,
At' youre mangere. 201
*prim*us *past*or. Trus! go we to mete,
It' is best' that we tretę,
I lyst' not' to plete
To stand in thi dangere; 205

(24)

Thou has eu*er* bene curst / syn we met togeder.[1]
*iij*us *pastor.* Now in fayth, if I durst / ye ar euen my brod*er*.

[1] Note the rymes of *-eder, -oder.*

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*ij*us *past*or. Syrs, let vs cryb furst / for oone thyng or
oder,
That' thise word*is* be purst' / and let vs go foder
Oure mompyns; 210 Horne produces a boar's brawn;
lay furth̄ of oure store,
lo, here! browne of a bore.
*prim*us *p*astor. Set' mustard afore,
oure mete now begyns; 214

(25)

here a foote of a cowe / weH sawsed, I wene, Gyb, a cow's foot, a sow's shank, blood puddings, &c.
The pesteH of a sowe / that' powderd has bene,
Two blodyng*is*, I trow / A leu*er*yng betwene;
Do gladly, syrs, now / my bred*er* bedene,
W*ith* more. 219
Both befe, and moton
Of an ewe that' was roton,
Good mete for a gloton;
Ete of this store. 223

(26)

*ij*us *past*or. I haue here in my mayH / sothen and rost', Horne has in his bag an ox tail, a pie, two swine's jaws & part of a hare.
Euen of an ox tayH / that' wold' not' be lost';
ha, ha, goderhayH! / I let for no cost,
A good py or we fayH / this is good for the frost'
In a mornyng; 228
And two swyne gronys,
AH a hare bot' the lonys,
we myster no sponys
here, at' oure mangyng. 232

(27)

*iij*us *past*or. here is to recorde / the leg of a goys, Slow-pace contributes a goose's leg, pork, partridge, tart & calf's liver.
w*ith* chekyns endorde / pork, partryk, to roys;
A tart' for a lorde / how thynk ye this doys?
A calf lyuer skorde / w*ith* the veryose;
Good sawse, 237
This is a restorete
To make a good appete.
*prim*us *past*or. yee speke aH by clerge[te],
I here by your clause; 241

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(28)

They drink good wholesome ale as a cure for their ills. As each drinks the others chaff him.

Cowth ye by youre gramery / reche vs a drynk,
I shuld be more mery / ye wote What I thynk.
*ij*us *past*or. haue good ayH of hely / bewar now, I wynk,
ffor and thou drynk drely / in thy poH wyH it synk.
*prim*us *past*or. A, so; 246
This is boyte of oure bayH,[1]
good holsom ayH.
*ij*us *past*or. ye holdt long the skayH,
Now lett' me go to. 250

(29)

Horne bids the others leave him some.

*Secund*us *past*or. I shrew those lyppys / bot' thou leyff me som parte.
*prim*us *past*or. be god, he bot syppys / begylde thou art;
[Fol. 35, b.] Beholdt how he kyppys. /
*Secund*us *past*or. I shrew you so smart,
And me on my hyppys / bot' if I gart'
Abate. 255

He will drink till his breath fail.

Be thou wyne, be thou ayH,
bot' if my brethe fayH,
I shaH sett' the on sayH;
God send the good gayte. 259

(30)

*Terci*us *past*or. Be my dam sauH, alyce / It' was sadly dronken.
*prim*us *past*or. Now, as eu*er* haue I blys / to the bothom it is sonken.

Another bottle is found.

*ij*us *past*or. yit' a boteH here is. /
*Terci*us *past*or. that' is weH spoken!
By my thryft we must kys. /
*Secund*us *past*or. that' had I forgoten.[2]
Bot' hark! 264

They sing.

Who so can best' syng
ShaH haue the begynnyng.
*prim*us *past*or. Now prays at the partyng
I shaH sett' you on warke; 268

[1] The MS makes 2 lines of this: 1 A so; 2 This etc.
[2] Note the assonance *t* and *k*.

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(31)

We haue done oure parte / and songyn) right weyH, They drink again, each still anxious for his fair share.
I drynk for my parte. /
*ij*us *past*or. Abyde, lett' cop reyH.
*prim*us *past*or. God*ys* forbot', thou spart' / and thou drynk eu*er*y deyH.
*iij*us *past*or. Thou has dronken a quart / therfor choke the the deyH.
*prim*us *past*or. Thou rafys;
And it' were for a sogh
Ther is drynk enogh.
*iij*us *past*or. I shrew the hand*ys* it' drogh!
ve be both knafys.

(32)

*prim*us *past*or. Nay! we knaues aH / thus thynk me best', so, *sir*, shuld' ye caH. /
*ij*us *past*or. furth let it' rest;
we wiH not' braH. /
*prim*us *past*or. then wold I we fest,
This mete Who shaH / into panyere kest.
*iij*us *past*or. syrs, herys; Gill proposes to collect the broken meats for the poor.
ffor oure saules lett vs do
Poore men gyf it' to.
*prim*us *past*or. Ged*er* vp, lo, lo!
ye hungre begers ffrerys!

(33)

*ij*us *past*or. It' draes nere nyght / trus, go we to rest'; They prepare to sleep.
I am euen redy dyght' / I thynk it the best'.
*iij*us *past*or. ffor ferde we be fryght' / a crosse lett vs kest, Slow-pace says a night-spell.
Cryst' crosse, benedyght / eest' and west',
ffor drede.
Ihe*sus*.[1] onazorus,
Crucyefixus,
Morcus, andreus,
God be oure spede!

(34) [*They sleep.*]

Angelus. herkyn, hyrdes, awake! / gyf louyng ye shaH, The angels bid them awake.
he is borne for [y]oure[2] sake / lorde *per*petuaH;

[1] MS. ihc.
[2] Originally *oure*, the "y" having been added by a later hand.

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he is comen to take / and rawnson you aH,
youre sorowe to slake / kyng emperiaH,
he behestys; 300

A child is born at Bethlehem.
That' chyld is borne
At' bethelem this morne,
ye shaH fynde hym beforne
Betwix two bestys. 304

(35)

[Fol. 36, a. Sig. G. 2.]
Primus Pastor. A, godys dere *dominus*! / What was that' sang?

Gyb wonders what the song was. He supposes it was a cloud whistling in his ear.
It' was wonder curiose / with smaH noytys emang;
I pray to god saue vs / now in this thrang;
I am ferd, by ihesus[1] / somwhat' be wrang;
Me thoght', 309
Oone scremyd on lowde;
I suppose it was a clowde,
In myn erys it sowde,
By hym that' me boght! 313

(36)

Horne is sure it was an angel, speaking of a child.
Secundus pastor. Nay, that' may not be / I say you certan,
ffor he spake to vs thre / as he had bene a man;
When he lemyd on this lee / my hart' shakyd than,
An angeH was he / teH you I can,
No dowte. 318
he spake of a barne,
We must seke hym, I you warne,

Yon star betokens it.
That' betokyns yond starne,
That' standys yonder owte. 322

(37)

Slow-pace remembers the angel bade them go to Bethlehem to worship.
Tercius pastor. It' was merueH to se / so bright as it shone,
I wold haue trowyd, veraly / it' had bene thoner flone,
Bot' I sagh with myn ee / as I lenyd to this stone;
It' was a mery gle / sich hard I neuer none,
I recorde. 327
As he sayde in a skreme,
Or els that' I dreme,
we shuld go to bedleme,
To wyrship that' lorde. 331

[1] MS. ihc.

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(38)

primus pastor. That' same childe is he / that' *prophetys* of told,
Shuld make them fre / that' adam had sold.
ijus pastor. Take tent vnto me / this is inrold,
By the word*ys* of Isae / a prynce most' bold
shall he be,
And kyng w*ith* crowne,
Sett on dauid trone,
Sich was neu*er* none,
Seyn w*ith* oure ee.

They recall the words of the prophets, of a king who shall sit on David's throne,

(39)

iijus pastor. Also Isay says / oure faders vs told
That a vyrgyn shuld pas / of Iesse, that' wold
Bryng furth, by grace / a floure so bold;
That' vyrgyn now has / these word*ys* vphold
As ye se;
Trust' it' now we may,
he is borne this day,
Exiet' virga
De radice iesse.

born of a virgin of the root of Jesse.

(40)

primus pastor. Of hym spake more / Sybyll as I weyn,
And nabugodhonosor / from oure faythe alyene,
In the fornace where thay wore / thre child*re* sene,
The fourt stode before / god*ys* son lyke to bene.
ijus pastor. That fygure
Was gyffen by reualacyon
That' god wold haue a son;
This is a good lesson,
Vs to consydure.

Sybyl & Nebuchadnezzar spake of Him. He it was who was with the Three Children in the Fire. [Fol. 36, b.]

(41)

Tercius pastor. Of hym spake Ieromy / and moyses also,
Where he sagh hym by / a bushe burnand, lo!
when he cam to aspy / if it' were so,
Vnburnyd was it' truly / at co*m*myng therto,
A wonder.
primus pastor. That' was for to se
hir holy vyrgynyte,
That' she vnfylyd shuld be,
Thus can I ponder,

Of Him spake Jeremiah & Moses.

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(42)

And shuld haue a chyld / sich was neu*er* sene.

They marvel how a virgin may bear a son,

*ij*us *past*or. pese, man, thou art' begyld / thou shall se hy*m* w*ith* eene,
Of a madyn so myld / greatt m*er*uell I mene;
yee, and she vnfyld / a virgyn clene,
So soyne. 372

*prim*us *past*or. Nothyng is inpossyby*ll*
sothly, that' god wyll;
It' shalbe staby*ll*
That' god wyll haue done. 376

(43)

and recall more prophecies.

*ij*us *past*or. Abacuc and ely / prophesyde so,
Elezabeth and zachare / and many other mo,
And dauid as veraly / is witnes therto,
Iohn Baptyste sewrly / and daniel also.
*iij*us *past*or. So sayng, 381
he is god*ys* son alon,
w*ith*out hy*m* shalbe none,
his sete and his trone
Shall eu*er* be lastyng; 385

(44)

Gyb quotes Virgil's Eclogue,

*prim*us *past*or. Virgill in his poetre / sayde in his verse,
Even thus by gramere / as I shall reherse;

"Iam noua progenies celo demittitur alto,
Iam rediet virgo, redeunt' saturnia regna."

and is chaffed by Horne on his Latin. He has learnt his 'Cato.'

*ij*us *past*or. weme! tord! what' speke ye / here in myn eeres?
Tell vs no clerge / I hold you of the freres,
ye preche; 390
It' semys by youre laton
ye haue lerd youre caton.
*prim*us *past*or. herk, syrs, ye fon,
I shall you teche; 394

(45)

Gyb expounds Virgil's text.

he sayde from heuen / a new kynde is send,
whom a vyrgyn to neuen, oure mys to amend,
Shall conceyue full euen / thus make I an end;
And yit more to neuen / that samyne shall bend[1]

[Fol. 37, a. Sig. G. 3.]

[1] The first five lines on this leaf having become indistinct, have apparently been touched up by a later hand

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vnto vs,
With peasse and plente,
with ryches and menee,
Good luf and charyte
Blendyd amanges vs

Peace and plenty, love and charity shall come among us.

(46)

Tercius pastor. And I hold it trew / ffor ther shuld be,
When that kyng commys new / peasse by land and se.
ijus pastor. Now brethere, adew! / take tent vnto me;
I wold that we knew / of this song so fre
Of the angell;
I hard by hys steuen,
he was send downe ffro heuen.
primus pastor. It is trouth that ye neuen,
I hard hym well spell.

Horne has made out that the angel was sent from heaven.

(47)

ijus pastor. Now, by god that me bogh t / it was a mery song;
I dar say that he brogh t / foure & twenty to a long.
iijus pastor. I wold it were sogh t / that same vs emong.
primus pastor. In fayth I trow noght / so many he throng
On a heppe;
Thay were gentyll and small,
And well tonyd *with* all.
iijus pastor. yee, bot I can thaym all,
Now lyst I lepe.

He brought 24 short notes to a long.

Gyb could not count them, but they were gentle and well toned.

(48)

primus pastor. Brek outt youre voce / let se as ye yelp.
iijus pastor. I may not for the pose / bot I haue help.
secundus pastor. A, thy hart is in thy hose! /
primus pastor. now, in payn of a skelp
This sang thou not lose. /
iijus pastor. thou art an yll cawelp
ffor angre!
secundus pastor. Go to now, begyn!
primus pastor. he lyst not well ryn.
iijus pastor. God lett vs neuer blyn;
Take at my sangre.

Slow-pace tries to sing over the song, but finds he has a cold. The others must help & take him up.

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(49)

When the song is done, they think of starting off, though there is no moon.

primus pastor. Now an ende haue we doyn / of oure song this tyde.
ijus pastor. ffayr faH thi growne / weH has thou hyde.
iijus pastor. Then furth lett vs ron / I wyH not abyde.
primus pastor. No lyght makethe mone / that haue I asspyde;
Neuer the les
lett vs hold oure beheste.
ijus pastor. That hold I best.
iijus pastor. Then must we go eest,
After my ges.

(50)

They pray that they may see this Babe, whom prophets & saints have desired to see.

primus pastor. wold god that we myght / this yong bab see!
ijus pastor. Many prophetys that syght / desyryd veralee to haue seen that bright. /
[Fol. 37, b.]
iijus pastor. and god so hee
wold shew vs that Wyght / we myght say, perde,
We had sene
That many sant desyryd,
with prophetys inspyryd,
If thay hym requyryd,
yit I-closyd ar thare eene.

(51)

A star appears to guide them.

ijus pastor. God graunt vs that grace. /
Tercius pastor. god so do.
primus pastor. Abyde, syrs, a space / lo, yonder, lo!
It commys on a rase / yond sterne vs to.
ijus pastor. It is a grete blase / oure gate let vs go,
here he is! [*They go to Bethlehem.*]
iijus pastor. Who shaH go in before?
Gyb is sent in first.
primus pastor. I ne rek, by my hore.
ijus pastor. ye ar of the old store,
It semys you, Iwys. [*They enter the stable.*]

(52)

primus pastor. hayH, kyng I the caH! / hayH, most of myght!
hayH, the worthyst of aH! / hayH, duke! hayH, knyght!

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Of greatt and smaH / thou art lorde by right;
hayH, perpetuaH! / hayH, faryst wyght!
here I offer! 462
I pray the to take—
If thou wold, for my sake,
with this may thou lake,—
This lytyH spruse cofer. 466

He worships the Holy Child & offers a little spruce coffer.

(53)

Secundus pastor. hayH, lytyH tyn' mop / rewarder of mede!
hayH, bot' oone drop / of grace at' my nede;
hayH, lytyH mylk sop! / hayH, dauid sede!
Of oure crede thou art crop / hayH, in god hede!
This baH 471
That' thou wold resaue,—
lytyH is that' I haue,
This wyH I vowche saue,—
To play the with aH. 475

Horne offers a ball for Him to play with.

(54)

iijus pastor. hayH, maker of man / hayH, swetyng!
hayH, so as I can / hayH, praty mytyng!
I cowche to the than / for fayn nere gretyng;
hayH, lord! here I ordan / now at' oure metyng,
This boteH— 480
It' is an old by-worde,
It' is a good bowrde,
for to drynk of a gowrde,—
It' holdys a mett' poteH. 484

Slow-pace presents a bottle, for "it is a good bourd to drink of a gourd."

(55)

Maria. he that aH myghtys may / the makere of heuen,
That is for to say / my son that I neuen,
Rewarde you this day / as he sett aH on seuen;
he graunt' you for ay / his blys fuH euen
Contynuyng; 489
He gyf you good grace,
TeH furth of this case,
he spede youre pase,
And graunt you good endyng. 493

Mary prays that her son may reward them.

[Fol. 38, a. Sig. G. 4.]

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(56)

The shepherds take their leave, singing the laud of this Lamb.

primus pastor. ffare weⱡ, fare lorde! / *with* thy mod*er* also.
ijus pastor. we shaⱡ this recorde / where as we go.
iijus pastor. we mon aⱡ be restorde / god graunt it be so!
primus pastor. Amen, to that worde / syng we therto
On hight; 498
To Ioy aⱡ sam,
With myrth and gam,
To the lawde of this lam
Syng we in syght. 502

Explicit Vna pagina pastorum.

(XIII.)

Incipit Alia eor*un*dem.

[88 *nine-line stanzas*, aaaab, cccb, *and* 1 *seven-line* (*No.* 30), aab, cccb. *The* aaaa *lines have central rymes markt by bars.*]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Primus Pastor.	*Mak.*	*Angelus.*
Secundus Pastor.	*Gyll, uxor ejus.*	*Jesus.*
Tercius Pastor.		*Maria.*]

Primus Pastor. (1)

The first shepherd comes on, complaining of the cold & bitter weather

Lord, what these weders ar cold! / and I am yⱡ happyd;
I am nere hande dold / so long haue I nappyd;
My legys thay fold / my fyngers ar chappyd,
It is not as I wold / for I am al lappyd
In sorow. 5
In stormes and tempest,
Now in the est, now in the west,
wo is hym has neu*er* rest
Myd day nor morow! 9

(2)

Bot we sely shepardes [1] / that walkys on the moore,
In fayth we are nere hand*ys* / out of the doore;

[1] assonant to hand*ys*, &c.

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No wonder as it standys / if we be poore, [Fol. 38, b.]
ffor the tylthe of oure land*ys* / lyys falow as the floore, No wonder that shepherds are poor, they are so oppressed by the gentle folk,
As ye ken.
we ar so hamyd,
ffor-taxed and ramyd,
We ar mayde hand tamyd,
with thyse gentlery men).

(3)

Thus thay refe vs oure rest / oure lady theym wary! for whose exactions the plough cannot speed.
These men that ar lord fest / thay cause the ploghe tary.
That men say is for the best / we fynde it contrary;
Thus ar husband*ys* opprest / in po[i]nte to myscary,
On lyfe.
Thus hold thay vs hunder,
Thus thay bryng vs in blonder;
It were greatte wonder,
And eu*er* shuld we thryfe.

(4)[1]

ffor may he gett a paynt slefe / or a broche now on dayes, Let an upstart get fine clothes & he will do what he likes, & be backed up by greater men.
wo is hym that hym grefe / or onys agane says!
Dar noman hym reprefe / what mastry he mays,
And yit may noman lefe / oone word that he says,
No letter.
he can make purveance,
w*ith* boste and bragance,
And all is thrugh mantenance
Of men that are gretter.

(5)[1]

Ther shall com a swane / as prowde as a po, They will borrow waggon & plough, & the husband men had better hang than say them nay.
he must borow my wane / my ploghe also,
Then I am full fane / to graunt or he go.
Thus lyf we in payne / Ang*er*, and wo,
By nyght and day;
he must haue if he langyd,
If I shuld forgang it,
I were better be hangyd
Then oones say hym nay.

(6)

It dos me good, as I walk / thus by myn oone,
Of this warld for to talk / in man*er* of mone.

[1 *Stanzas 4 and 5 should be transposed, as suggested by Prof. Kölbing.*]

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Refreshed by this grumble he goes to look after his sheep till his fellows arrive.

To my shepe wyth I stalk / and herkyn anone,
Ther abyde on a balk / or sytt on a stone
ffull soyne.
ffor I trowe, *per*de,
trew men if thay be,
we gett more compane
Or it be noyne.

(7)

The second shepherd complains of the weather.

*Secund*us *past*or. Benste and d*omin*us ! / what' may this bemeyne ?
why, fares this warld thus / oft' haue we not sene ?
lord, thyse weders ar spytus / and the weders fulh kene.
[Fol. 39, a.] And the frost*ys* so hydus / thay wat*er* myn eeyne,
No ly.
Now in dry, now in wete,
Now in snaw, now in slete,
When my shone freys to my fete,
It' is not alh esy.

(8)

There is nickle woe for wedded men. Capel, their hen, cackles to & fro; when she croaks, the cock is in the shackles.

Bot' as far as I ken / or yit' as I go,
we sely wedmen / dre mekylh wo ;
We haue sorow then and then / it' fallys oft so ;
Sely capyle, oure hen / both to and fro
She kakyls ;
Bot' begyn she to crok,
To groyne or [to clo]k,
Wo is hym is of oure cok,
ffor he is in the shekyls.

(9)

A wedded man has not all his will, & must keep his sighs to himself.

These men that ar wed / haue not alh thare wylh,
when they ar fulh hard sted / thay sygh fulh stylh ;
God wayte thay ar led / fulh hard and fulh ylh ;
In bower nor in bed / thay say noght ther tylh,
This tyde.

The shepherd has learnt his lesson : he that is bound must abide so.

My parte haue I fun,
I know my lesson.
wo is hym that' is bun,
ffor he must' abyde.

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(10)

Bot now late in oure lyfys / a m*er*ueł to me,
That I thynk my hart' ryfys / sich̄ wonders to see.
what' that destany dryfys / it shuld so be;
Som men wył have two wyfys / and som men thre,
In store; 86
Som ar wo that has any,
Bot' so far can I,
wo is hym that has many,
ffor he felys sore. 90

Yet some men will have two wives & some three: some are woe that they have any.

(11)

Bot' yong men of wowyng / for god that' you boght',
Be weł war of wedyng / and thynk in youre thoght,
"had I wyst" is a thyng / it seruys of noght;
Mekył stył mowrnyng / has wedyng home broght,
And grefys; 95
w*ith* many a sharp showre,
ffor thou may cach̄ in an owre
That shał [savour][1] fulle sowre
As long as thou lyffys. 99

Young men must beware of wedding; for "had I wist" serves nought.

(12)

ffor, as eu*er* red I pystył / I haue oone to my fere,
As sharp as a thystył / as rugh as a brere;
She is browyd lyke a brystył / w*ith* a sowre loten chere;
had She oones Wett Hyr Whystyll / She couth̄ Syng fuł clere
Hyr pat*er* noster. 104
She is as greatt as a whał,
She has a galon of gał:
By hym that dyed for vs ał,
I wald I had ryn to I had lost hir. 108

The shepherd has a wife as sharp as thistle.

[Fol. 39, b.]

She is great as a whale with a gallon of gall.

He wishes he had run till he lost her.

(13)

*pri*mus *past*or. God looke ou*er* the raw / ffuł defly ye stand.
*ij*us *past*or. yee, the dewił in thi maw / so tariand.
sagh̄ thou awro of daw? /
*pri*mus *past*or. yee, on a ley land
hard I hym blaw / he co*m*mys here at' hand,
Not' far; 113

The first shepherd greets him, & says he has heard the third, Daw, blowing his pipe: he is near at hand.

[1] The word in brackets is illegible in the MS.

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Stand styH.

Daw will make them some lie, unless they beware.

*ij*us *past*or. qwhy?
*prim*us *past*or. ffor he com*m*ys, hope I.
*ij*us *past*or. he wyH make vs both a ly
Bot' if we be war. 117

(14)

Daw invokes Christ's cross & S. Nicholas, & complains of the world's brittleness.

*Tercius past*or. Cryst*ys* crosse me spede / and sant' nycholas!
Ther of had I nede / it' is wars then it' was.
Whoso couthe take hede / and lett' the warld pas,
It' is eu*er* in drede / and brekyH as glas,
And slythys. 122
This warld fowre neu*er* so,
W*ith* meruels mo and mo,
Now in weyH, now in wo,
And aH thyng wrythys. 126

(15)

The floods now are worse than ever before.

Was neu*er* syn noe floode / sich flood*ys* seyn;
Wynd*ys* and ranys so rude / and stormes so keyn;
Som stamerd, som stod / in dowte, as I weyn;
Now god turne aH to good / I say as I mene,
ffor ponder. 131
These flood*ys* so thay drowne,
Both in feyld*ys* and in towne,
And berys aH downe,
And that' is a wonder. 135

(16)

They that walk at night see strange sights. He spies shrews peeping.

We that' walk on the nyghtys / oure cateH to kepe,
We se sodan) syght*ys* / when othere men slepe.[1]
yit' me thynk my hart lyght*ys* / I se shrewys pepe;
ye ar two aH wyght*ys* / I wyH gyf my shepe
A turne. 140
Bot' fuH yH haue I ment,
As I walk on this bent',
I may lyghtly repent',
My toes if I spurne. 144

(17)

He greets the shepherds & wants meat & drink.

A, s*ir*, god you saue / and mast*er* myne!
A drynk fayn wold I haue / and somwhat to dyne.

[1] Originally "slepys"; altered in red ink.

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primus pastor. Crystys curs, my knaue / thou art a ledyr hyne!
ijus pastor. What! the boy lyst rave; / abyde vnto syne;
We haue mayde it.
yⱶ thryft on thy pate!
Though the shrew cam late,
yit is he in state
To dyne, if he had it.

They upbraid him as a sluggish hind, who comes late & talks about dinner. [Fol. 40, a.]

(18)

Tercius pastor. Sich seruandys as I / that swettys and swynkys,
Etys oure brede fuⱶ dry / and that me forthynkys;
We ar oft weytt and wery / when master-men wynkys,
yit commys fuⱶ lately / both dyners and drynkys,
Bot nately.
Both oure dame and oure syre,
when we haue ryn in the myre,
Thay can nyp at oure hyre,
And pay vs fuⱶ lately.

Daw says servants sweat & swink, but they eat their bread dry, & their master & dame nip at their hire.

(19)

Bot here my trouth, master / for the fayr that ye make,
I shaⱶ do therafter / wyrk as I take;
I shaⱶ do a lytyⱶ, sir / and emang euer lake,
ffor yit lay my soper / neuer on my stomake
In feyldys.
Wherto shuld I threpe?
with my staf can I lepe,
And men say "lyght chepe
letherly for-yeldys."

He tells them he will work as he is paid, for a cheap bargain yields but poorly.

(20)

primus pastor. Thou were an yⱶ lad / to ryde on wowyng
With a man that had / bot lytyⱶ of spendyng.
ijus pastor. Peasse, boy, I bad / no more Iangling,
Or I shaⱶ make the fuⱶ rad / by the heuen's kyng!
with thy gawdys;
wher ar oure shepe, boy, we skorne?
iijus pastor. Sir, this same day at morne
I thaym left in the corne,
when thay rang lawdys;

The first shepherd says Daw would be an ill lad to go a-wooing with a poor master.

The shepherds ask after their sheep.

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(21)

The three shepherds sing a song, taking tenor, treble, & mean.

Thay haue pasture good / thay can not go wrong.
primus pastor. That is right, by the roode! / thyse nyght*ys* ar long,
yit I wold, or we yode / oone gaf vs a song.
ijus pastor. So I thoght as I stode / to myrth vs emong.
*iij*us *pastor.* I graunt.
primus pastor. lett me syng the tenory.
ijus pastor. And I the tryble so hye.
*iij*us *pastor.* Then the meyne fallys to me;
lett se how ye chauntt.

Tunc intrat mak, in clamide se super togam vestitus.

(22)

Mak comes on, wishing he were in heaven, where no bairns weep.

Mak. Now lord, for thy naymes sevyn[1] / that made both moyn & starnes
Well mo then I can neuen / thi will, lorde, of me tharnys;
[Fol. 40, b.] I am all vneuen / that moves oft my harnes,
Now Wold god I were in heuen / for there[2] wepe no barnes So styll.
primus pastor. Who is that pypys so poore?
Mak. wold god ye wyst how I foore!
lo, a man that walk*ys* on the moore,
And has not all his wyll!

(23)

The 2nd shepherd asks the news. Daw bids each man look to his goods.

secundus pastor. Mak, where has thou gon[3]? / tell vs tythyng.
Tercius pastor. Is he commen? then ylkon / take hede to his thyng.

& accipit clamidem ab ipso.

Mak says he is the king's yeoman, & must have reverence.

Mak. what! ich be a yoman / I tell you, of the king;
The self and the same / sond from a great lordyng,
And sich.
ffy on you! goyth hence
Out of my presence!
I must haue reuerence;
why, who be ich?

[1] MS. vij. [2] MS. the. [3] MS. gom.

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(24)

*prim*us *past*or. Why make ye it so qwaynt? / mak, ye do wrang. — In spite of the shepherds' comments Mak continues to boast.

*ij*us *past*or. Bot', mak, lyst ye saynt? / I trow that ye lang.

*iij*us *past*or. I trow the shrew can paynt, / the dewyH myght' hy*m* hang!

Mak. Ich shaH make complaynt / and make you aH to thwang
At a worde,

And teH euyn how ye doth.

*prim*us *past*or. Bot, Mak, is that sothe? — The 1st shepherd bids him take out his southern tooth.
Now take outt that sothren tothe,
And sett in a torde!

(25)

*ij*us *past*or. Mak, the dewiH in youre ee / a stroke wold I leyne you. — Under threats Mak recognizes the shepherds as a fair company.

*iij*us *past*or. Mak, know ye not me? / by god I couthe teyn[1] you.

Mak. God looke you aH thre! / me thoght I had sene you,
ye ar a fare compane. /

*prim*us *past*or. can ye now mene you?

*secund*us *past*or. Shrew, Iape! — The 2nd shepherd hints that Mak is out so late with a view to sheep-stealing.
Thus late as thou goys,
what wyH men suppos?
And thou has an yH noys
of stelyng of shepe.

(26)

Mak. And I am trew as steyH / aH men waytt, — Mak says all men know he is true as steel, but his belly is ill at ease & he has no appetite.
Bot a sekenes I feyH / that hald*ys* me fuH haytt,
My belly farys not weyH / it is out of astate.

*iij*us *past*or. Seldom lyys the dewyH / dede by the gate.

Mak. Therfor
fuH sore am I and yH,
If I stande stone styH;
I ete not an nedyH
Thys moneth and more.

[1] MS. *teyle;* but the letters "*le*" have been written over the original by a later hand.

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(27)

Asked after his wife, Mak says she does nought but

primus pastor. how farys thi wyff? by my hoode / how farys sho?

Mak. lyys walteryng, by the roode / by the fyere, lo!

[Fol. 41, a.] And a howse full of brude / she drynkys well to;

eat & drink & bear children.

yll spede othere good / that she wyll do!

Bot so 239

Etys as fast as she can,

And ilk yere that' co*m*mys to man

She bryng*ys* furth a lakan,

And som yeres two. 243

(28)

However rich he were she would eat him out of house & home.

Bot' were I not' more gracyus / and rychere befar,

I were eten outt of howse / and of harbar;

Yit' is she a fowll dowse / if ye com nar:

Ther is none that' trowse / nor knowys a war,

Then ken I. 248

He would give all he has would she but need a mass-penny.

Now wyll ye se what' I profer,

To gyf all in my cofer

To morne at next to offer

hyr hed mas pe*n*ny. 252

(29)

The shepherds are tired and lie down to sleep.

Secundus pastor. I wote so forwakyd / is none in this shyre:

I wold slepe if I takyd / les to my hyere.

iijus pastor. I am cold and nakyd / and wold haue a fyere.

primus pastor. I am wery; for-rakyd / and run in the myre.

wake thou! 257

ijus pastor. Nay, I wyll lyg downe by,

ffor I must slepe truly.

iijus pastor. As good a man's son was I

As any of you. 261

(30)

They make Mak lie between them.

Bot, mak, com hed*er*! betwene / shall thou lyg downe.

Mak. Then myght I lett you bedene / of that' ye wold rowne,[1]

[1] Possibly 2 lines in *-owne* are missing in this couplet. But see the like, stanza 15 in the first Shepherds' Play, p. 104.

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No drede. 264 **Mak says a mock night-spell.**
ffro my top to my too,
Manus tuas commendo,
poncio pilato,
Cryst crosse me spede! 268

Tunc surgit, pastoribus dormientibus, & dicit;

(31)

Now were tyme for a man / that lakkys what' he wold, **He sees a chance of stealing a sheep.**
To stalk preuely than / vnto a fold,
And neemly to wyrk than / and be not' to bold,
ffor he might aby the bargan / if it' were told
At' the endyng. 273
Now were tyme for to reyH;
Bot he nedys good counseH
That' fayn wold fare weyH,
And has bot' lytyH spendyng. 277

(32)

Bot' abowte you a serkyH / as rownde as a moyn, **He uses a spell to make the shepherds sleep till noon.**
To I haue done that I wyH / tyH that it be noyn,
That ye lyg stone styH / to that' I haue doyne,
And I shall say thertyH / of good wordys a foyne.
On hight 282
Ouer youre heydys my hand I lyft, [Fol. 41, b.]
Outt' go youre een, fordo your syght,
Bot' yit' I must make better shyft,
And it' be right. 286

(33)

lord! what' thay slepe hard! / that' may ye aH here; **When he finds by their snoring that they are sleeping hard he "borrows" a sheep & carries it home.**
was I neuer a shepard / bot' now wyH I lere.
If the flok be skard / yit' shaH I nyp nere,
how! drawes hederward! / now mendys oure chere
ffrom sorow: [MS. ffron.] 291
A fatt' shepe I dar say,
A good flese dar I lay,
Eft whyte when I may,
Bot' this wiH I borow. [*Mak goes home.*] 295

(34)

how, gyH, art' thou In? / gett vs som lyght. **He knocks, & his wife Gyll asks "Who is it?"**
Vxor eius. Who makys sich dyn / this tyme of the nyght?

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Gyll says she is spinning & can't be interrupted for nothing.

I am sett' for to spyn / I hope not I myght'
Ryse a penny to wyn, / I shrew them on hight!
So farys
A huswyff that has bene
To be rasyd thus betwene:
here may no note be sene
ffor sich smaH charys.

(35)

When she recognizes Mak's voice she let's him in; "his sheep-stealing will end in his being hanged."

Mak. Good wyff, open the hek! / seys thou not what I bryng?
Vxor. I may thole the dray the snek. / A, com in, my swetyng!
Mak. yee, thou thar not' rek / of my long standyng.
Vxor. By the nakyd nek / art' thou lyke for to hyng.
Mak. Do way:
I am worthy my mete,
ffor in a strate can I gett
More then thay that' swynke and swette
AH the long day,

(36)

Mak has done it before, but "so long goes the pot to the water that it is broken at last!"

Thus it' feH to my lott / gyH, I had sich grace.
Vxor. It' were a fowH blott / to be hanged for the case.
Mak. I haue skapyd, Ielott / oft' as hard a glase.
Vxor. Bot' so long goys the pott / to the wat*er*, men says,
At last
Comys it' home broken.
Mak. weH knowe I the token,
Bot let' it' neu*er* be spoken;
Bot' com and help fast.

(37)

Mak wants a dinner off the sheep at once, but they are afraid the shepherds

[Fol. 42, a.]

may follow him.

I wold' he were slayn / I lyst weH ete:
This twelmothe was I not' so fayn / of oone shepe mete.
Vxor. Com thay or he be slayn / and here the shepe blete!
Mak. Then myght I be tane, / that' were a cold' swette!
Go spar
The gaytt doore.
Vxor. Yis, Mak,
ffor and thay com at thy bak,
Mak. Then myght I by, for aH the pak,
The dewiH of the war.

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(38)

vxor. A good bowrde haue I spied / syn thou can none. Gyll will put the sheep in a cradle & pretend it is a new-born child.
here shall we hym hyde / to thay be gone ;
In my credyll abyde / lett me alone,
And I shall lyg besyde / in chylbed, and grone.
Mak. Thou red ;
And I shall say thou was lyght
Of a knaue childe this nyght.
Vxor. Now well is me day bright,
That euer was I bred.

(39)

This is a good gyse / and a far cast ; Mak must go back to the shepherds, or there will be an ill wind.
Yit a woman avyse / helpys at the last.
I wote neuer who spyse, / agane go thou fast.
Mak. Bot I com or thay ryse / els blawes a cold blast !
I wyll go slepe. [*Mak returns to the shepherds,*
yit slepys all this meneye, *and resumes his place.*]
And I shall go stalk preuely,
As it had neuer bene I
That caryed thare shepe. He finds them still sleeping.

(40)

primus pastor. Resurrex a mortuis ! / haue hald my hand. The 1st shepherd wakes. He had dreamed he was near England.
Iudas carnas dominus ! / I may not well stand :
My foytt slepys, by ihesus [1] / and I water fastand.
I thoght that we layd vs / full nere yngland.
Secundus pastor. A ye ! The 2nd shepherd has slept well.
lord ! what I haue slept weyll ;
As fresh as an eyll,
As lyght I me feyll
As leyfe on a tre.

(41)

Tercius pastor. Benste be here in ! / so my [hart?] qwakys, Daw wakes uneasily, & asks where Mak is.
My hart is outt of skyn / what so it makys.
Who makys all this dyn ? / so my browes blakys,
To the dowore wyll I wyn / harke felows, wakys !
We were fowre :
se ye awre of mak now ?
primus pastor. we were vp or thou.
ijus pastor. Man, I gyf god a vowe, The 2nd shepherd says he has gone nowhere.
yit yede he nawre.

[1] MS. ihc.

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(42)

Daw had dreamed Mak had trapped one of the sheep, but he is

*iij*us *past*or. Me thoght he was lapt / in a wolfe skyn.
*prim*us *past*or. So are many hapt / now namely within.
*ij*us *past*or. When we had long napt / me thoght *with* a gyn
[Fol. 42, b.] A fatt shepe he trapt / bot he mayde no dyn.

reassured by the others.

*Terci*us *past*or. Be styll:
Thi dreme mak*ys* the woode:
It is bot fantom, by the roode.
*prim*us *past*or. Now god turne all to good,
If it be his wyll.

(43)

They wake Mak, who pretends to have a stiff neck, and to have been frightened by a dream.

*ij*us *past*or. Ryse, mak, for shame! / thou lyg*ys* right lang.
Mak. Now crost*ys* holy name / be vs emang!
what is this? for sant Iame / I may not well gang!
I trow I be the same / A! my nek has lygen wrang Enoghe;
Mekill thank, syn yist*er* euen,
Now, by sant strevyn,
I was flayd *with* a swevyn,
My hart out of sloghe.

(44)

He dreamt his wife had another boy! Wo is him that has many bairns and little bread.

I thoght gyll began to crok / and trauell full sad,
welner at the fyrst cok / of a yong lad,
ffor to mend oure flok / then be I neuer glad.
I haue tow on my rok / more then eu*er* I had.
A, my heede!
A house full of yong tharmes,
The dewill knok outt thare harnes!
wo is hym has many barnes,
And therto lytyll brede!

(45)

He must go home to Gyll, but first bids them see he has stolen nought.

I must go home, by youre lefe / to gyll as I thoght.
I pray you looke my slefe / that I steyll noght:
I am loth you to grefe / or from you take oght.
*ij*us *past*or. Go furth, yll myght thou chefe! / now wold I we soght,

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This morne, 399
That we had all oure store.
primus pastor. Bot' I will go before,
let vs mete.
ijus pastor. whore?
iijus pastor. At the crokyd thorne. 403

The shepherds separate to count their sheep.

(46)

Mak. Vndo this doore! who is here? / how long shall I stand?
Vxor eius. Who makys sich a bere? / now walk in the Wenyand.
Mak. A, gyll, what chere? / it is I, mak, youre husbande,
Vxor. Then may we be here / the dewill in a bande,
Syr gyle; 408
lo, he commys with a lote
As he were holden in the throte.
I may not syt at my note,
A hand lang while. 412

Mak comes home & is welcomed by Gyll with some grumbling.

(47)

Mak. wyll ye here what fare she makys / to gett hir a glose,
And dos noght' bot lakys / and clowse hir toose.
Vxor. why, who wanders, who wakys / who commys, who gose?
who brewys, who bakys? / what makys me thus hose?
And than, 417
It' is rewthe to beholde,
Now in hote, now in colde,
ffull wofull is the householde
That wantys a woman. 421

It is the woman does all the work, & woful is the household that lacks one.

(48)

Bot' what ende has thou mayde / with the hyrdys, mak? [Fol. 43, a.]
Mak. The last' worde that' thay sayde / when I turnyd my bak,
Thay wold looke that' thay hade / thare shepe all the pak.
I hope thay wyll nott' be well payde / when thay thare shepe lak,
Perde. 426

Mak tells Gyll the shepherds are counting their sheep.

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The shepherds are sure to suspect him.

Bot' how so the gam gose,
To me thay wyH suppose,
And make a fowH noyse,
And cry outt' apon me. 430

(49)

The sheep is swaddled in a cradle, & Gyll lies down.

Bot' thou must' do as thou hyght' /
Vxor. I accorde me thertyH.
I shall swedyH hym right / In my credyH;
If it' were a gretter slyght / yit' couthe I help tyH.
I wyH lyg downe stright; / com hap me;
Mak. I wyH.
Vxor. Behynde. 435
Com coH and his maroo,
Thay wiH nyp vs fuH naroo.
Mak. Bot' I may cry out' 'haroo,'
The shepe if thay fynde. 439

(50)

Mak must sing a lullaby, while she groans.

Vxor. harken ay when thay caH / thay wiH com onone.
Com and make redy aH / and syng by thyn oone;
Syng lullay thou shaH / for I must' grone,
And cry outt by the waH / on mary and Iohn,
ffor sore. 444
Syng lullay on fast'
when thou heris at' the last';
And bot' I play a fals cast,
Trust' me no more. 448

(51)

The shepherds meet again. The 1st shepherd has lost a fat wether, & has searched "all horbery shrogys" in vain.

Tercius pastor. A, coH, goode morne / why slepys thou nott?
primus pastor. Alas, that euer was I borne! / we haue a fowH blott.
A fat wedir haue we lorne. /
Tercius pastor. mary, godys forbott!
ijus pastor. who shuld do vs that' skorne?
that' were a fowH spott.
primus pastor. Som shrewe. 453
I haue soght' with my dogys
AH horbery shrogys,
And of fefteyn[1] hogys
ffond I bot oone ewe. 457

[1] MS. xv.

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(52)

*iij*us *pasto*r. Now trow me, if ye wiH / by sant thomas of kent, — Daw suspects either Mak or Gyll.
Ayther mak or gyH / was at thaT assenT.
*primus pasto*r. peasse, man, be stiH! / I sagh when he went;
Thou sklanders hym yH / thou aght to repent,
Goode spede. 462
*ij*us *pasto*r. Now as eu*er* myght I the,
If I shulD euyn here de,
I wold say iT were he,
ThaT dyd that same dede. 466

(53)

*iij*us pastor. Go we theder, I rede / and ryn on oure feete. — The shepherds start off for Mak's house.
ShaH I neuer ete brede / the sothe to I wytt.
*primus pasto*r. Nor drynk in my heede / w*ith* hym tyH I mete.
Secundus pastor. I wyH resT in no stede / tyH that I hym grete, [Fol. 43, b.]
My brothere. 471
Oone I wiH hight:
TyH I se hym in sighT
shaH I neu*er* slepe one nyghT
Ther I do anothere. 475

(54)

Tercius pastor. wiH ye here how thay hak? / oure syre, lyst, croyne. — They hear noises within, and Mak bids them speak softly.
primus pastor. hard I neu*er* none crak / so clere out of toyne;
CaH on hym.
*ij*us *pasto*r. mak! / vndo youre doore soyne.
Mak. Who is thaT spak, / as it were noyne,
On loft?
Who is thaT I say?
*iij*us *pasto*r. Goode felowse, were it day.
Mak. As far as ye may,
Good, spek*ys* softe, 484

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(55)

Every foot-step goes through Gyll's nose.

Ou*er* a seke woman's heede / that' is at mayłł easse ;
I had leu*er* be dede / or she had any dyseasse.
Vxor. Go to an othere stede / I may not weł qweasse.
Ich fote that' ye trede / goys thorow my nese.
So hee ! 489
primus pastor. Teł vs, mak, if ye may,
how fare ye, I say ?
Mak. Bot' ar ye in this towne to day ?
Now how fare ye ? 493

(56)

Mak bids the shepherds sit down. His dream has come true.

ye haue ryn in the myre / and ar weytt yit' :
I shałł make you a fyre / if ye wiłł syt.
A nores wold' I hyre / thynk ye on yit,
weł qwytt is my hyre / my dreme this is itt,
A seson. 498
I haue barnes, if ye knew,
weł mo then enewe,
Bot' we must' drynk as we brew,
And that' is bot' reson. 502

(57)

The shepherds decline his hospitality, & hint that he has stolen their sheep.

I wold ye dynyd or ye yode / me thynk that' ye swette.
Secundus pastor. Nay, nawther mendys oure mode / drynke nor mette.
Mak. why, s*ir*, alys you oght' bot goode ? /
Tercius pastor. yee, oure shepe *that* we gett,
Ar stollyn as thay yode / oure los is grette.
Mak. Syrs, drynk*ys* ! 507
had I bene thore,
Som shuld haue boght' it fułł sore.
primus pastor. Mary, som men trowes that' ye wore,
And that vs forthynk*ys*. 511

(58)

Mak bids them search the house.

ijus pastor. Mak, som men trowys / that' it shuld be ye.
iijus pastor. Ayther ye or youre spouse / so say we.
Mak. Now if ye haue suspowse / to giłł or to me,
Com and rype oure howse / and then may ye se

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who had hir,
If I any shepe fott,
Aythor cow or stott;
And gyll, my wyfe, rose nott
here syn she lade hir.

As for Gyll, she has not left her bed.

(59)

As I am true and lele / to god here I pray,
That' this be the fyrst mele / that' I shall ete this day.
primus pastor. Mak, as haue I ceyll, / Avyse the, I say;
he lernyd tymely to steyll / that' couth not' say nay.
Vxor. I swelt!
Outt, thefys, fro my wonys!
ye com to rob vs for the nonys.
Mak. here ye not how she gronys?
youre hartys shuld melt'.

[Fol. 44, a. Sig. H. 2.]

Gyll cries out on them for thieves.

(60)

Vxor. Outt', thefys, fro my barne! / negh hym not thor'.
Mak. wyst ye how she had farne / youre hartys wold be sore.
ye do wrang, I you warne / that' thus commys before
To a woman that' has farne / bot' I say no more.
Vxor. A, my medyll!
I pray to god so mylde,
If euer I you begyld,
That' I ete this chylde
That lygys in this credyll.

Mak reproaches the shepherds for disturbing her.

Gyll will eat the child in the cradle if ever she cheated them.

(61)

Mak. peasse, woman, for godys payn / and cry not' so:
Thou spyllys thy brane / and makys me full wo.
Secundus pastor. I trow oure shepe be slayn / what finde ye two?
iijus pastor. All wyrk we in vayn / as well may we go.
Bot hatters,
I can fynde no flesh,
hard nor nesh,
Salt nor fresh,
Bot' two tome platers.

The shepherds can find nothing in the house but two empty platters.

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(62)

Whik cateH bot' this / tame nor wylde,
None, as haue I blys / as lowde as he smylde.
Vxor. No, so god me blys / and gyf me Ioy of my chylde!
The 1st shepherd thinks they have made a mistake. They talk of Gyll's child.
primus pastor. We haue merkyd amys / I hold vs begyld.
ijus pastor. Syr don,
Syr, oure lady hym saue!
Is youre chyld a knaue?
Mak. Any lord myght' hym haue
This chyld to his son.

(63)

Parkyn and Gybon Waller and gentle John Horne are his gossips.
when he wakyns he kyppys / that' ioy is to se.
iijus pastor. In good tyme to hys hyppys / and in cele.
Bot who was his gossyppys / so sone rede?
Mak. So fare faH thare lyppys! /
primus pastor. hark now, a le!
Mak. So god thaym thank,
[Fol. 44, b.] Parkyn, and gybon waller, I say,
And gentiH Iohn horne, in good fay,
he made aH the garray,
With the greatt' shank.

(64)

The shepherds take a friendly farewell. Mak pretends to sulk.
ijus pastor. Mak, freynd*ys* wiH we be / ffor we ar aH oone.
Mak. we! now I hald for me / for mend*ys* gett I none.
ffare weH all thre / aH glad were ye gone.
[*The shepherds leave.*]
iijus pastor. ffare word*ys* may ther be / bot' luf is ther none
this yere.

Daw goes back to give the child a sixpence.
primus pastor. Gaf ye the chyld any thyng?
ijus pastor. I trow not' oone farthyng.
iijus pastor, ffast' agane wiH I flyng,
Abyde ye me there. [*Goes back to the house.*]

(65)

Mak tries to keep him away from the cradle.
Mak, take it to no grefe / if I com to thi barne.
Mak. Nay, thou dos me greatt reprefe / and fowH has thou farne.
iijus pastor. The child wiH it' not' grefe / that lytyH day starne.
Mak, with youre leyfe / let me gyf youre barne,

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Bot' sex [1] pence.
Mak. Nay, do way: he slepys. Daw gets near,
*iij*us *past*or. Me thynk he pepys.
Mak. when he wakyns he wepys.
I pray you go hence. [*The other shepherds come back.*]

(66)

*iij*us *past*or. Gyf me lefe hym to kys / and lyft' vp the clowtt. [*Seeing the sheep.*] lifts the coverlet to kiss the child, & exclaims at its long snout.
what' the dewiH is this? / he has a long snowte.
*prim*us *past*or. he is *mer*kyd amys. / we wate iH abowte. The others think it may take after Mak, but soon discover the fraud.
*ij*us *past*or. IH spon weft, Iwys / ay *com*mys fouH owte.
Ay, so!
he is lyke to oure shepe!
*iij*us *past*or. how, gyb! may I pepe?
*prim*us *past*or. I trow, kynde wiH crepe
where it may not go.

(67)

*ij*us *past*or. This was a qwantt' gawde / and a far cast. The shepherds are furious, but can't help seeing the joke.
It was a hee frawde. /
*iij*us *past*or. yee, syrs, wast.
lett bren this bawde / and bynd hir fast.
A fals skawde / hang at' the last;
So shaH thou.
wyH ye se how thay swedyH
his foure feytt in the medyH?
Sagh I neu*er* in a credyH
A hornyd lad or now.

(68)

Mak. Peasse byd I: what'! / lett' be youre fare; [Fol. 45, a. Sig. H. 3.]
I am he that hym gatt / and yond woman hym bare. Mak and Gyll maintain that the sheep is their child.
*prim*us *past*or. What' dewiH shaH he hatt? / Mak, lo god mak*ys* ayre.
*ij*us *past*or. lett' be aH that'. / now god gyf hym care,
I sagh.
Vxor. A pratty child is he
As sytt*ys* on a waman's kne;
A dyllydowne, p*er*de,
To gar a man laghe.

[1] MS. vj.

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(69)

A clerk had told Mak the child was forspoken, & Gyll saw an elf change him as the clock struck twelve.

*iij*us *pasto*r. I know hym by the eere marke / that' is a good tokyn.
Mak. I telle you, syrs, hark! / hys noyse was brokyn.
Sythen told' me a clerk / that' he was forspokyn.
*primus pasto*r. This is a fals wark / I wold' fayn be wrokyn:
Gett' wepyn.
Vxor. he was takyn *with* an elfe,
I saw it' myself.
when the clok stroke twelf
was he forshapyn.

(70)

But Mak pleads guilty, and the shepherds let him off with a good blanketing.

*ij*us *pasto*r. ye two ar welle feft / sam in a stede.
*iij*us *pasto*r. Syn thay manteyn thare theft' / let do thaym to dede.
Mak. If I trespas eft / gyrd of my heede.
with you wille I be left. /
primus pastor. syrs, do my reede.
ffor this trespas,
we wille nawther ban ne flyte,
ffyght' nor chyte,
Bot' haue done as tyte,
And cast hym in canvas. [*They toss Mak in a sheet.*]

(71)

They toss him till they are tired, & then lie down to rest.

lord! what' I am sore / in poynt' for to bryst.
In fayth I may no more / therfor wille I ryst.
*ij*us pastor. As a shepe of sevyn[1] skore / he weyd in my fyst.
ffor to slepe ay whore / me thynk that' I lyst.
*iij*us pastor. Now I pray you,
lyg downe on this grene.
*primus pasto*r. On these thef*ys* yit I mene.
*ij*us *pasto*r. wherto shuld ye tene
So, as I say you?

Angelus cantat "gloria in exelsis:" postea dicat:

(72)

An angel bids them rise.

Angelus. Ryse, hyrd men heynd! / for now is he borne
That' shalle take fro the feynd / that' adam had lorne:

[1] MS. vij.

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That' warloo to sheynd / this nyght' is he borne.
God is made youre freynd / now at' this morne.
he behestys, 642
At' bedlem go se,
Ther lyg*ys* that' fre
In a cryb fulH poorely,
Betwyx two bestys. 646

The Redeemer is born, & they must go to Bethlehem to see Him.

(73)

*prim*us *past*or. This was a qwant stevyn / that' eu*er* yit I hard.[1]
It is a m*er*ueH to neuyn / thus to be skard.
*ij*us *past*or. Of god*ys* son of heuyn / he spak vpward.
AH the wod on a leuyn / me thoght' that he gard Appere. 651
*iij*us *p*astor. he spake of a barne
In bedlem, I you warne.
*prim*us *p*astor. That' betokyns yond starne.
let vs seke hym there, 655

[Fol. 45, b.] The shepherds talk of the angel's message, & see a guiding star.

(74)

*ij*us *past*or. Say, what' was his song? / hard ye not how he crakyd it'?
Thre brefes to a long. /
*iij*us *past*or. yee, mary, he hakt' it.
was no crochett' wrong / nor no thyng that' lakt it'.
*prim*us *past*or. ffor to syng vs emong / right' as he knakt it',
I can. 660
*ij*us *past*or. let' se how ye croyne.[2]
Can ye bark at' the mone?
*iij*us *p*astor. hold youre tonges, haue done!
*prim*us *pastor*. hark aft*er*, than. 664

They discuss the angel's music, & try to imitate it.

(75)

*ij*us *past*or. To bedlem he bad / that' we shuld gang:
I am fulH fard / that' we tary to lang.
*iij*us *past*or. Be mery and not' sad / of myrth is oure sang,
Euer lastyng glad / to mede may we fang,

But they must hasten to Bethlehem.

[1] 'That euer yit I hard' was originally "he spake vpward," from l. 649, but this has been crossed out with red ink.
[2] 'Croyne' for 'crone'

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Though they be wet & weary, they must see that child & that lady.

W*ith*outt noyse. 669
*prim*us *pas*tor. hy we thed*er* for thy;
If we be wete and wery,
To that' chyld and that lady
we haue it' not to lose. 673

(76)

The 2nd shepherd recalls the prophecies of David and Isaiah.

*ij*us *pas*tor. we fynde by the p*ro*phecy— / let' be youre dyn—
Of dauid and Isay / and mo then I myn,
Thay p*ro*phecyed by clergy / that' in a vyrgyn
shuld' he lyght' and ly / to slokyn oure syn
And slake it', 678
Oure kynde from wo;
ffor Isay sayd so,
Citè[1] virgo
Concipiet' a chylde that is nakyd. 682

[1 *This is of course for* 'Ecce.']

(77)

If Daw could once kneel before that child it would ever be well with him.

*iij pas*tor. ffuł glad may we be / and abyde that' day
That lufly to se / that' ał myght*ys* may.
lord' weł were me / for ones and for ay,
Myght' I knele on my kne / som word for to say
To that' chylde. 687
Bot' the angeł sayd,
In a cryb wos he layde;
he was poorly arayd
Both men*er* and mylde. 691

(78)

The 1st shepherd remembers that patriarchs & prophets have desired to see this sight.

*prim*us *pas*tor. patryarkes that' has bene / and p*ro*phet*ys* beforne,
Thay desyryd to haue sene / this chylde that' is borne.
Thay ar gone fuł clene / that' haue thay lorne.
We shał se hym, I weyn / or it be morne,
To tokyn. 696
When I se hym and fele,
Then wote I fuł weył
It' is true as steył
That' p*ro*phet*ys* haue spokyn. 700

[Fol. 46, a. Sig. H. 4.]

(79)

'Twas promised He should appear to the poor.

To so poore as we ar / that' he wold appere,
ffyrst fynd, and declare / by his messyngere.

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tjus pastor. Go we now, let vs fare / the place is vs nere. They pray God they may have glee to comfort His wight.
*iij*us *pastor.* I am redy and yare / go we in fere
To that bright'.
Lord, if thi wylles be,
we ar lewde aH thre,
Thou grauntt vs somkyns gle
To comforth thi wight. [*They enter the stable.*]

(80)

primus pastor. hayH, comly and clene! / hayH, yong child! The 1st shepherd bids the young child hail, & offers Him a "bob of cherries."
hayH, maker, as I meyne, / of a madyn so mylde!
Thou has waryd, I weyne / the warlo so wylde;
The fals gyler of teyn / now goys he begylde.
lo, he merys;
lo, he laghys, my swetyng,
A welfare metyng,
I haue holden my hetyng;
haue a bob of cherys.

(81)

*ij*us *pastor.* hayH, sufferan sauyoure! / ffor thou has vs sogh't: The 2nd shepherd brings Him a bird.
hayH, frely foyde and floure / that' aH thyng has wroght!
hayH, fuH of fauoure / that' made aH of nogh't!
hayH! I kneyH and I cowre. / A byrd haue I brogh't
To my barne.
hayH, lytyH tyné mop!
of oure crede thou art crop:
I wold drynk on thy cop,
LytyH day starne.

(82)

*iij*us *pastor.* hayH, derlyng dere / fuH of godhede! Daw's heart bleeds to see Him so poorly clad. He offers Him a ball.
I pray the be nere / when that' I haue nede.
hayH! swete is thy chere! / my hart' wold' blede
To se the sytt here / in so poore wede,
With no pennys.
hayH! put furth thy daH!
I bryng the bot' a baH:
haue and play the with aH,
And go to the tenys.

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(83)

Mary promises to pray her Son to keep them from woe.

Maria. The fader of heuen / god omnypotent',
That' sett aH on seuen, / his son has he sent.
My name couth he neuen / and lyght' or he went'.
I conceyuyd hym fuH euen / thrugh myght' as he ment',
And now is he borne. 741
he kepe you fro wo!
I shaH pray hym so;
TeH furth as ye go,
And myn on this morne. 745

(84)

[Fol. 46, b] The shepherds go their way singing.

primus pastor. ffareweH, lady / so fare to beholde,
with thy childe on thi kne! /
ijus pastor. bot' he lyg*ys* fuH cold.
lord, weH is me / now we go, thou behold'.
*iij*us pastor. ffor sothe aH redy / it' semys to be told
fuH oft. 750
primus pastor. what' grace we haue fun.
ijus pastor. Com furth, now ar we won.
*iij*us *pastor.* To syng ar we bun):
let take on loft. 754

Explicit pagina Pastorum.

XIV.

Incipit oblacio magorum.

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Herodes.	*Primus Rex, Jaspar.*	*Tercius Rex,*
Nuncius.	*Secundus Rex, Melchior.*	*Balthesar.*]

[*One* 12-*line stanza* (*no.* 100), ab ab ab abc ddc; 105 *six-line stanzas*, aaab ab, *except stanza* 72, ab ab ab, *and one* 4-*line stanza* 22, aaab.

herodes. (1)

Herod calls for silence.

PEasse, I byd, both far and nere,
I warne you leyf youre sawes sere;
who that mak*ys* noyse whyls I am here,
I say, shaH dy. 4
Of aH this warld, sooth, far & nere,
The lord am I. 9

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(2)

Lord am I of euery land,
Of towre and towne, of se and sand;
Agans me dar noman stand,
That' berys lyfe;
AH erthly thyng bowes to my hand,
Both man and wyfe.

He is lord of every land.

(3)

Man and wyfe, that' warne I you,
That' in this warld' is lyfand now,
To mahowne & me aH shaH bow,
Both old' and ying;
On hym wyH I ich man trow,
ffor any thyng.

All shall bow to Mahound & himself.

(4)

ffor any thyng it' shaH be so;
lord ouer aH where I go,
who so says agane, I shaH hym slo,
where so he dweH;
The feynd, if he were my fo,
I shuld' hym feH.

He would slay the fiend if he opposed him.

(5)

To feH those fatures I am bowne,
And dystroy those dogys in feyld' and towne
That' wiH not' trow on sant' Mahowne,
Oure god so swete;
Those fals faturs I shaH feH downe
Vnder my feete.

[Fol. 47, a.]
He will lay low all who won't believe in Mahound.

(6)

Vnder my feete I shaH thaym fare,
Those ladys that' wiH [not] lere my lare,
ffor I am myghty man ay whare,
Of ilk a pak;
Clenly shapen, hyde and hare,
*with*outten lak.

He is a mighty man, clean shapen, hide & hair.

(7)

The myght' of me may no man mene,
ffor aH [that] dos me any teyn,

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He will ding down all who give him trouble.

I shaH dyng thaym downe bydeyn,
And wyrk thaym wo;
And on assay it' shaH be seyn,
Or I go.

(8)

So he will send to see if there be any traitors in the land.

And therfor wiH I send and se
In aH this land, full hastely,
To looke if any dwelland be
In towre or towne,
That' wyH not hold' holly on me,
And on mahowne.

(9)

If ther be fonden any of tho,
with bytt*er* payn I shaH theym slo; [*To the messenger.*]

He bids his messenger go

My messyng*er*, swyth looke thou go[1]
Thrugh ilk countre,
In aH this land, both to and fro,
I com*m*aunde the;

(10)

& spy if there be any who trow not on Mahound.

And truly looke thou spyr and spy,—
In eu*e*ry stede ther thou co*m*mys by,—
who trowes not' on mahowne most myghty,
Oure god so fre;
And looke thou bryng theym hastely
hed*er* vnto me.

(11)

If there be, he will flay them.

And I shaH fownd' thaym for to flay,
Those ladd*ys* that' wiH not' lede oure lay;
Therfor, boy, now I the pray
That' thou go tytt.
Nuncius. It' shal be done, lord, if I may,
*with*outten lett:

(12)

The messenger offers to kill them, but Herod bids him bring them to him.

And cert*ys*, if I may any fynde,
I shaH not' leyfe oone of them behynde.
herodes. No, bot' boldly thou thaym bynde
And *with* the leyde:
Mahowne, that weldys wat*er* and wynde,
The wish and spede!

[1] In the MS. this line reads "My messyng*er* [lord] swyth looke thou go."

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(13)

Nuncius. AH peasse, lordyng*ys*, and hold' you styH,
To I haue sayde what' I wiH;
Take goode hede Vnto my skyH,
Both old' and ying;
In message what is com*m*en you tyH
ffrom herode, the kyng.

The messenger cries silence for the king's message. [Fol. 47, b.]

(14)

he com*m*aund*ys* you, eue*r*ilkon,
To hold no kyng bot' hym alon,
And othere god ye worship none
Bot mahowne so fre;
And if ye do, ye mon be slone;
Thus told' he me.

Herod is the only king, & Mahound the only god to be worshipped.

*Tunc venit' prim*us *rex equitans; & respiciens stell*am *dicit,*

(15)

primus rex. Lord, of whom this light' is lent',
And vnto me this sight' has sent',
I pray to the, *with* good intent',
ffrom shame me shelde;
So that I no harmes hent
By way[e]s wylde.

The first king prays God shield him from harm,

(16)

Also I pray the specyally,
Thou graunt' me grace of company,
That' I may haue som beyldyng by,
In my trauayH:
And, cert*ys*, for to lyf or dy
I shaH not fayH,

& give him grace of company

(17)

To that' I in som land haue bene,
To wyt what' this starne may mene,
That' has me led, *with* bemys shene,
ffro my cuntre;
Now weynd I wiH, *with*outten weyn,
The sothe to se.

till he has found the meaning of this guiding star.

(18)

Secundus rex. A! lord, that' is *with*outten ende!
whens eu*er* this selcouth light dyscende,

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The 2nd king wonders what the light may mean.

That thus kyndly has me kende
Oute of my land, 106
And shewyd to me ther I can leynd,
thus bright' shynand? 108

(19)

Cert*ys*, I sagh̄ neu*er* none so bright;
He will never rest till he know whence it comes.

I shall̄ neu*er* ryst by day nor nyght,
To I wyt whens may com this lyght,
And from what' place; 112
he that' it' send vnto my sight
leyne me that' grace! 114

(20)

The kings accost each other. The 2nd king has come from Araby, and is called Melchior.

primus rex. A, s*ir*, whed*er* ar ye away?
Tell̄ me, good s*ir*, I you pray.
Secundus rex. Cert*ys*, I trow, the sothe to say,
None wote bot' I; 118
I haue folowed yond' starne, veray,
ffrom araby; 120

(21)

ffor I am kyng of that cuntre,
And melchor ther' call̄ men me.
The 1st is Jaspar, king of Tars.

primus rex. And kyng, s*ir*, was I wont' to be,
In tars, at hame, 124
Both of towne and cyte;
Iaspar is my name; 126

(22)

[Fol. 48, a.] They praise God for the star.

The light' of yond starne sagh̄ I thedyr.
Secundus rex. That lord be louyd that' send me hedyr!
ffor it' will grathly ken vs whedyr,
that' we shall weynd; 130
we owe to loue hy*m* both̄ togedyr,
That' it' to vs wold send. 132

(23)

The 3rd king comes on, wondering at the star's brightness.

Tercius rex. A, lord! in land what' may this mene?
So selcouth̄ sight' was neu*er* sene,
Sich̄ a starne, shynand so shene,
Sagh̄ I neu*er* none; 136
It' gyffys light' ou*er* all̄, bedene,
By hym alone. 138

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(24)

What' it' may mene, that' know I noght';
Bot' yonder ar two, me thynk, in thoght',
I thank hym that thaym heder has broght'
Thus vnto me;
I shall assay if thay wote ogh*t*
what' it' may be.

He sees the other kings

(25) [*Turns to the Magi.*]

lordyng*ys*, that' ar leyf and dere,
I pray you tell me w*ith* good chere
wheder ye weynd, on this manere,
And where that' ye haue bene;
And of this starne, that' shynys thus clere,
what' it' may mene.

& asks them the meaning of the star.

(26)

primus rex. Syr, I say you certanly,
ffrom tars for yond starne soght haue I.
ijus rex. To seke yond light fro*m* araby,
sir, haue I went'.
*iij*us *rex.* Now hertely I thank hy*m* for-thy,
That' it' has sent.

They say they have come from Tars and Araby to seek it.

(27)

primus rex. Good *sir*, what cuntre cam ye fra?
*iij*us *rex.* This light' has led me fro saba;
And balthesar', my name to say,
The sothe to tell.
*ij*us *rex.* And kyng*is*, *sir*, are we twa,
Ther as we dwell.

The third king is named Balthasar and comes from Saba.

(28)

*iij*us *rex.* Now, syrs, syn we ar semled here,
I rede we ryde toged*er*, in fere,
vnto we wytt, on all manere,
ffor good or yll,
what' it' may mene, this sterne so clere
Shynand vs till.

He proposes that they shall all ride together.

(29)

primus rex. A, lordyng*ys*! behold' the lyght
Of yond' starne, w*ith* bemys bright!

Jaspar is amazed at

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the star's brightness.

ffor sothe I sagh neu*er* sich a sight*e*
In no-kyns land; 172
A starne thus, aboute mydnyght,
so bright*e* shynand. 174

(30)

It* gyfys more light it* self alone
[Fol. 48, b.] Then any son that* eu*er* shone,
The star is brighter than the sun or moon. Or mone, when he of son has ton
his light* so cleyn; 178
Sich selcouth sight* haue I sene none,
what so eu*er* it* meyn. 180

(31)

Melchior notes its nearness to the earth. *Secundus rex.* Behold, lordyng*ys*, vnto his pase,
And se how nygh the erth hit gase;
It* is a tokyn that* it mase
Of nouelry; 184
A m*er*ueH it is, good tent* who tase,
Now here in hy. 186

(32)

He marvels what it may mean. ffor sich a starne was neu*er* ere seyn,
As wyde in warld as we haue beyn,
ffor blasyng bemys, shynand fuH sheyn,
ffrom hit ar* sent*; 190
MeruelH I haue what* it* may meyn
In myn intent. 192

(33)

Balthasar remembers that this has been foretold. *Terci*us *rex.* Cert*ys*, syrs, the sothe to say,
I shaH dyscry now, if I may,
what* it* may meyn, yond starne veray,
Shynand tyH vs; 196
It* has bene sayde syn many a day
It* shuld* be thus. 198

(34)

The star betokens the birth of a prince, unless the rules of astronomy deceive him. yond starne betokyns, weH wote I,
The byrth of a prynce, syrs, securly,
That* shewys weH the *pro*phecy
That it so be; 202
Or els the rewlys of astronomy
Dyssauys me. 204

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(35)

primus rex. Certan, balaam spekys of this thyng,
That' of Iacob a starne shaH spryng
That' shaH ouercom kasar and kyng,
Withoutten stryfe;
AH folk shalbe to hym obeyng
That berys the lyfe.

Jaspar recalls the prophecy of Balaam.

All folk shall obey the star of Jacob.

(36)

Now wote I weH this is the same,
In euery place he shaH haue hame,
AH shaH hym bowe that' berys name,
In ilk cuntre;
who trowys it' not', thay ar to blame,
what' so thay be.

Doubtless this is He, and all shall bow before Him.

(37)

ijus rex. Certys, lordyngys, fuH weH wote I,
ffulfyllyd' is now the prophecy;
That' prynce that' shaH ouer com in hy
kasar and kyng,
This starne berith witnes, wytterly,
Of his beryng.

Melchior recognizes that the prophecy is fulfilled.

(38)

iijus rex. Now is fulfyllyd here in this land
That' balaam sayd, I vnderstand;
Now is he borne that' se and sand
ShaH weyld' at wyH:
That' shewys this starne, so bright' shynand,
vs thre vntyH.

So also Balthasar.

[Fol. 49, a.]

(39)

primus rex. Lordyngys, I rede we weynd aH thre
ffor to wyrship that' chyld' so fre,
In tokyn that' he kyng shalbe
Of alkyn thyng;
This gold [1] now wyH I bere with me,
To myn offeryng.

Jaspar proposes that they all three go & worship the child. His own offering shall be gold.

(40)

ijus rex. Go we fast', syrs, I you pray,
To worship hym if that' we may;

[1] The word "*gold*" is omitted, by mistake of the original copier, probably.

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Melchior is bringing incense in token that the child is very God.

I bryng rekyls, the sothe to say,
here in myn hende,
In tokyn that he [is] god veray,
Withoutten ende.

(41)

Balthasar is bringing myrrh as a token of the child's death.

*iij*us *rex.* Syrs, as ye say right so I red;
hast we tytt vnto that sted
To wirship hym, as for oure hed,
with oure offéryng;
In tokyn that he shalbe ded,
This Myrr I bryng.

(42)

Jaspar asks where the king is to be found.

primus rex. where is that kyng of Iues land,
That shalbe lord of se and sand,
And folk shall bow vnto his hand
Both more and myn?
To wyrship hym *with* oure offerand
we wyll not blyn.

(43)

*ij*us *rex.* we shall not rest, euen nor morne,
vnto we com ther he is borne.

Balthasar counsels following the star.

*iij*us *rex.* ffolowe this light, els be we lorne,
ffor sothe, I trowe,
That frely to we com beforne;
Syrs, go we now.

[*The kings retire. Herod and his messenger advance.*]

(44)

Herod's messenger is reproached for his long absence.

Nuncius. Mahowne, that is of greatt pausty,
My lord, *sir* herode, the saue and se!
herodes. where has þou bene so long fro me,
Vyle stynkand lad?
Nuncius. Lord, gone youre herand in this cuntre,
As ye me bad.

(45)

Herod. Thou lyys, lurdan, the dewill the hang!
why has thou dwelt away so lang?

His tidings are good & ill, mingled together.

Nuncius. lord ye wyte me all *with* wrang.
Herodes. what tythyng*ys*? say!
Nuncius. Som good, som yll, mengyd emang.
herod. how? I the pray.

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(46)

Do tell me fast how thou has farne ;
Thy waryson shall thou not tharne. [Fol. 49, b.]
Nuncius. As I cam walkand, I you warne,
Lord, by the way,
I met thre[1] kyng*is* sekeand a barne,
Thus can thay say.

He has met three kings seeking a child,

(47)

Herodes. To seke a barne ! for what thyng ?
Told thay any new tythyng ?
Nuncius. yey, lord ! thay sayd he shuld be kyng
Of towne and towre ;
ffor thy thay went, *with* thare offeryng,
hy*m* to honoure.

who, they said, should be a king.

(48)

herod. Kyng ! the dewill ! bot of what empyre ?
Of what land shuld that lad be syre ?
Nay, I shall *with* that trature tyre ;
Sore shall he rewe !

Herod will make the child rue.

Nuncius. lord, by a starne as bright as fyre
This kyng thay knew ;

The messenger tells of the star.

(49)

It led thaym outt of thare cuntre.
Herod. we, fy ! fy ! dewyls on thame all thre !
he shall neu*er* haue myght to me,
That new borne lad ;
when thare wytt in a starne shuld be,
I hold thaym mad.

Herod thinks the three kings mad.

(50)

Those lurdans wote not what thay[2] say ;
Thay ryfe my hede, that dar I lay ;
Ther dyd no tythyng*is* many a day,
Sich harme me to ;
ffor wo my wytt is all away ;
what shall I do ?

Nevertheless he is greatly troubled,

[1] MS. iij.
[2] "*Thay*" is overlined, but the original word "I" remains unaltered.

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(51)

why, what the dewyH is in thare harnes?
and would fain find out the truth about this new king. Is thare wytt' aH in the starnes?
These tythyng*is* mar my mode in ernes;
And of this thyng 304
To wytt the sothe, fuH sore me yarnes,
Of this new kyng. 306

(52)

Herod wonders, if the child is to be king so soon, who the devil made him knight. Kyng? what' the dewyH, other then I!
we, fy on dewyls! fy, fy!
Cert*ys*, that' boy shaH dere aby!
his ded is dight! 310
ShaH he be kyng thus hastely?
who the dewiH made hy*m* knyght? 312

(53)

He continues to rage, Alas, for shame! this is a skorne!
Thay fynde no reson thaym beforne;
Shuld' that' brodeH, that' late is borne,
Be most' of mayn? 316
Nay, if the dewyH of heH had sworne,
he shaH agane. 318

(54)

[Fol. 50, a.] Alas, alas! for doyH and' care!
So mekyH sorow had I neuer are;
resolves to seek the truth of clerks & learned men, If it' be sothe, for euer mare
I am vndoyn; 322
At' good clerk*ys* and wyse of lare
I wyH wyt soyn. 324

(55)

but first will send for the three kings & question them. Bot' fyrst' yit' wiH I send' and se
The answere of those lurdans thre. [*Calls to messenger.*]
Messyngere, tytt hy thou the,
And make the yare; 328
Go, byd those kyng*ys* com speke w*ith* me,
That' told' thou of are. 330

(56)

The messenger is sent off. Say I haue great' herand thaym tyH.
*Nunci*us. It' shalbe done, lord', at' youre wyH,

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youre byddyng shaH I soyn fulfyH
In ilk cuntre.
Herod. Mahowne the shelde from aH kyns yH,
ffor his pauste.
[*The messenger goes to where the kings stand.*]

(57)

Nuncius. Mahowne you saue, *sir* kyng*ys* thre,
I haue message to you preuè,
ffrom herode, kyng of this cuntre,
That' is oure chefe;
And lo, syrs, if ye trow not me,
ye rede this brefe.

He hails the kings in Herod's name,

and exhibits his "brief."

(58)

primus rex. welcom be thou, belamy!
what' is his wyH? teH vs in hy.
Nuncius. Cert*ys*, *sir*, that' wote not I,
Bot' thus he sayde to me,
That' ye shuld' com fuH hastely
To hym aH thre,

The kings are to come to Herod at once.

(59)

ffor nede herand, he sayd me so.
Secundus rex. Messynger, before thou go,
And teH thi lord we ar aH thro
his wyH to do;
Both I and my felose two
ShaH com hym to. [*The messenger returns to Herod.*]

Melchior bids the messenger return & announce their approach.

(60)

Nuncius. Mahowne you looke, my lord so dere.
herod. welcom be thou, messyngere!
how has thou farne syn thou was here?
Thou teH me tytt.
Nuncius. lord, I haue trauel' far and nere
withoutten lett,

Herod welcomes the messenger,

(61)

And done youre herand, *sir*, sothely;
Thre kyng*is* *with* me brought' haue I,
ffro saba, tars, and araby,
Then haue thay sought'.
herodes. Thi waryson shaH thou haue for thy,
By hy*m* me bought';

who announces his success, & is promised a reward.

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(62)

And, certanly, that' is good skyH,
And syrs, ye ar welcom me tyH.

Balthasar announces the readiness of the kings to obey Herod.

*iij*us *rex.* Lord, thi bydyng to fulfyH
[*The three kings come to Herod.*]
Are we fuH thro. 370
herodes. A, mekyH thank of youre good wyH
That' ye wyH so. 372

(63)

[Fol. 50, b.] ffor, certys, I haue couett greattly

Herod questions them concerning the token in the sky.

To speke *with* you, and here now why :
TeH me, I pray you specyally,
ffor any thyng, 376
what' tokynyng saw ye on the sky
Of this new kyng? 378

(64)

Jaspar recounts the rising of the star in the East.

primus rex. we sagh his starne ryse in the eest',
That' shaH be kyng of man and best',
ffor thy, lord, we haue not cest,
Syn that' we wyst', 382
with oure gyftys, riche and honest,
To bere that' blyst. 384

(65)

Melchior says that by the star they knew of the child's birth.

*ij*us *rex.* lord', when that' starne rose vs beforne,
Ther by we knew that' chyld' was borne.
herodes. Out, alas, I am forlorne
ffor eu*er* mare! 388
I wold' be rent and al to-torne
ffor doyH and care! 390

(66)

Herod laments & desires his learned men

Alas, alas, I am fuH wo!
Syr kyng*ys*, syt downe, & rest you so.
By scrypture, syrs, what' say ye two? [*To the doctors.*]
*with*outten lytt; 394
what ye can say ther to
let se now tytt. 396

(67)

to search their books

These kyng*ys* do me to vnderstand,
That' borne is newly, in this land,

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A kyng that shall weld se and sand;
Thay tell me so; 400
And therfor, syrs, I you commaunde
youre book*ys* go to, 402

(68)

And looke grathly, for any thyng, for a prophecy of any such king.
If ye fynd ought of sich a kyng.
*prim*us *consult*us & *doct*or. It shall be done at youre bydyng,
By hym me bought, 406 They promise a speedy answer,
And soyn we shall you tythyng*ys* bryng
If we fynd ought. 408

(69)

*ij*us con*sult*us & *doctor*. Soyn shall we wyt, lord, if I may,
If ought be wretyn in oure lay.
herod. Now, masters, therof I you pray
On all manere. 412
*prim*us con*sult*us. Com furth, let vs assay & consult their books together.
Oure book*ys* both in fere. 414

(70)

*ij*us con*sult*us. Cert*ys*, s*ir*, lo, here fynd I The 2nd doctor finds a prophecy in Isaiah of a virgin bearing a son.
well wretyn in a pr*o*phecy,
how that pr*o*fett Isay,
That neuer begyld, 418
Tellys that a madyn of hir body
Shall bere a chyld. 420

(71)

*prim*us con*sult*us. And also, s*ir*, to you I tell The 1st doctor says He shall be called Emmanuel.
The meruellest thyng that eu*er* fell,
Hyr madynhede w*ith* hir shall dwell, [Fol. 51, a. Sig. I. i.]
As dyd beforne; 424
That child shall hight 'emanuell'
when he is borne. 426

(72)

*ij*us con*sult*us. lord, this is sothe, securely,
wytnes the pr*o*fett Isay.[1]
herod. Outt, alas! for doyll I dy, Herod laments.
long or my day! 430
Shall he haue more pauste then I?
A, waloway! 432

[1] The expected ryme *aaa* is turnd into *aba*.

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(73)

Alas, alas, I am forlorne!
I wold' be rent' and all to torne;
He bids them look where the boy shall be born. Bot' looke yit', as ye dyd' beforne,
ffor luf of me; 436
And tell me where that' boy is borne;
Onone lett se. 438

(74)

*prim*us con*sult*us. All redy, lord, with mayn & mode.
The doctors must be quick or Herod will go mad. *herod'*. haue done belyf', or I go wode;
And, cert*ys*, that' gadlyng wer' as good
haue greuyd me nogh't; 442
I shall se that' brodell bloode,
By hym that' me has bogh't! 444

(75)

They say that according to the prophet Micah a duke shall come forth from Bethlehem. *ij*us con*sult*us. Micheas the *pro*phett, *with*outten nay,
how that he tellys I shall you say;
In bedlem, land of Iuda,
As I say you, 448
Out of it' a duke shall spra;
Thus fynd we now. 450

(76)

Therefore in Bethlehem is the king born. *prim*us con*sult*us. Syr, thus we rynd' in *pro*phecy:
Therfor we say you, securely,
In bedlem, we say you truly,
Borne is that' kyng. 454
Herod curses them for their news. *herod'*. The dewill hang you high to dry,
ffor this tythyng! 456

(77)

And cert*ys* ye ly! it may not be!
*ij*us con*sult*us. lord, we wytnes it truly;
They bid him read for himself. here the sothe youre self may se,
If ye can rede. 460
herod'. A, waloway! full wo is me!
The dewill you spede! 462

(78)

It is so written down. *prim*us con*sult*us. lord, it' is sothe, all that we say,
We fynde it wretyn in oure lay.

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*herod*ꝺ. Go hens, harlott*ys*, in twenty[1] dewiłł way,
ffast' and belyfe! 466
Mighty mahowne, as he weł may,
lett you neu*er* thryfe! 468

Herod curses all the more

(79)

Alas, wherto were I a crowne?
Or is cald of greatt renowne?
I am the fowlest borne downe
That eu*er* was man; 472
And' namely with a fowł swalchon,
That' no good can. 474

He laments his fate.

(80)

[Fol. 51, b.]

Alas, that euer I shuld be knyght,
Or holdyn man of mekył myght',
If a lad shuld' reyfe me my right
Ał thus me fro; 478
Myn dede ere shuld I dyght,
Or it' were so. 480

Alas that a lad should reive his right from him.

(81) [*Turns to the kings.*]

ye nobył kyng*ys*, harkyns as heynd!
ye shał haue saue condyth̄ to weynd;
Bot' com agane w*ith* me to leynd,
Syrs, I you pray; 484
ye shał me fynd a fayth̄fuł freynd,
If ye do swa. 486

He gives the kings a safe-conduct, but bids them come to him again.

(82)

If it' be sothe, this new tythyng,
Som worship wold I do that' kyng,
Therfor I pray you that ye bryng
Me tythyng*ys* soyn. 490

If this news be true he would fain do that king some worship.

*prim*us *rex.* Ał redy, lord, at youre bydyng
It shalbe doyn. [*The kings mount their horses.*]

Jaspar promises to do his bidding.

(83)

*ij*us *rex.* Alas, in warld' how haue we sped!
where is the lyght that vs has led?
Som clowde, for sothe, that' starne has cled
ffrom vs away; 496
In strong stowre now ar we sted;
what' may we say? 498

Melchior notes that the star has disappeared.

[1] MS. xx.

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(84)

Melchior curses Herod, through whose guile they have lost sight of the star.

*iij*us *rex.* wo worth herode, thaᵗ cursyd wyght!
wo worth that tyrantᵗ day and nyght!
ffor thrugħ hym haue we lostᵗ thatᵗ sight,
And for his gyle, 502
Thatᵗ shoyn to vs *with* bemys bright
*with*in a whyle. 504

here lyghtys the kyngys of thare horses.

(85)

Jaspar suggests that they pray to the lord whose birth the star betokens, that he show it to them again.

*prim*us *rex.* lordyng*ys*, I redᵗ we pray aħ thre
To thatᵗ lord, whose natyuyte
The starne betokyned that we can se,
Aħ *with* his wyħ; 508
pray we specyally thatᵗ he
woldᵗ show it vs vntyħ 510

here knele aħ thre kyngys downe.[1]

(86)

Melchior's prayer.

*ij*us *rex.* Thou chyldᵗ, whose myghtᵗ no tong may teħ,
As thou art lord of heuen and heħ,
Thy nobyħ starne, emanueħ,
Thou send vs yare; 514
Thatᵗ we may wyttᵗ by fyrthi and feħ
how we shaħ fare. 516

(87)

Balthasar's prayer.

*iij*us *rex.* A, to that chyld be euer honoure,
That in this tyd has stynt oure stoure,
And lent vs lyght to oure socoure,
On this manere; 520
we loue the, lord of towne and towre,
holly in fere. 522

here ryse thay aħ vp.

(88)

[Fol. 52, a. Sig. I. ij.]

The star reappears, & he expresses his love & hope.

we owe to loue hym ouer aħ thyng,
That thus has send vs oure askyng;
Beholdᵗ, yond starne has made stynyng,
Syrs, securly; 526
Of this chyldᵗ shaħ we haue knowyng,
I hope, in hy. 528

[1] "the" has been inserted in the MS. after "all" by a later hand, but seems unnecessary.

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(89)

*ij*us *rex.* lordyng*ys* dere, drede thar vs noght,
Oure greatt traueH tyll end is broght;
yondꝫ is the place that we haue soght
ffrom far cuntre;
yond is the chyldꝫ thatꝫ aH has wroght,
Beholdꝫ and se!

Melchior recognizes that their travel is at an end & the child near at hand.

(90)

*iij*us *rex.* I red we make offeryng, aH thre,
vnto this chyldꝫ of greattꝫ pauste,
And worship hy*m* *with* gyftys fre
Thatꝫ we haue broght;
Oure boyttꝫ of bayH ay wyH he be,
weH haue we soghtꝫ.

Balthasar proposes to make their offerings at once.

(91) [*They enter the house.*]

*prim*us *rex.* hayH be thou, maker of aH kyn thyng!
Thatꝫ boyttꝫ of aH oure bayH may bryng!
In tokyn thatꝫ thou art oure kyng,
And shalbe ay,
Resayf this goldꝫ to myn offeryng,
prynce, I the pray.

Jaspar offers the child gold in token of his kingship.

(92)

*ij*us *rex.* hayH, ouercomer of kyng and of knyghtꝫ!
Thatꝫ fourmed fysh, and fowyH in flyghtꝫ!
ffor thou artꝫ god*is* son most of myghtꝫ,
And aH weldand,
I bryng the rekyls, as is rightꝫ,
To myn offerand.

Melchior offers incense in token of his godhead.

(93)

*iij*us *rex.* hayH, kyng in kythꝫ, cowrand on kne!
hayH, oone-foldꝫ godꝫ in persons thre!
In tokyn thatꝫ thou dede shalbe,
By kyndly skyH,
To thy grauyng this myr of me
Resaue the tyH.

Balthasar offers myrrh in token of his death.

(94)

Maria. Syr kyng*ys*, make comforth you betweyn,
And merueH notꝫ whatꝫ it may mene;

Mary tells them of her child's

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might. She is his mother & yet a clean maid.

This chyld, that on me borne has bene,
AH bayH may blyn ; 562
I am his mod*er*, and madyn clene
withoutten syn. 564

(95)

Therfor, lordyng*ys*, where so ye fare,
Boldly looke ye teH ay whare
how I this blyst' of bosom bare,

Mary bids them proclaim this wherever they go.

That' best' shalbe ; 568
And madyn cleyn, as I was are,
Thrugh his pauste. 570

(96)

[Fol. 52, b.] And truly, syrs, looke that' ye trow

She blesses the kings.

That' othere lord is none at-lowe ;
Both man and beest' to hym shaH bowe,
In towne and feyld ; 574
My blyssyng, syrs, be now w*ith* you
where so ye beyld. 576

(97)

Jaspar says they have made a good journey.

prim*us rex*. A, lordyng*ys* dere ! the sothe to say,
we haue made a good Iornay ;
we loue this lord, that' shaH last ay
with outten ende ; 580
he is oure beyld, both nyght' and day,
where so we weynd. 582

(98)

Melchior says they have rested little, let them take a sleep before they go.

*ij*us *rex*. lordyng*ys*, we haue traueld lang,
And restyd haue we lytyH emang,
ffor-thi I red now, or we gang,
w*ith* aH oure mayn 586
et vs fownde a slepe to fang ;
Then were I fayn ; 588

(99)

Here is a litter ready for them.

ffor in greatt' stowres we haue ben sted.
lo, here a lytter redy cled.
*iij*us *rex*. I loue my lord ! we haue weH sped,

Balthasar bids the others get to bed first.

To rest' w*ith* wyn ; 592
lordyng*ys*, syn we shaH go to bed,
ye shaH begyn. [*They sleep: an angel appears above.*]

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(100)

Angelus. Syr curtes kyng*ys*, to me take tent,
And turne by tyme or ye be tenyd;
ffrom god his self thus am I sent
To warne you, as youre faythfuⁿ freynd,
how herode kyng has malyce mentᵗ,
And shapys *with* shame you for to sheynd;
And so thatᵗ ye no harmes hent,
By othere ways god wyⁿ ye weynd
Into youre awne cuntre;
And if ye ask hym boyn,
ffor this dede that ye haue done,
youre beyldᵉ ay wyⁿ he be. [*Exit.*]

An angel warns the kings of Herod's evil designs.

He bids them return home by another way.

(101)

primus rex. wakyns, wakyns, lordyng*ys* dere!
Oure dwellyng is no longerᵉ here;
An angeⁿ spake tyⁿ vs in fere;
Bad vs, as heynd,
That we ne shuldᵉ, on no manere,
home by herode weynd.

Jaspar wakes the others & tells them the angel's message.

(102)

*ij*us *rex.* Aⁿ myghty god in trynyte,
with hartᵉ enterely thank I the,
Thatᵗ thyn angeⁿ send tyⁿ vs thre,
And kend vs so,
Oure fals fo man for to fle,
Thatᵗ woldᵉ vs slo.

Melchior thanks the Trinity for this warning.

[Fol. 53, a. Sig. I. iij.]

(103)

*iij*us *rex.* We aghtᵗ to loue hym more and myn,
Thatᵗ comly kyng of aⁿ man-kyn;
I rew fuⁿ sore thatᵗ we shaⁿ twyn
On this manere;
ffor *com*men we haue, with̄ mekyⁿ wyn,
By wayes sere.

Balthasar is sorry they must part.

(104)

primus rex. Twyn must vs nedys, syrs, *per*mafay,
And ilk on weyndᵉ by dyuers way;

Jaspar says they must take their

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divers ways, & bids the others farewell.

This wyH me lede, the sothe to say,
To[1] my cuntre; 628
ffor-thy, lordyng*ys*, now haue good day!
God wit*h* you be! 630

(105)

Melchior finds his road & commends the other kings to heaven.

*ij*us *rex*. Cert*ys*, I must' pas by se and sand;
This is the gate, I vnderstand,
That' wyH me lede vnto my land
The right' way; 634
To god of heuen I you com*m*aunde,
And haue good day! 636

(106)

Balthasar also departs, praying God's help against the fiend.

*iij*us *rex*. This is the way that I must' weynd;
Now god tiH vs his socoure send,
And he, that' is withoutten end
And ay shalbe, 640
Saue vs from fowndyng of the feynd,
ffor his pauste. 642

*Explicit oblacio triu*m *Mago*rum.

XV.

Incipit fugacio Iosep & *Mari*e i*n* egip*tu*m.

[13 *stanzas of* 13 *lines*, abab aab aab, cbc; 1 *of* 12 *lines* abab aab aa cbc.]

[*Dramatis Personae:*
Angelus. *Josephus.* *Maria.* *Jesus.*]

Angelus. (1)

An angel bids Joseph awake, & warns him to flee from danger.

[Fol. 53, b.]

Awake, Ioseph, and take intent!
Thou ryse, and slepe nomare!
If thou WyH saue thy self vnshent'
ffownde the fast' to fare; 4
I am an angeH to the sent',
ffor thou shaH no harmes hent',
To cach the outt' of care. 7
If thou here longer lent,
ffor rewtH thou mon repent,

[1] MS. ty.

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And rew it wonder sare.
Iosepħ. A! myghtfuł god,
what euer this ment,
so swete of toyn[1]?

(2)

Angelus. lo, Iosepħ, it is I,
An angeł send to the.
Iosepħ. we! leyf, I pray the why?
what is thy wył with me?

Angelus. hens behufys the ły,
And take with the mary,
Also hir chyld so fre;
ffor herode dos to dy
Ał knaue chyldren, securly,
with in two yere that be
Of eld.
Iosepħ. Alas, fuł wo is me!
where may we beyld?

(3)

Angelus. Tył egypp shał thou fare
with ał the myght thou may;
And, Iosepħ, hold the thare,
tył I wyll the at say.
Iosepħ. This is a febył fare,
A seke man and a sare
To here of sich a fray;
My bonys ar bursyd and bare
ffor to do; I wold it ware
Comen my last day
Tył ende;
I ne wote which is the way;
how shał we weynde?

(4)

Angelus. Ther of haue thou no drede;
weynd furth, & leyf thi dyn;
The way he shał you lede,
the kyng of ał man-kyn.

Joseph wonders at this sound so sweet of tune,

& why an angel is sent to him.

The angel bids him flee, with Mary and her child, for Herod will kill all knave-children under two years.

He is to go to Egypt and stay there till warned to return.

Joseph grumbles, he is old and knows not the way.

The angel says the king of all mankind shall lead him, but Joseph still

[1] Note the absence of ryme.

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thinks on his age and feebleness.

Ioseph̄. That' heynd til vs take hede,
ffor I had lytyH nede
Sich̄ bargans to begyn;
No wonder if I wede,
I that' may do no dede;
how shuld I theder wyn
ffor eld?
I am fuH bare and thyn,
And aH vnweld;

(5)

Joseph is grieved for Mary. He tells her they must flee.

My fors me falys to fare,[1] [*Mary with her Babe advances.*]
and sight' that' I shuld' se.
Mary, my darlyng dere,
I am fuH wo for the!
Maria. A, leyf Ioseph, what' chere?
youre sorow on this manere
It' mekiH meruels me.
Ioseph̄. Oure noyes ar neghand' nere
If we dweH longer here;
ffor-thi behofes vs fle,
And flytt.
Maria. Alas! how may this be?
what' euer menys it'?

(6)

[Fol. 54, a. Sig. I. 4.]

Ioseph̄. It menys of sorow enoghe.
Maria. A, dere Ioseph, how so?

An angel has warned him that Herod would slay her son.

Ioseph̄. As I lay in a swogh,
ffuH sad slepand and thro,
An angeH to me drogh,
As blossom bright' on bogh,
And told betwix vs two,
That' herode wroght' greatt' wogh,
And aH knaue children slogh
In land that' he myght' to,
That' feynd!
And he thy son wold' slo
And shamely sheynd.

[1] The ryme needs 'fere.'

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(7)

Maria. My son? alas, for care!
who may my doyllys dyȝt?
wo worthꝫ fals herode are!
my son why shuldꝫ he spyȝt?
Alas! I lurk and dare!
To slo this barne I bare,
whatꝰ wightꝰ in warldꝫ had wyȝt?
his hartꝰ shuld be fulȝ sare
Sichon for to fare,
Thatꝰ neuer yitꝰ dyd yȝ,
Ne thoghtꝰ.
Iosephꝫ. Now leyfe mary, be stylȝ!
This helpys noght;

Mary is aghast at Herod's wickedness.

Joseph says this helps nought.

(8)

Itꝰ is no boytt to grete,
truly *with*outten trayn;
Oure bayȝ itꝰ may not boytt[1]
bot welȝ more make oure payn.
Maria. Alas! how shuldꝫ I lete?
My son thatꝰ is so swete
Is soght for to be slayn;
ffulȝ gryle may I grete,
My fomen and I mete;
Telȝ me, Iosephꝫ, *with* mayn,
youre red.
Iosephꝫ. Shortly swedylȝ vs this swayn,
And fle hys dede.

Mary asks his counsel.

Joseph bids her swaddle the child and flee.

(9)

Maria. his ded wold I not se,
ffor alȝ this warldꝫ to wyn;
Alas! fulȝ wo were me,
In two if we shuldꝫ twyn;
My chyldꝫ so bright of ble,
To slo hym were pyte,
And a fulȝ hedus syn.
Dere Ioseph, whatꝰ red ye?
Iosephꝫ. Tylȝ egyp weynd shalȝ we;

[1] The ryme needs 'bete' or 'beytt,' remedy.

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They are to go to Egypt.

ffor-thi let be thi dyn
And cry.
Maria. how shall we theder wyn?
Ioseph̄. ffulle well wote I;

(10)

There is nothing to say, but pack up quickly.

The best wyse that we may
hast vs outt of this here.
Ther is noght els to say
bot tytt pak vp oure gere;

[Fol. 54, b.]

ffor ferd of this affray,
lett vs weynd hens away,
Or any do vs dere.

Mary calls to God to protect them.

Maria. Greatt god, as he well may,
That shope both nyght and day,
ffrom wandreth̄ he vs were,
And shame;
My chyld how shuld I bere
So far from hame?

(11)

She is full of woe.

Alas! I am full wo!
was neuer wyght so wyll!

Joseph says he may well be also. Why will not death slay him?

Ioseph̄. God wote I may say so,
I haue mater ther tyll;
ffor I may vnyth go
To lede of land sich̄ two;
No wonder if I be wyll,
And sythen has many a fo.
A, why wyll no ded me slo?
My lyfe I lyke yll
And sare;
he that all doyls may dyll,
he keyll my care!

(12)

Young men should beware, for wedding is making him all wan.

So wyll a wyght as I,
In warld was neuer man;
howsehold and husbandry
ffull sore I may it ban;
That bargan dere I by.
yong men, bewar, red I:
wedyng makys me all wan.

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Take me thi brydyłł, mary;
Tent' thou to that page grathly
with̄ ałł the craft' thou can; 153
And may
he that this warld' began,[1]
wysh̄ vs the way! 156

(13)

Maria. Alas, fułł wo is me!
Is none so wyłł as I!
My hart' wold breke in thre,
My son to se hym dy. 160
*Iosep*h̄. we! leyf mary, lett' be,
And nothyng drede thou the,
Bot' hard' hens lett vs hy; 163
To saue thi foode so fre,
ffast' furth̄ now lett vs fle,
Dere leyf; 166
To mete with his enmy,
It' were a greatt' myschefe, 168

Mary's heart would break in three to see her son die.

Joseph comforts her, but they must flee quickly.

(14)

And that' wold' I not wore,[2]
Away if we myght wyn;
My hart' wold' be fułł sore,[3]
In two to se you twyn. 172
Tyłł egypp lett' vs fare;
This pak, tyłł I com thare,
To bere I shałł not' blyn: 175
ffor-thi haue thou no care;
If I may help the mare,
Thou fynd*ys* no fawte me in, 178
I say.
God blys you more and myn,
And haue now ałł good day! 181

He will bear the pack and help her all he can.

Explicit fugacio Iosep & marie in egiptum. [Fol. 55, a.]

[1] MS. beban. [[2] ? wold'...ware,] [[3] ? wold'...sare.]

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(XVI.)

Incipit magnus Herodes.

[57 *nine-lined stanzas*, aaaab cccb, (*no.* 6, *has* aaaaa ccca) *with central rymes markt by bars.*]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Nuncius.	*Tercius Miles.*	*Prima Mulier.*
Herodes.	*Primus Consultus.*	*Secunda Mulier.*
Primus Miles.	*Secundus Consultus.*	*Tercia Mulier.*]
Secundus Miles.		

(1)

Nuncius.

Herod's messenger begins a ranting speech to the people.

Moste myghty mahowne / meng you *with* myrth!
Both of burgh and of towne / by fellys and by fyrth,
Both kyng *with* crowne / and barons of brith,
That' radly wyll rowne / many greatt' grith
Shall be happ. 5

They must attend to him or they will take harm.

Take tenderly intent'
what' sond*ys* ar sent',
Els harmes shall ye hent',
And lothes you to lap. 9

(2)

Herod sends them greeting and commands them to be obedient to him.

Herode, the heynd kyng / by grace of mahowne,
Of Iury, Iourmontyng / sternly *with* crowne,
On lyfe that' ar lyfyng / in towre and in towne,
Gracyus you gretyng / co*m*maundys you be bowne
At' his bydyng; 14
luf hym *with* lewte,
drede hy*m*, that' doughty!
he charg*ys* you be redy
lowly at' his lykyng. 18

(3)

Any treason shall be paid for twelve thousand fold. He is now abashed

What' man apon mold' / menys hym agane,
Tytt teyn shall be told', knyght', sqwyere, or swayn;
Be he neu*er* so bold' / byes he that bargan,
Twelf thowsand fold' / more then I sayn

May ye trast; 23 about a new born boy,
he is worthy wonderly,
Selcouthly sory;
ffor a boy that is borne her by
Standys he abast. 27

(4)

A kyng thay hym call / and that we deny; who is called a king. No king must be spoken of but Herod
how shuld it so fall / greatt meruell haue I;
Therfor ouer all / Shall I make a cry,
That ye busk not to brall / nor lyke not to ly
This tyde; 32
Carpys of no kyng
Bot herode, that lordyng,
Or busk to youre beyldyng,
youre heedys for to hyde. 36

(5)

He is Kyng of Kyngys / Kyndly I Knowe, [Fol. 55, b.]
Chefe lord of lordyngys / chefe leder of law,
Ther watys on his wyngys / that bold bost wyll blaw, He recites Herod's kingdoms.
Greatt dukys downe dyngys / ffor his greatt aw,
And hym lowtys. 41
Tuskane and turky,
All Inde and Italy,
Cecyll and surry,
Drede hym and dowtys. 45

(6)

ffrom paradyse to padwa / to mownt flascon;
ffrom egyp to mantua / vnto kemp towne;
ffrom sarceny to susa / to grece it abowne;
Both normondy and norwa / lowtys to his crowne;
his renowne 50
Can no tong tell, Only his cousin Mahound can avail against him.
ffrom heuen vnto hell;
Of hym can none spell
Bot his cosyn mahowne. 54

(7)

he is the worthyest of all / barnes that are borne;
ffree men ar his thrall / full teynfully torne; All men must obey him or be lost.
Begyn he to brall / many men cach skorne;
Obey must we all / or els be ye lorne

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Att' onys. 59
Downe dyng of youre knees,
Aƚƚ that' hym seys,
Dysplesyd he beys,
And byrkyn many bonys. 63

(8)

He is now coming and must be welcomed worshipfully.

here he co*m*mys now, I cry / that lord' I of spake;
ffast' afore wyƚƚ I hy / radly on a rake,
And welcom hym worshipfully / laghyng w*ith* lake,
As he is most worthy / and knele for his sake
So low; 68
Downe dernly to faƚƚ,
as renk most' ryaƚƚ:
hayƚƚ, the worthyest' of aƚƚ!
to the must' I bow! [*Herod advances.*] 72

(9)

He greets Herod, and says he has called for silence for him.

hayƚƚ, luf lord! lo / thi letters haue I layde;
I haue done I couth do / and peasse haue I prayd';
Mekyƚƚ more therto / opynly dysplayd;
Bot' romoure is rasyd so / that' boldly thay brade
Emang*is* thame; 77

The people talk of a king and won't cease chattering.

Thay carp of a kyng,
thay seasse not' sich chateryng.

Herod says he will tame their talking.

herodes. Bot' I shaƚƚ tame thare talkyng,
And let' thame go hang thame: 81

(10)

Stynt', brodels, youre dyn / yei, eu*er*ychon!
I red that' ye harkyn / to I be gone,
[Fol. 56, a.] ffor if I begyn / I breke ilka bone,
And puƚƚ fro the skyn / the carcas anone,
yei, perde! 86

He begins to rant, and bids them hearken on pain of broken bones and skinning.

Sesse aƚƚ this wonder,
and make vs no blonder,
ffor I ryfe you in sonder,
Be ye so hardy. 90

(11)

They are not to speak or stir, till he has said his say.

Peasse both yong and old / at' my bydyng, I red,
ffor I haue aƚƚ in wold' / in me stand*ys* lyfe and dede;
who that' is so bold / I brane hym thrugħ the hede;
Speke not' or I haue told' / what' I wiƚƚ in this stede;

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ye wote nott
AH that' I wiH mefe;
Styr not' bot' ye haue lefe,
ffor if ye do, I clefe
you smaH as flesh to pott.

(12)

My myrthes ar turned to teyn / my mekenes into Ire,
And aH for oone I weyn / *with*-in I fare as fyre.
May I se hym *with* eyn / I shaH gyf hym his hyre;
Bot' I do as I meyn / I were a fuH lewde syre
In wonys;
had I that' lad in hand,
As I am kyng in land,
I shuld *with* this steyH brand
Byrkyn aH his bonys.

His mirth is turned to grief because of a boy whose bones he would break if he could catch him.

(13)

My name spryng*ys* far and nere / the doughtyest, men me caH,
That' euer ran *with* spere / A lord and kyng ryaH;
what ioy is me to here / A lad to sesse my staH!
If I this crowne may bere / that' boy shaH by for aH.
I anger;
I wote not' what' dewiH me alys,
Thay teyn me so *with* talys,
That' by gott*ys* dere nalys,
I wyH peasse no langer.

He is so teased with tales that "by God's dear nails" he will hold peace no longer.

(14)

what' dewiH! me thynk I brast' / ffor anger and for teyn;
I trow thyse kyng*ys* be past' / that' here *with* me has beyn;
Thay *prom*ysed me fuH fast / or now here to be seyn,
ffor els I shuld' haue cast / an othere sleght', I weyn;
I teH you,
A boy thay sayd thay soght',
with offeryng that' thay broght';
It' mefys my hart' right noght'
To breke his nek in two.

He fears that the kings are going to break their promise of returning.

(15)

Bot' be thay past' me by / by mahowne in heuen,
I shaH, and that' in hy / set aH on sex and seuen;

If they have passed by

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him, he will set all things at sixes and sevens.

Trow ye a kyng as I / wiH suffre thaym to neuen
Any to haue mastry / botˈ my self fuH euen?
Nay, leyfe! 131

[Fol. 56, b.]

The dewiH me hang and draw,
If I that loseH knaw,
Botˈ I gyf hym a blaw,
That lyfe I shaH hym reyfe. 135

(16)

If any one hears tell of them, Herod prays him to report to him.

ffor parels yitˈ I woldˈ / wystˈ if thay were gone;
And ye therof her told / I pray you say anone,
ffor and thay be so boldˈ / by god that syttys in trone,
The payn can notˈ be toldˈ / thatˈ thay shaH haue ilkon,
ffor Ire; 140
Sich panys hardˈ neu*er* man teH,
ffor vgly and for feH,
Thatˈ lucyfere in heH
Thare bonys shaH aH to-tyre. 144

(17)

The first knight tells him that the kings have passed by another way.

*prim*us *Miles.* Lord, thynk notˈ iH if I / teH you how thay ar pastˈ;
I kepe notˈ layn, truly / Sy*n* thay cam by you lastˈ,
An othere way in hy / thay soghtˈ, & thatˈ fuH fast.
Herodes. why, and ar thay pastˈ me by? / we! outtˈ! for teyn I brastˈ!
we! fy! 149

Herod blames his knights for not having spied them.

ffy on the dewiH! where may I byde?
Botˈ fyghtˈ for teyn and al to-chyde[1]!
Thefys, I say ye shuldˈ haue spyde
And toldˈ when thay wentˈ by; 153

(18)

ye ar knyghtys to trastˈ! / nay, losels ye ar, and thefys;
I wote I yelde my gast / so sore my hartˈ itˈ grefys.

They grumble at his threats.

*Secund*us *Miles.* what nede you be abastˈ? / ther ar uo greattˈ myschefys
ffor these maters to gnast. /
*Terci*us *Miles.* why put ye sich reprefys

[1] MS. alto chyde.

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*with*outt' cause ?
Thus shuld ye not' threttt vs,
vngaynly to bete vs,
ye shuld not' rehett vs,
withoutt othere sawes.

(19)

herod. ffy, losels and lyars ! / lurdans ilkon !
Tratoures and weH wars ! / knafys, bot' knyght*ys* none !
had ye bene woth youre eres / thus had thay not' gone ;
Gett' I those land lepars / I breke ilka bone ;
ffyrst' vengeance
ShaH I se on thare bonys ;
If ye byde in these wonys
I shaH dyng you *with* stonys,
yei, ditizance doutance.

Herod still abuses them.

If they continue like this he will ding them with stones, "ditizance doutance."

(20)

I wote not where I may sytt' / for anger & for teyn ;
we haue not done aH yit' / if it' be as I weyn ;
ffy ! dewiH ! now how is it ? / as long as I haue eyn
I think not' for to flytt / bot' kyng I wiH be seyn
ffor euer.
Bot' stand I to quart',
I teH you my hart,
I shaH gar thaym start,
Or els trust' me neu*er*.

He does not mean to flit himself, but will make men see that he is king.

(21)

*prim*us *Miles*. Syr, thay went sodanly / or any man wyst, [Fol. 57, a.]
Els had mett' we, yei, p*er*dy / and may ye tryst'.
Secundus Miles. So bold nor so hardy / agans oure lyst,
was none of that' company / durst' mete me *with* fyst
ffor ferd.
*Terci*us *Miles*. IH durst' thay abyde,
Bot' ran thame to hyde ;
Might I thaym haue spyde,
I had made thaym a berd.

The knights boast what they would have done had they met the kings.

(22)

what couth we more do / to saue youre honoure ?
*prim*us *Miles*. we were redy therto / and shal be ilk howre.
herod. Now syn it' is so / ye shaH haue fauoure ;
Go where ye wyH, go / by towne and by towre,

What could they do more to save Herod's honour ?

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He forgives them;

Goys hens! [*The Soldiers retire.*] 194
I haue maters to meł

and calls his privy council.

with my p*re*uey counseł; [*The Council advance.*]
Clerkys, ye bere the beł,
ye must' me encense. 198

(23)

Oone spake in myne eere / A wonderfuł talkyng,
And sayde a madyn shuld' bere / anothere to be kyng;

He bids his clerks enquire in Virgil, in Homer, and everywhere but in legend—in Boece and tales but not in service-books—as to this talk of a maiden and her child.

Syrs, I pray you inquere / in ał wrytyng,
In vyrgył, in homere / And ał other thyng
Bot' legende; [*They look at their books.*] 203
Sekys poece tayllys;
lefe pystyls and grales;
Mes, matyns, noght' avalys,
Ał these I defende; 207

(24)

I pray you teł heyndly / now what' ye fynde.
*pri*m*us* con*sult*us. Truly, s*ir*, p*ro*phecy / It' is not' blynd;

The first councillor quotes the prophecy of Isaiah as to the birth of Emmanuel.

we rede thus by Isay / he shalbe so kynde,
That' a madyn, sothely / which neu*er* synde,
Shał hym bere: 212
"virgo concipiet,
Natu*mque* pariet';"
"Emanueł" is hete,
his name for to lere, 216

(25)

The second quotes the prophecy of the birth of a king at Bethlehem.

"God is with vs," that' is forto say.
Secundus con*sult*us. And othere says thus / tryst me ye may:
"Of bedlem a gracyus / lord shał spray,
That' of Iury myghtyus / kyng shalbe ay,
lord myghty; 221
And hym shał honoure
both kyng and emp*er*oure."
herodes. why, and shuld I to hym cowre?
Nay, ther thou lyys lyghtly! 225

(26)

Herod rages at them, and

ffy! the dewiłł the spede / and me, bot' I drynk onys!
This has thou done in dede / to anger me for the nonys;

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And thou, knafe, thou thy mede / shaⱡ haue, by cok*ys* [Fol. 57, b.]
dere bonys!
Thou can not' half thi crede! / outt, thefys, fro my wonys!
ffy, knafys!
ffy, dotty-pols, w*ith* youre book*ys*!
Go kast thaym in the brookys!
with sich wylys and crok*ys*
My wytt' away rafys!

bids the "dottypols" fly and throw their books into the water.

(27)

hard I neu*er* sich a trant' / that' a knafe so sleght
Shuld' com lyke a sant' / and refe me my right;
Nay, he shaⱡ on slant' / I shaⱡ kyⱡ hym downe stryght;
war! I say, lett' me pant / now thynk I to fyght
ffor anger;
My guttys wiⱡ outt' thryng
Bot I this lad hyng;
withoutt' I haue a vengyng,
I may lyf no langer.

Unless he have vengeance on this lad he can live no longer.

(28)

Shuld a carⱡ in a kafe / bot' of oone yere age,
Thus make me to rafe? /
*prim*us con*sult*us. Syr, peasse this outrage!
A-way let ye wafe / aⱡ sich langage,
youre worship to safe / is he oght' bot' a page
Of a yere?
we two shaⱡ hym teyn
with oure wyttys betweyn,
That', if ye do as I meyn,
he shaⱡ dy on a spere.

The councillors bid him put away all such language, and they shall find him a remedy.

(29)

*Secund*us con*sult*us. ffor drede that' he reyn / do as we red;
Thrug outt bedlem[1] / and ilk othere stede,
Make knyght*ys* ordeyn / and put vnto dede
Aⱡ knaue chyldren / of two yerys brede,
And with-in;
This chyld' may ye spyⱡ
Thus at' youre awne wiⱡ.
Herodes. Now thou says here tyⱡ
A right' nobyⱡ gyn!

Let him bid his knights slay all children at Bethlehem and elsewhere under two years old and this child must die.

[1] Assonant to 'reyne,' 'chyldren.'

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(30)

Herod thinks this a right noble gin; if he lives he will make the Councillor Pope; meanwhile he shall have castles and lands.

If I lyf in land / good lyfe, as I hope,
This dar I the warand / to make the Pope.[1]
O, my hart is rysand / now in a glope!
ffor this nobyH tythand / thou shaH haue a drope
Of my good grace; 266
Markys, rentys, and powndys,
Greatt' castels & groundys;
Thrugh aH sees and sandys
I gyf the the chace. [*The Council retires.*] 270

(31)

Herod bids his messenger call the flower of his knights.

Now wyH I procede / and take veniance;
AH the flowre of knyghthede / caH to legeance;
Bewshere, I the byd[2] / it' may the avance.
Nuncius. lord, I shaH me spede / and bryng, perchaunce,
To thy syght. [*Herod retires. Knights advance.*]
[Fol. 58, a.] hark, knyghtys, I you bryng
The messenger bids the knights hasten to Herod, here new tythyng;
vnto herode kyng
hast *with* aH youre myght! 279

(32)

armed and in their best array. In aH the hast' that' ye may / in armowre fuH bright',
In youre best aray / looke that' ye be dight'.
primus Miles. why shuld we fray? /
Secundus Miles. this is not' aH right.
Tercius Miles. Syrs, withoutten delay I drede that' we fight.
Nuncius. I pray you, 284
As fast' as ye may,
com to hym this day.
primus Miles. what', in oure best' aray?
Nuncius. yei, syrs, I say you. 288

(33)

ijus Miles. Somwhat is in hand / what euer it meyn.
iij Miles. Tarry not for to stand / ther or we haue beyn.
[*Herod advances.*]
Nuncius. kyng herode aH weldand / weH be ye seyn!
youre knyghtys ar comand / in armoure fuH sheyn,

[1] This word is erased in the MS.
[2] The ryme needs 'bede.'

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At' youre wyłł. 293
primus Miles. hayłł, dughtyest' of ałł!
we are comen at' youre całł
ffor to do what we shałł,
youre lust to fullfyłł. 297

The first knight hails Herod.

(34)

herod. welcom, lordyng*ys*, Iwys / both̄ greatt and smałł!
The cause now is this / that I send for you ałł:
A lad, a knafe, borne is / that' shuld' be kyng ryałł;
Bot' I kyłł hym and his / I wote I brast my gałł;
Therfor, Syrs, 302
Veniance shałł ye take,
Ałł for that lad' sake,
And men I shałł you make
where ye com ay where, syrs. 306

Herod tells them of the boy who must be killed.

(35)

To bedlem loke ye go / And ałł the coste aboute,
Ałł knaue chyldren ye slo / and lord*ys*, ye shalbe stoute;
Of yeres if they be two / and w*ith*in, of ałł that' rowte
On lyfe lyefe none of tho / that' lygys in swedyłł clowte,
I red you; 311
Spare no kyns bloode,
lett ałł ryn on floode,
If women wax woode;
I warn you, syrs, to spede you; 315

The knights are to go to Bethlehem and thereabouts and slay all knave-children under two years of age.

(36)

hens! now go youre way / that ye were thore.
*ij*us *Miles.* I wote we make a fray / bot' I wyłł go before.
*iij*us *Miles.* A, thynk, syrs, I say / I mon whett lyke a bore.
primus Miles. Sett' me before ay / good enogh̄ for a skore;
hayłł heyndly! 320
we shałł for youre sake
make a dulfułł lake.
herodes. Now if ye me wełł wrake
ye shałł fynd me freyndly. [*Exit Herod.*] 324

The knights promise obedience.

(37)

*ij*us *Miles.* Go ye now tyłł oure noytt / and handyłł thaym weyłł.
*iij*us *Miles.* I shałł pay thaym on the cote / begyn I to reyłł. [*First Woman and Child advance.*]

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[Fol. 58, b.] *primus Miles.* hark, felose, ye dote / yonder commys vnceyH;

They see a woman coming. The first knight tells her not to take it ill if he kill her child.

I holdt here a grote / she lykys me not weyH
Be we parte; [*To the Woman.*]
Dame, thynk it not yH,
thy knafe if I kyH.
prima Mulier. what, thefe! agans my wyH?
lord, kepe hym in qwarte!

(38)

primus Miles. Abyde now, abyde / no farther thou gose.

The woman remonstrates.

prima Mulier. Peasse, thefe! shaH I chyde / and make here a nose?

primus Miles. I shaH reyfe the thy pryde / kyH we these boyse!

She attacks the knight, but her boy is slain.

prima Mulier. Tyd may betyde / kepe weH thy nose, ffals thefe!
haue on loft on thy hode.
primus Miles. what, hoore, art thou woode?
[*Kills the Child.*]
prima Mulier. Outt, alas, my chyldys bloode!
Outt, for reprefe!

(39)

She laments over him and calls for vengeance.

Alas for shame and syn / alas that I was borne!
Of wepyng who may blyn / to se hir chylde forlorne?
My comforth and my kyn / my son thus alto torne!
veniance for this syn / I cry, both euyn and morne.
Secundus Miles. weH done!
[*Second Woman and Child advance.*]
Com hedyr, thou old stry!
that lad of thyne shaH dy.
Secunda Mulier. Mercy, lord, I cry!
It is myn awne dere son.

(40)

The same scene is gone through between a second woman and the second knight.

ijus Miles. No mercy thou mefe / it mendys the not, mawd!
Secunda Mulier. Then thi skalp shaH I clefe! / lyst thou be clawd?
lefe, lefe, now by lefe! /
Secundus Miles. peasse, byd I, bawd!
Secunda Mulier. ffy, fy, for reprefe! fy, fuH of frawde!

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No man!
haue at' thy tabard,
harlot' and holard!
Thou shaH not' be sparde!
I cry and I ban! [*He kills the boy.*]

(41)

Outt'! morder! man, I say / strang tratoure & thefe! — She, also, cries for vengeance for her murdered son.
Out'! alas! and waloway! / my child that' was me lefe!
My luf, my blood, my play / that' neuer dyd man grefe!
Alas, alas, this day! / I wold' my hart shuld' clefe
In sonder!
veniance I cry and caH,
on herode and his knyghtys aH!
veniance, lord', apon thaym faH,
And mekyH warldys wonder!

(42)

Tercius Miles. This is weH wroght' gere / that' euer may be; [*Third woman and child advance.*] — The third knight kills the child of a third mother.
Comys hederward here! / ye nede not to fle!
Tercia Mulier. wyH ye do any dere / to my chyld' and me?
*iij*us *Miles.* he shaH dy, I the swere / his hart blood shaH thou se.
*iij*a *mulier.* God for-bede!
Thefe! thou shedys my chyldys blood! [*He kills the boy.*] — She laments
Out', I cry! I go near wood!
Alas! my hart' is aH on flood,
To se my chyld' thus blede!

(43)

By god, thou shaH aby this dede that thou has done. — [Fol. 59, a. Sig. K. 1.]
Tercius Miles. I red the not' stry / by son and by moyn.
*iij*a *Mulier.* haue at' the, say I! / take the ther a foyn!
Out' on the I cry / haue at thi groyn
An othere! — and attacks him till he cries "Peace now, no more."
This kepe I in store.
Tercius Miles. Peasse now, no more!
Tercia Mulier. I cry and I rore,
Out' on the, mans mordere!

(44)

Alas! my bab, myn Innocent' / my fleshly get'! for sorow — She cries for vengeance.
That' god me derly sent / of bales who may me borow?

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Thy body is all to-rent' / I cry both euen and morow,
veniance for thi blod' thus spent' / out! I cry, and horow!
The first knight bids the women go off.
primus Miles. Go lightly! 392
Gett' out' of thise wonys!
ye trattys, all at' onys,—
Or by cok*ys* dere bonys
I make you go wyghtly! [*The mothers retire.*]

(45)

They are frightened now, says the second knight.
Thay ar flayd now, I wote, thay will not' abyde. 397
Secundus Miles. lett vs ryn fote hote / now wold' I we hyde,
And tell of this lott / how we haue betyde.
The third knight proposes to tell their exploits to Herod.
Tercius Miles. Thou can do thi note / that' haue I aspyde;
Go furth now, 401
Tell thou herode oure tayll!
ffor all oure avayll,
I tell you, saunce fayll,
he wyll vs alow. 405

(46)

The first claims to have done the best.
primus Miles. I am best' of you all / and euer has bene;
The deuyll haue my saull / bot' I be fyrst' sene;
It' fyttys me to call / my lord, as I wene.
ijus Miles. what' ned*ys* the to brall? / be not so kene
In this anger; 410
I shall say thou dyd best',
saue myself, as I gest.
primus Miles. we! that' is most' honest.
Tercius Miles. go, tary no langer! 414

(47) [*They approach Herod.*]

They boast to Herod of having murdered many thousands,
primus Miles. hayll herode, oure kyng / full glad may ye be!
Good tythyng we bryng / harkyn now to me;
we haue mayde rydyng / thrugh outt Iure:
well wyt ye oone thyng / that' morderd' haue we
Many thowsand*ys*. 419
ijus Miles. I held' thaym full hote,
I payd them on the cote;
Thare dammys, I wote,
Neuer bynde them in bandys. 423

(48)

they are worthy a reward.
iijus Miles. had ye sene how I fard / when I cam emang them!
Ther was none that' I spard / bot lade on and dang them.

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I am worthy a rewarde / where I was emang*ys* them. [Fol. 59, b.]
I stud and I stard / no pyte to hang them
had I.
herodes. Now, by myghty mahowne,
That is good of renowne!
If I bere this crowne
ye shaH haue a lady

(49)

Ilkon to hym layd, and wed at' his wyH. Herod promises them each a lady to wed at his will.
primus Miles. So haue ye lang sayde / do somwhat' thertyH!
ijus Miles. And I was neu*er* flayde / for good ne for yH.
iijus Miles. ye might' hold' you weH payde / oure lust' to fulfyH,
Thus thynk me,
witH tresure vntold,
If it' lyke that' ye wold,
BotH sylu*er* and gold,
To gyf vs greatt' plente.

(50)

herodes. As I am kyng crownde / I thynk it' good right! Herod says a hundred thousand pounds is good wage for a knight, and promises castles and towers as well as money.
Ther goys none on grownde / that' has sicH a wyght';
A hundretH thowsand pownde / is good wage for a knyght,
Of pe*nn*ys good and rownde / now may ye go light'
with store;
And ye knyghtys of oures
ShaH haue castels and towres,
Both to you and to youres,
ffor now and eu*er* more.

(51)

primus Miles. was neuer none borne / by downes ne by dalys, The knights rejoice at their wealth
Nor yit' vs beforne / that' had sicH avalys.
ijus Miles. we haue castels and corne / mych gold in oure malys.
iijus Miles. It' wyH neu*er* be worne / withoutt' any talys;
hayH heyndly!
hayH lord! hayH kyng!
we ar furtH foundyng!
herod. Now mahowne he you bryng
where he is lord freyndly;

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(52)

Herod thanks Mahound that he may stand in peace.
Now in peasse may I stand / I thank the, mahowne!
And gyf of my lande / that longyꝭ to my crowne;
Draw therfor nerehande / both of burgh and of towne;
Each of the knights shall have a thousand marks —next time he comes.
Markys ilkon a thowsande / when I am bowne,
Shall ye haue. 464
I shalbe full fayn
To gyf that I sayn!
wate when I com agayn,
And then may ye craue. 468

(53)

He is not troubled by the blood he has shed.
I sett by no good / now my hart is at easse,
That I shed so mekyll blode / pes all my ryches!
ffor to se this flode / from the fote to the nese
Mefys nothing my mode / I lagh that I whese;
A, mahowne! 473
So light is my saull,
His gall now is all of sugar.
that all of Sugar is my gall;
I may do what I shall,
And bere vp my crowne. 477

(54)

[Fol. 60, a. Sig. K. 2.]
I was castyn in care / so frightly afrayd,
Bot I thar not dyspare / for low is he layd
He need not despair now, for the boy must be killed.
That I most dred are / so haue I hym flayd;
And els wonder ware / and so many strayd
In the strete, 482
That oone shuld be harmeles,
and skape away hafles,
where so many chyldes
Thare balys can not bete. 486

(55)

144,000 have been slain: never was there such a murder.
A hundreth thowsand, I watt / and fourty ar slayn,
And four thowsand; ther-at / me aght to be fayn;
Sich a morder on a flat / shall neuer be agayn.
had I had bot oone bat / at that lurdan
So yong, 491
It shuld haue bene spokyn
how I had me wrokyn,
were I dede and rotyn,
with many a tong. 495

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(56)

Thus shaH I tech̄ knauys / ensampyH to take,
In thare wyttys that' rauys / sich mastre to make;
AH wantones wafys / no langage ye crak!
No sufferan you sauys / youre nekkys shaH I shak
In sonder;
No kyng ye on caH
Bot on herode the ryaH,
Or els many oone shaH
Apon youre bodys wonder.

Let knaves take example by it, and call no man king but Herod.

(57)

ffor if I here it' spokyn / when I com agayn,
youre branys bese brokyn / therfor be ye bayn;
Nothyng bese vnlokyn / it' shalbe so playn;
Begyn I to rekyn / I thynk aH dysdayn
ffor daunche.
Syrs, this is my counseH—
Bese not to crueH,
Bot adew!—to the deuyH!
I can nomore fraunch̄!

If he hear them speak of any other he will knock their brains out. But now he "can no more French."

Explicit Magnus Herodes.

(XVII.)

Incipit Purificacio marie.

[Fol. 66, b.]

[10 *eight-line stanzas* aaab cccb; 10 *six-line* aab ccb; *and one line.*]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Symeon. | *Primus Angelus.* | *Secundus Angelus.* | *Josephus.* | *Maria.* | *Jesus.*]

Symeon. (1)

MIghtfuH god, thou vs glad!
That' heuen and erthe and aH has mayde;
Bryng vs to blys that' neuer shaH fade,
As *thou* weH may;
And thynk on me that' is vnweld—
lo! so I hobyH aH on held',
That' vnethes may I walk for eld—
Now help, lord, adonay!

Simeon prays to God to remember him in his old age.

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(2)

He wonders whether the good men of old be safe or lost.

Bot yit I meruell, both̄ euyn and morne,
Of old elders that were beforne,
wheder thay be safe or lorne,
where thay may be;
Abell, noye, and abraham,
Dauid, daniell, and balaam,
And all othere mo by name,
Of sere degre.

(3)

He thanks God for giving him so long a life.

I thank the, lord, with good intent,
Of all thy sond thou has me sent,
That thus long tyme my lyfe has lent,
Now many a yere;
ffor all ar past now oonly bot I;
I thank the, lord god almyghty!
ffor so old know I none, sothly,
Now lyfyng here.

(4)

He knows no man so old as himself: no wonder if he be feeble.

ffor I am old symeon:
So old on lyfe know I none,
That is mayde on flesh and bone,
In all medyll-erd.
No wonder if I go on held:
The feuyrs, the flyx, make me vnweld;
Myn armes, my lymmes, ar stark for eld,
And all gray is my berd.

(5)

Myn ees are woren both̄ marke and blynd;
Myn and is short, I want wynd;
Thus has age dystroed my kynd,
And reft myght*is* all;
His own time to go away will soon come.
Bot shortly mon I weynd away;
what tyme ne when, I can not say,
ffor it is gone full many a day
Syn dede began to call.

(6)

[Fol. 61, a. Sig. K. 3.]

Ther is no warke that I may wyrk,
Bot oneths crall I to the kyrk;
Be I com home I am so irk

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That farther may I noght;
Bot settys me downe, and grankys, and gronys,
And lyg*ys* and restys my wery bonys,
And all nyght after grank*ys* and goonys,
On slepe tyll I be broght.

(7)

Bot neu*er* the les, the sothe to say,
If I may nather, by nyght ne day,
ffor age nather styr ne play,
Nor make no chere,
yit if I be neu*er* so old,
I myn full well that prophet*ys* told,
That now ar dede and layde full cold,
Sythen gone many a yere.

(8)

Thay sayde that god, full of myght,
Shuld send his son from heuen bright,
In a madyn for to light,
Commen of dauid kyn;
fflesh and bloode on hyr to take,
And becom man for oure sake,
Our redempcyon for to make,
That slayn were thrugh syn.

(9)

Bot, lord, that vs thy grace has hight,
Send me thy sond, both day and nyght,
And graunt me grace of lyf*ys* light,
And let me neu*er* de,
To thou sich grace to me send,
That I may handyll hym in my hend,
That shall cum oure mys to amend,
And se hym *with* myn ee.

(10)

primus angelus. Thou, symeon, drede the noght!
My lord, that thou has long besoght,
ffor *thou* has rightwys beyn,
Thyn askyng has he grauntyd the,
with outen dede on lyfe to be
To thou thy cryst haue seyn.

He can do no work save church-going, and when he comes back from that all his bones ache.

Yet feeble as age has made him, he remembers the words of the dead prophets,

who foretold the birth of God's Son for man's redemption.

He prays God that he may not die till he has held this Child in his hand.

An angel announces the granting of his prayer.

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(11)

A second angel tells him he shall find God's Son in the Temple.

Secundus angelus. Than symeon, harkyn a space!
I bryng the tythyng*ys* of solace;
ffor-thy, ryse vp and gang
To the temple; thou shaⱡ fynd thore
God*ys* son the before,
That thou has yernyd lang.

(12)

Symeon praises God for His goodness

Symeon. Louyd be my lorᵈ in wyⱡ and thoght,
That his s*er*uant forgett*ys* noght,
when thatˢ he seys tyme!
weⱡ is me that I shaⱡ dre
Tyⱡ I haue sene hym w*ith* myn ee,
And no long*er* hyne.

(13)

[Fol. 61, b.]

Louyd be my lord in heuen,
Thatˢ thus has by his angeⱡ steuen
warnyd me of his co*m*myng!

He will put on his vestment in honour of that king,

Therfor wiⱡ I with intent
puttˢ on me my vestment,
In worship of that kyng.

(14)

for welcome shall that Lord be to him, who shall make men free.

he shalbe welcom vnto me:
Thatˢ lord shaⱡ make vs all*e* fre,
kyng of aⱡ man-kyn;
ffor w*ith* his blood he shaⱡ vs boroo
Both fro catyſdam & from soroo,
Thatˢ was slayn thrugh syn.

Tunc pulsabunt.

(15)

The bells ring so solemnly he thinks it must be for the coming of the Lord.

A, dere god! whatˢ may this be?
Oure bellys ryng so solemply,
ffor whom soeu*er* it is;
Now certys, I can not vnderstand,
Botˢ if my lord god aⱡ weldand
Be co*m*men, thatˢ aⱡ shaⱡ wyse.

(16)

This noyse lyghtyns fuⱡ weⱡ myn hartˢ!
Shaⱡ I neu*er* rest, and I haue quart,
Or I com ther onone;

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Now weⱡ were I and it so were,
ffor sich noyse hard I neu*er* ere;
Oure bellys ryng by thare oone!
[*Joseph, with two doves, and Mary, with her baby, advance.*]

The bells are ringing of themselves.

(17)

Ioseph. Mary, itˈ begynnys to pas,
ffourty dayes syn thatˈ thou was
Delyu*er* of thy son;
To the temple I red we draw,
To clens the, and fulfyⱡ the law,
As oure elders were won.

Joseph bids Mary draw near the Temple,

(18)

Therfor, mary, madyn heynd,
Take thi chyldˈ and let vs weynd
The tempyⱡ vntyⱡ;
And we shaⱡ *with* vs bryng
Thise turtyls two to oure offryng,
The law we wiⱡ fulfyⱡ.

taking her Child with her, and they will bring two doves for an offering.

(19)

Maria. Ioseph, that wyⱡ I fuⱡ weⱡ,
Thatˈ the law euery deyⱡ
Be fulfyllyd in me.
Lord, thatˈ aⱡ myght*ys* may,
Gyf vs grace to do this day
Thatˈ it be pleassyng to the!

Mary is well pleased to fulfil all the Law.

Angeli cantant; simeon. . . . . [the rest is illegible].

(20)

*prim*us *angel*us. Thou, symeon, rightwys and trew,
Thou has desyred both old and new,
To haue a sight of cryst ih*es*u
As prophecy has told!
Oft has thou prayd to haue a sight
Of hym thatˈ in a madyn lightˈ;
here is that chyld of mekyⱡ myght,
Now has thou that thou wold.

The first Angel announces to Simeon that this is the Child whom he longed to see.

(21)

*Secund*us *angel*us. Thou has desyryd it most of aⱡ.[1]

* * * * * *

[1] The end of this Play, and the beginning of the next, are wanting, two leaves of the manuscript being lost.

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(XVIII.)

[17 eight-line stanzas *ab ab ab ab*; 33 four-line *ab ab*; 2 couplets; and one line of Latin.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Primus Magister. | *Tercius Magister.* | *Maria.*
Secundus Magister. | *Jesus.* | *Josephus.*]

[Fol. 62, a.] * * * * * *

(1)

The Doctors talk of the prophecy of Emmanuel.

[*Secundus Magister.*] That a madyn a barn shuld bere;
And his name thus can thay teH,
ffro the tyme that he born were,
he shalbe callyd emanueH;

(2)

Counselloure, and god of strengthe,
And wonderfuH also
ShaH he be callyd, of brede and lenghthe
As far as any man may go.

(3)

*iij*us *magister*. Masters, youre resons ar right good,
And wonderfuH to neuen,

Habakkuk had foretold the rod that should spring from the root of Jesse.

yit fynde I more by abacuk;
Syrs, lysten a whyle vnto my steuen.

(4)

Oure bayH, he says, shaH turn to boytt,
her-afterward som day;
A wande shaH spryng fro Iesse roytt,—
The certan sothe thus can he say,—

(5)

And of thatt wande shaH spryng a floure,
thatt shaH spryng vp fuH hight:
Ther of shaH com fuH swete odowre,
And therapon shaH restt and lyght

(6)

The holy gost, fuH mych of myghtt;
The goostt of wysdom and of wytt,
ShaH beyld his nest, with mekyH rightt,
And in itt brede and sytt.

(7)

primus magister. Bot when trow ye this prophecy
Shalbe fulfyllyd in dede,
That here is told so openly,
As we in scrypture rede?

The first Doctor wonders when this shall be fulfilled.

(8)

ijus magister. A greatt merueH for sothe it is,
To vs to here of sich mastry;
A madyn to bere a chyld, Iwys,
without mans seyde, that were ferly.

They discuss the conception by the Holy Ghost.

(9)

iijus magister. The holy gost shaH in hyr lyght,
And kepe hir madynhede fuH clene;
whoso may byde to se that sight
Thay ther not drede, I wene.

(10)

primus magister. Of aH thise prophetys wyse of lore
That knew the prophecy, more and les,
was none that told the tyme before,
when he shuld com to by vs peasse.

None of the prophets were told the time of these things.

(11)

Secundus magister. wheder he be commen or not
No knowlege haue we in certayn;
Bot he shaH com, that dowt we not;
ffuH prophetys haue prechyd it fuH playn.

He may be come or not, but of His coming they have no doubt.

(12)

iijus magister. MekyH I thynk that thise prophetys
Ar holden to god, that is on hight,
That haue knowyng of his behetys,
And for to teH of his mekyH myght.

Tunc venit ihesus.[1]

(13)

Ihesus. Masters, luf be with you lent,
And mensk be vnto this menege!

Jesus greets them.

primus magister. Son, hens away I wold thou went,
ffor othere haft in hand haue we.

The first doctor says they are busy.

[1] MS. ihc: as it rymes with 'thus,' 'vs,' it is always expanded as ih*esus*.

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(14)

The second Doctor says they have other things to do than to play with children.

*ij*us *magister*. Son, whosoeuer the hyder sent,
Thay were not wyse, thus teH I the;
ffor we haue othere tayllys to tent
Then now with barnes bowrdand to be.

(15)

[Fol. 62, b.] But the third bids Jesus listen to their speech, that He may learn by it.

Tercius magister. Son, thou lyst oght lere / To lyf by moyses lay;
Com heder, and thou shaH here / The sawes that we wyH say;

(16)

ffor in som mynde it' may the bryng
To here oure sawes red by rawes.

Jesus says He has no need to learn of them.

*Ih*esus. To lere of you nedys me no thyng,
ffor I knaw both youre dedys & sawes.

The first Doctor thinks He is too young to know their laws "by clergy."

primus magister. hark, yonder barn *with* his bowrdyng!
he wenys he kens more then he knawys;
Nay, cert*ys*, son, thou art' ouer ying
By clergy yit to know oure lawes.

(17)

*Ih*esus. I wote as weH as ye / how that youre lawes was wroght.

They bid Him sit to be examined.

Secundus magister. Com sytt! soyn shaH we se, / ffor certys so semys it noght.

(18)

Tercius magister. It' were wonder if any wyght
vntiH oure resons right shuld reche;
And thou says thou has in sight'
Oure lawes truly to teH and teche.

Jesus says the Holy Ghost has given Him power to teach.

*Ih*esus. The holy gost has on me lyght',
And anoynt' me lyke a leche,
And gyffen to me powere and myght
The kyngdom of heuen to preche.

(19)

Secundus magister. whens euer this barne may be
That shewys thise novels new?
*Ih*esus. Certan, syrs, I was or ye,
And shaH be after you.

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(20)

primus magister. Son, of thi sawes, as we haue ceyH,
And of thi wytt is wonder thyng;
Bot neuer the les fully I feyH
That' it may fayH in wyrkyng;
ffor dauid demys euer ilk deyH,
And thus he says of chylder ying,

"Ex ore infancium & lactencium, perfecisti laudem."

Of thare mowthes, sayth dauid, wele,
Oure lord he has perfourmed louyng.

The first Doctor remembers the text, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise,"

(21)

Neuer the les, son, yit shuld thou lett
her for to speke in large;
ffor where masters ar mett,
Chylder wordys ar not to charge.

yet thinks Jesus should not speak so boldly before masters,

(22)

ffor, certys, if thou wold neuer so fayn
Gyf all thi lyst to lere the law,
Thou art nawther of myght ne mayn
To know it, as a clerk may knaw.

for it is impossible for Him to know the Law like a clerk.

Ihesus. Syrs, I say you in certan,
That sothfast shaH be aH my saw;
And powere haue I plene and playn,
To say and answere as me aw.

Jesus says He has power to answer as He ought.

(23)

primus magister. Masters, what' may this mene?
MerueH, methynk, haue I
where euer this barne has bene
That carpys thus conandly.

[Fol. 63, a.]

The Doctors are astonished at His words.

(24)

Secundus magister. In warld as wyde as we haue went
ffand we neuer sich ferly fare;
Certys, I trow the barn be sent
Sufferanly to salfe our sare.

Ihesus. Syrs, I shaH preue in youre present
AH the sawes that I sayde are.

The third Doctor asks Him which is the first commandment, and the chief, in Moses' Law.

Tercius magister. which callys thou the fyrst commaundement'
And the most, in moyses lare?

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(25)

Jesus bids them read from their books.

*Ih*esus. Syrs, synthen ye syt on raw,
And hafe youre book*ys* on brede,
let se, syrs, in youre saw
how right that' ye can rede. 116

(26)

The first Doctor says that the first command-ment is to honour God.

*prim*us *m*agister. I rede that this is the fyrst bydyng
That moyses told' vs here vntyH ;
honoure thi god ou*er* ilka thyng,
with aH thi wyt and aH thi wyH ; 120
And aH thi hart in hym shaH hyng,
Erly and late, botH lowde and styH.
*Ih*esus. ye nede none othere bookys to bryng,
Bot fownd this to fulfyH ; 124

(27)

Jesus says that the second is to love your neighbour.

The seconde may men profe
And clergy knaw therby ;
youre neyghburs shaH ye lofe
Right as youre self truly. 128

(28)

[Thise] [1] com*m*aunded moyses tyH aH men
In his com*m*aundes clere ;
On these two biddings hang all the law.

In thise two bydyngys, shaH ye ken,
hyngys aH the law we aght' to lere. 132
who so fulfylles thise two then
witH mayn and mode and good manere,
he fulfyllys truly aH ten
That' after thaym folows in fere. 136

[1] *Illegible.*

(29)

Then shuld we god honowre
with aH oure myght' and mayn,
And luf weH ilk neghboure
Right as oure self certayn. 140

(30)

The Doctor asks, What are the other eight?

*prim*us *m*agister. Now, son, synthen thou has told vs two,
which ar the aght,[2] can thou oght say ?
*Ih*esus. The thyrd bydys, " where so ye go,
That ye shaH halow the holy day ; 144

[2] MS. viii.

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(31)

ffrom bodely wark ye take youre rest; [Fol. 63, b.]
youre household, looke the same thay do,
Both wyfe, chyld, seruande, and beest'." Jesus answers (3) to keep the holy day hallowed,
The fourt' is then in weyH and wo
(32)
" Thi fader, thi moder, thou shaH honowre, (4) honour and succour father and mother,
Not' only with thi reuerence,
Bot' in thare nede thou thaym socoure,
And kepe ay good obedyence."
(33)
The fyft bydys the " no man slo, (5) kill nor harm no man,
Ne harme hym neuer in word ne dede,
Ne suffre hym not' to be in wo
If thou may help hym in his nede."
(34)
The sext bydys the " thi wyfe to take, (6) take thy own wife, but none other,
Bot' none othere lawfully;
lust' of lechery thou fle and fast forsake,
And drede ay god where so thou be."
(35)
The seuen [1] bydys the " be no thefe feyr, [1] MS. vii.
Ne nothyng wyn with trechery; (7) to win nothing by theft, treachery, usury or simony,
Oker, ne symony, thou com not' nere,
Bot' conscyence clere ay kepe truly."
(36)
The aght [2] bydd*ys* the " be true in dede, [2] MS. viij.
And fals wytnes looke thou none bere; (8) bear no false witness,
looke thou not ly for freynd ne syb,
lest' to thi sauH that it do dere."
(37)
The neyn [3] bydd*ys* the " not' desyre [3] MS. ix.
Thi neghburs wyfe ne his women, (9) desire no man's wife,
Bot' as holy kyrk wold it were,
Right so thi purpose sett it' in."
(38)
The ten [4] bydd*ys* the " for nothyng [4] MS. x.
Thi neghburs goodys yerne wrongwysly; (10) covet no man's goods.
his house, his rent', ne his hafyng',
And crysten fayth trow stedfastly."

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(39)

These are the ten command-ments.

Thus in tabyls, shaH ye ken,
Oure lord[1] to moyses wrate;
Thise ar the commaundments ten,
who so wiH lely layt.

[1] *overlined later.*

(40)

The second Doctor wonders at the knowledge of Jesus.

Secundus magister. Behald how he lege oure lawes,
And leryd neuer on booke to rede!
ffuH soteH sawes, me thynk, he says,
And also true, if we take hede.

The third fears the people will praise Him more than themselves;

Tercius magister. yei, lett hym furth on his wayes,
ffor if he dweH, withoutten drede
The pepyH wiH ful soyn hym prayse
weH more then vs, for aH oure dede.

(41)

but is rebuked by the first.

primus magister. Nay, nay, then wyrk we wrang!
sich spekyng wiH we spare;
As he cam let hym gang,
And mefe vs, not no mare.

Tunc venient' Ioseph et' maria, & dicet Maria;

(42)

Mary is in great trouble: they have sought Jesus everywhere, but cannot find Him.

Maria. A, dere IosepH! what' is youre red?
Of oure greatt bayH no boytt may be;
My hart' is heuy as any lede,
My semely son to I hym se.
Now haue we sogh't in euery sted,
Both vp and downe, thise dayes thre;
And wheder he be whik or dede
yit' wote we not'; so wo is me!

(43)

*Iosep*H. Sorow had neuer man mare!
Bot mowr[n]yng, mary, may not amend;
ffarther do I red we fare,
To god som socoure send.

(44)

[Fol. 64, a.]

Joseph would fain know if He is about the Temple.

Abowt' the tempyH if he be ogh't',
That wold I that' we wyst this nyght.
Maria. A, cert*ys*, I se that' we have sogh't'!
In warld was neuer so semely a sight';

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lo, where he sytt*ys*! se ye hym noght'
Amang*ys* yond masters mekyH of myght?
*Iosep*h̄. Blyssyd be he vs hed*er* broght'!
In land now lyf*ys* there none so light. 212

Joseph blesses God for enabling them to find Jesus.

(45)

Maria. Now dere Ioseph, as haue ye seyH,
Go furth̄ and fetche youre son and myne;
This day is goyn nere ilka deyH,
And we haue nede for to go hien. 216
*Iosep*h̄. w*ith* men of myght can I not' meH,
Then aH my traueH mon I tyne;
I can not w*ith* thaym, that wote ye weH,
Thay are so gay in furrys fyne. 220

Mary bids Joseph fetch Jesus, but he is afraid of meddling with men of might, gay in fine furs.

(46)

Maria. To thaym youre erand' forto say,
Surely that thar ye drede no deyH!
Thay wiH take hede to you alway
Be cause of eld', this wote I weyH. 224
*Iosep*h̄. when I com ther what' shaH I say?
ffor I wote not', as haue I ceyH;
Bot thou wiH haue me shamyd for ay,
ffor I can nawthere crowke ne knele. 228

Mary says they will respect his age.

Joseph asks what he is to say.

(47)

Maria. Go we togeder, I hold' it' best',
Vnto yond worthy wyght*ys* in wede;
And if I se, as haue I rest,
That' ye wiH not', then must' I nede. 232
*Iosep*h̄. Go thou and teH thi tayH fyrst,
Thi son to se wiH take good hede;
weynd furth̄, mary, and do thi best',
I com behynd, as god me spede. 236

Mary will go with him and speak, if he won't.

Joseph makes her go first.

(48)

Maria. A, dere son, Ihesus![1]
sythen we luf the alone,[1]
whi dos thou tyH vs thus,
And gars vs make this mone? 240

Mary asks Jesus why He has done thus to them?

(49)

Thi fad*er* and I betwix vs two,
Son, for thi luf has lykyd yH,

[1] Written as one line with central ryme in MS., and so to end of Play.

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[Fol. 64, b.] we haue the soght both to and fro
wepeand sore, as wyghtis wyH. 244

His father and she have sought Him weeping. *Ih*esus. wherto shuld ye, moder, seke me so?
Oft tymes it has bene tolH ye tyH

Jesus says He must fulfil His Father's works. My fader warkys, for wele or wo,
Thus am I sent for to fulfyH. 248

(50)

[Mary?] will think well on all these saws. [1] Thise sawes, as haue I ceyH,
I can weH vnderstonde,
I shaH thynk on them weyH
To fownd whatt is folowand. 252

(51)

Joseph bids Jesus come home with them. *Iosep*H. Now sothly, son, the sight of the
has comforthed vs of aH oure care;
Com furth, now, with thi mod*er* and me!
At nazareth I wold we ware. 256

He bids farewell to the Doctors, who bless Him, *Ih*esus. Be leyf then, ye lordyng*ys* fre!
ffor with my freyndys now wyH I fare.
*prim*us *m*agist*er*. Son, where so thou shaH abyde or be
God make the good man eu*er* mare. 260

(52)

predict that He shall prove a good swain, *Secund*us *m*agist*er*. No wonder if thou, wife,
Of his fyndyng be fayn;
he shaH, if he haue lyfe,
prefe to a fuH good swayn. 264

(53)

and welcome Him to live with them. *Terci*us *m*agist*er*. Son, looke thou layn, for good or yH,
The noytt*ys* that we haue nevened now;
And if thou lyke to abyde here styH,
And with vs won, welcom artt thou. 268

Jesus says He must obey His friends. *Ih*esus. Gramercy, syrs, of youre good wyH!
No longer lyst I byde with you,
My freyndys thoght I shaH fulfyH,
And to thare bydyng baynly bow. 272

(54)

Maria. ffuH weH is me this tyde,
Now may we make good chere.
Ioseph. No longer wyH we byde;
ffar weH aH folk in fere. 276

Expl[*i*]*cit Pagina Doctor*um.

[1] This stanza must be assigned to Mary, see Luke iii. 51.

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(XIX.)

Incipit Iohannes baptista.

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Johannes. Primus Angelus. Secundus Angelus. Jesus.]

[35 eight-line stanzas *ab ab ab ab*, and 1 four-line *ab ab.*]

Johannes. (1)

God, that mayde both more and les,
Heuen and erth, at his awne wyll,
And merkyd man to his lyknes,
As thyng that wold his lyst ffulfyll,
Apon the erth he send lightnes,
Both son and moyne lymett thertyll,
He saue you all from synfulnes,
And kepe you clene, both lowd and styll.

John prays God to save the spectators from sin.

[Fol. 65, a. Sig. l. l.]

(2)

Emang prophetys then am I oone
That god has send to teche his law,
And man to amend, that wrang has gone,
Both *with* exampyll and *with* saw.
My name, for sothe, is baptyst Iohn,
My fader zacary ye knaw,
That was dombe and mayde great mone,
Before my byrth, and stode in awe.

He is a prophet, Baptist John, son of Zachary and Elizabeth.

(3)

Elezabeth my moder was,
Awntt vnto mary, madyn mylde;
And as the son shynys thorow the glas,
Cert*ys*, in hir wombe so dyd hir chyld.
Yit the Iues inqueryd me has
If I be cryst; thay ar begyld,
For ih*esus* shal amend mans trespas,
That *with* freylte of fylthe is fylyd.

The Jews have asked if he be Christ.

(4)

I am send bot messyngere
ffrom hym that alkyn mys may mend;
I go before, bodword to bere,
And[1] as forgangere am I send,

He is only the messenger and forerunner

[1] MS. As.

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to prepare His ways.

his wayes to wyse, his lawes to lere,
Both man and wyfe that' has offende.
ffuH mekyH barett mon he bere,
Or tyme he haue broght' aH tyH ende,

(5)

These Jews shall crucify Christ as a traitor or thief, not for His guilt but our good.

Thise Iues shaH hyng hym on a roode,
Man's sauH to hy*m* it' is so leyfe,
And therapon shaH shede his bloode,
As he were tratoure or a thefe,
Not' for his gylt' bot for oure goode,
Because that we ar in myschefe;
Thus shaH he dy, that' frely foode,
And ryse agane tyH oure relefe.

(6)

He baptises with water, but Christ with the Holy Ghost.

In water clere then baptyse I
The pepyH that' ar in this coste;
Bot he shaH do more myghtely,
And baptyse in the holy goost;
And with the bloode of his body
wesh oure synnes both leste and moost,
Therfor, me thynk, both ye and I
Agans the feynde ar weH endoost.

(7)

He is unworthy to loose Christ's shoestring.

I am not worthy for to lawse
The leste thwong that lo*ngys* to his shoyne;
Bot god almyghty, that' aH knawes,
In erth thi wiH it' must' be done.

He praises God for His bounty,

I thank the, lord, that' thi sede sawes
Emong mankynde to groyf so sone,
And eu*ery* day that on erth dawes
ffeydys vs *with* foode both euen and none.

(8)

and for sending His Son to save man's soul.

we ar, lord, bondon vnto the,
To luf the here both day and nyght,
ffor thou has send thi son so fre
To saue mans sauH that' dede was dight
Thrugh adam syn and eue foly,
That' synnyd thrugh the feynd*is* myght;
Bot', lord, on man thou has pyte,
And beyld thi barnes in heuen so bright.

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(9)

primus angelus. harkyn to me, thou Iohn baptyst!
The ffader of heuen he gret*ys* the weyH,
ffor he has fon the true and tryst,
And dos thi dever eu*ery* deyH;
wyt thou weH his wiH thus ist,
Syn thou art' stabyH as any steyH,
That thou shaH baptyse ih*es*u cryst
In flume Iordan, mans care to beyH

An angel announces to him that he shall baptise Christ in Jordan.

(10)

Iohannes. A, dere god! what' may this be?
I hard a steuen, bot' noght I saw.
primus angelus. Iohn, it' is I that' spake to the;
To do this dede haue thou none aw.
Iohannes. Shuld I abyde to he com to me?
That' that' shaH neu*er* be, I traw;
I shaH go meyt that lord so fre,
As far as I may se or knaw.

[Fol. 65, b.]

John says he will go meet Christ.

(11)

Secundus angelus. Nay, Iohn, that' is not weH syttand;
his fader wiH thou must' ned*ys* wyrk.
primus angelus. Iohn, be thou here abydand,
Bot' when he com*mys* be then not' yrk.
Iohannes. By this I may weH vnderstand
That' childer shuld be broght to kyrk,
ffor to be baptysyd in euery land;
To me this law yit' is it' myrk.

But he is bidden to await His coming.

Hence he understands that children should be brought to church to be baptised.

(12)

Secundus angelus. Iohn, this place it' is pleassyng,
And it' is callyd flume Iordan;
here is no kyrk, ne no bygyng,
Bot' where the fader wyH ordan,
It' is god*ys* wyH and his bydyng.
Iohannes. By this, for sothe, weH thynk me than
his warke to be at his lykyng,
And ilk folk pleasse hym that' thay can.

The second angel shows him that Jordan is to be the place, though there is neither church nor building there.

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(13)

John yields himself to Christ's will wherever he be.

Sen I must' nedys his lyst' fulfyll
he shall be welcom vnto me;
I yeld' me holy to his will,
where so euer I abyde or be.
I am his seruande, lowd and styll,
And messyngere vnto that' fre;
whethere that' he will saue or spyll
I shall not' gruch in no degre.

(14)

Jesus comes to be baptised in clear water,

Ihesus. Iohñ, god*ys* seruand and p*ro*phete,
My fader, that' is vnto the dere,
has send me to the, well thou wytt,
To be baptysyd in water clere;
ffor reprefe vnto mans rytt'
The law I will fulfyll right' here;
My fader ordynance thus is it,
And thus my wyll is that' it were.

(15)

I com to the, baptym to take,
To whome my fader has me sent',
with oyle and creme that' thou shal make
vnto that' worthi sacrament'.
And therfor, Iohñ, it' not' forsake,
Bot' com to me in this present',
ffor now will I no farther rake
Or I haue done his c*om*maundement.

with oil and cream thereto.

(16)

John is ready to do Christ's will, but how may a knight baptise his Lord King?

Iohannes. A, lord! I loue the for thi co*m*myng!
I am redy to do his will,
In word, in wark, in all kyn thyng,
what' soeuer he send*ys* me tyll;
This bewteose lord to bryng to me,
his awne seruande, this is no skyll,
A knyght' to baptyse his lord kyng,
My pauste may it' not' fulfyll.

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(17)

And if I were worthy
ffor to fulfyll this sacrament,
I haue no connyng, securly,
To do it after thyn intent;
And therfor, lord, I ask mercy;
hald me excusyd as I haue ment;
I dar not towche thi blyssyd body,
My hart will neuer to it assent.

He asks Christ to hold him excused, for he dare not touch His blessed body.

(18)

Ihesus. Of thi connyng, Johñ, drede the noght;
My fader his self he will the teche;
he that all this warld has wroght,
he send the playnly forto preche;
he knawys mans hart, his dede, his thoght;
he wot*ys* how far mans myght may reche,
Therfor hedir haue I soght;
My fad*er* lyst may none appeche.

[Fol. 66, a. Sig. l. 2.]

Jesus says God will teach John,

(19)

Behold, he sendys his angels two,
In tokyn I am both god and man;
Thou gyf me baptym or I go,
And dyp me in this flume Iordan.
Sen he will thus, I wold wytt who
Durst hy*m* agan stand? Iohñ, com on than,
And baptyse me for freynde or fo,
And do it, Iohñ, right as thou can.

sending two angels in token of His own double nature.

(20)

primus angelus. Iohñ, be thou buxom and right bayn,
And be not gruchand in no thyng;
Me thynk thou aght to be ful fayn
ffor to fulfyll my lord*is* bydyng
Erly and late, with moyde and mayn,
Therfor to the this word I bryng,
My lord has gyffen the powere playn,
And drede the noght of thi conyng.

The first angel bids John obey, for God has given him power.

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(21)

The second angel bids John baptise God's dear child here sent to him.

Secundus angelus. he sendys the here his awne dere chylde,
Thou welcom hym and make hym chere,
Born of a madyn meke and mylde,
That frely foode is made thi fere;
with syn his moder was neuer fylde,
Ther was neuer man neghyd hyr nere,
In word ne wark she was neuer wylde,
Therfor hir son thou baptyse here.

(22)

The first shows that Jesus has come to fulfil the Law.

Primus angelus. And, securly, I wyll thou knaw
whi that he commys thus vnto the;
he commys to fulfyll the law,
As pereles prynce most of pauste;
And therfor, Iohn, do as thou awe,
And gruch thou neuer in this degre
To baptyse hym that thou here saw,
ffor wyt thou well this same is he.

(23)

John trembles and quakes and will not touch Jesus with his hand, but will not lose his meed.

Iohannes. I am not worthy to do this dede;
Neuer the les I will be godys seruande;
Bot yit, dere lord, sen I must nede,
I will do as thou has commaunde.
I tremyll and I whake for drede!
I dar not towche the with my hande,
Bot, certys, I will not lose my mede;
Abyde, my lord, and by me stande.

(24) [*He baptises Jesus.*]

He baptises Jesus in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and begs His blessing..

I baptyse the, Ihesu, in hy,
In the name of thi fader fre,
In nomine patris & filii,
Sen he will that it so be,
Et spiritûs altissimi,
And of the holy goost on he;
I aske the, lord, of thi mercy,
here after that thou wold blys me.

(25)

He anoints Him also

here I the anoynt also
with oyle and creme, in this intent,

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That' men may wit, where so thay go,
  This is a worthy sacrament'. 196
Ther ar sex[1] othere and no mo,
  The which thi self to erthe has sent,
And in true tokyn, oone of tho,
  The fyrst' on the now is it' spent.[2] 200

(26)

Thou wysh me, lord, if I do wrang;
  My wiH it' were forto do weyH';
I am ful ferd yit' ay emang,
  If I dyd right I shuld done knele. 204
Thou blys me, lord, hence or thou gang,
  So that' I may thi frenship fele;
I haue desyryd this sight ful lang,
  ffor to dy now rek I no dele. 208

(27)

*Ih*esus. This beest', Iohn, thou bere with the,
  It' is a beest' fuH blyst;

hic tradat' ei agnum dei.

Iohn, it' is the lamb of me,
  Beest' none othere ist; 212
It' may were the from aduersyte,
  And so looke that' thou tryst;
By this beest' knowen shaH thou be,
  That' thou art' Iohn baptyst. 216

(28)

Io*h*anne*s*. ffor I haue sene the lamb of god
  which weshys away syn of this warld',
And towchid hym, for euen or od,
  My hart' therto was ay ful hard. 220
ffor that' it shuld be bett*er* trowed,
  An angeH had me nerehand mard,
Bot' he that' rewlys aH w*ith* his rod
  he blys me when I draw homward. 224

with oil and cream.

This is the first of the Seven Sacraments.

He prays the Lord pardon him if he do wrong.

[Fol. 66, b.]

Christ delivers to him His Lamb as a token.

John prays he may be blest as he draws "homeward."

[1] MS. vj originally, but the v has been erased.
[2] Stanza 25 has been struck through, evidently after the Reformation, because Seven Sacraments are named; and in the margin is added, in a later hand, "corectyd & not playd."

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(29)

Jesus promises bliss to him, and to all who believe this tale and saw Him not yet glorified.

*Ih*esus. I graunt the, Iohñ, for thi trauale,
Ay lastand ioy in blys to byde;
And to aH those thaᵗ trowys this tayH,
And saw me noᵗ yitᵗ gloryfyde.
I shalbe boyttᵗ of aH thare bayH,
And send them socoure on eu*er*y syde;
My fader and I may thaym auayH,
Man or woman thaᵗ leyff*ys* thare pryde.

(30)

He bids John go forth and preach to the people.

Boᵗ, Iohñ, weynd thou furthñ and preche
Agans the folk thaᵗ dothñ amys;
And to the pepyH the trowthe thou teche;
To rightwys way look thou tham avys,
And as far as thi wyᵗ may reche
Byd thaym be bowne to byde my blys;
ffor aᵗ the day of dome I shaH thaym peche
Thaᵗ herys noᵗ the nor trowys noᵗ this.

(31)

He Himself must die for their sins,

Byd thaym leyfe syn, for I itᵗ hate;
ffor itᵗ I mon dy on a tre,
By *pro*phecy ffuH weH I wate;
My mod*er* cert*ys* thaᵗ sighᵗ mon se,
Thaᵗ sorowfuH sighᵗ shaH make hir maytt,
ffor I was bornñ of hir body.

and He now bids John farewell and blesses Him.

ffarweH Iohñ, I go my gaytt;
I blys the with the trynyte!

(32)

John thanks God for His grace.

Iohannes. Almyghty god in persons thre,
AH in oone substance ay ingroost,
I thank the, lord in mageste,
ffader and son and holy goost!
Thou send thi son from heuen so he,
To mary mylde, into this cooste,
And now thou send*ys* hym vnto me,
ffor to be baptysid in this oostᵗ.

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(33)

ffarweł! the frelyst that' eu*er* was fed!
ffarweł! floure more fresh the*n* floure de lyce!
ffarweł! stersman to theym that' ar sted
In stormes, or in desese lyse! 260
Thi mod*er* was madyn and wed;
ffarweł! pereles, most' of pryce!
ffarweł! the luflyst' that' eu*er* was bred!
Thi mod*er* is of heł emprise. 264

John apostrophizes Jesus.

His mother is Empress of Hell.

(34)

ffarweł! blissid both̄ bloode and bone!
ffarweł! the semelyst' that eu*er* was seyn!
To the, ih*es*u, I make my mone;
ffarweł! comly, of cors so cleyn! 268
ffarwel! gracyouse gome! where so thou gone,
fful mekił grace is to the geyn;
Thou leyne vs lyffyng on thi lone,
Thou may vs mende more the*n* we weyn. 272

He is the seemliest that ever was seen.

(35)

I wył go preche both to more and les,
As I am chargyd securly;
Syrs, forsake youre wykydnes,
Pryde, envy, slowth̄, wrath̄, and lechery. 276
here gods s*er*uice,[1] more & lesse;
Pleas god with̄ prayng, thus red I;
Be war when deth̄ comys w*ith* dystres,
So that' ye dy not sodanly. 280

[Fol. 67, a. Sig. l. 3.]

He preaches to the people to forsake sin.

(36)

Deth sparis none that' lyf has borne,
Therfor thynk on what I you say;
Beseche youre god both̄ euen and morne
you for to saue from syn that day. 284
Thynk how in baptym ye ar sworne
To be god*is* seruand*is*, withoutten nay;
let neu*er* his luf from you be lorne,
God bryng you to his blys for ay. Amen. 288

Death spares none, so let them not lose God's love.

*Explicit Ioh*annes *Bapt*ista.

[1] The words "God's service, more and lesse," are in a later hand, the original words having been erased.

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XX.

Incipit Co*n*spirac*io*.[1]

[2 *thirteen-line stanzas nos.* 97, 100, ab ab ab abc, dddc ; 1 *twelve, no.* 16 ab abb cbcb, abc ; 7 *nine-line, nos.* 1-5, aaaab cccb ; *nos.* 99, 102, ab abc dddc ; 24 *eight-line, most* ab ab ab ab, *no.* 6 aaaab aab, *no.* 107, ab abb cbc, *no.* 117 ab ab cb cb ; 90 *fours* ab ab ; 46 *couplets.*

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Pilatus.	*Judas.*	*Andreas.*
Cayphas.	*S. Johannes.*	*Simeon.*
Anna.	*Petrus.*	*Thadeus.*
Primus Miles.	*Paterfamilias.*	*Trinitas.*
Secundus Miles.	*Jesus.*	*Marcus Miles.*]

*Pilat*us. (1)

Pilate calls for silence.

Peas, carles, I co*m*maunde[2] / vnconand I caƚƚ you ;
I say stynt' and stande / or fouƚƚ myght befaƚƚ you.
ffro this burnyshyd brande / now when I behald' you,
I red ye be shunand / or els the dwiƚƚ skald you,
At' onys. 5
I am kyd, as men knawes,
leyf leder of lawes ;
Seniours, seke to my sawes,
ffor bryssyng of youre bonys. 9

(2)

He is the grandsir of Great Mahound, and is called Pilate.

ye wote not wel, I weyn / what wat is co*m*men to *th*e towne,
So comly cled and cleyn / a rewler of great renowne ;
In sight' if I were seyn / the granser of great mahowne,
My name pylate has beyn / was neu*er* kyng with crowne
More wor[thy] ; 14
My wysdom and my wytt,
In sete here as I sytt,
was neu*er* more lyke it',
My dedys thus to dyscry. 18

(3)

He can make or mar a man, like men of court now.

ffor I am he that may / make or mar a man ;
My self if I it say / as men of cowrte now can ;

[1] In the MS. *Conspiracio* is followed by the letter c.
[2] The bars / marking the central rymes are represented in the MS. by dots :

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Supporte a man to day / to-morñ agans hym than,
On both parties thus I play / And fenys me to ordan
The right; 23
Bot' aH fals indytars,[1]
Quest' mangers and Iurers,
And aH thise fals out rydars,
Ar welcom to my sight. 27

False indictors, questmongers, jurors, and all these false outriders are dear to him.

(4)

More nede had I neuer / of sich seruand now, I say you, [Fol. 67, b.]
So can I weH consider / the trowthñ I most displeas you,
And therfor com I hedyr / of peas therfor I pray you;
Ther is a lurdan ledyr / I wold not shuld dysmay you,
A bowtt; 32
A prophete is he prasyd,
And great vnright has rasyd,
Bot', be my banys her blasid,
his deth is dight no dowtt. 36

He has heard of a lazy rascal praised as a prophet.

(5)

he prechys the pepyH here / that fature fals ihesus,
That' if he lyf a yere / dystroy oure law must vs;
And yit' I stand in fere / so wyde he wyrkys vertus,
No fawt' can on hym bere / no lyfand leyde tyH us;
Bot' sleyghtys 41
Agans hym shaH be soght,
that' aH this wo has wroght;
Bot on his bonys it shaH be boght,
So shaH I venge oure rightys. 45

If He live a year He will destroy their law, but yet Pilate is in fear of Him.

(6)

That' fatoure says that' thre / shuld euer dweH in oone godhede,
That' euer was and shaH be / Sothfast in man hede;
he says of a madyn born was he / that' neuer toke mans sede,
And that' his self shaH dy on tre / and mans sawH out of preson lede;
let hym alone, 50
If this be true in deyd,
his shech shaH spryng and sprede,
And ouer com euer ylkone. 53

This fellow says that three persons shall dwell in one godhead, that He was born of a maiden, and shall be crucified.

[1] MS. "indydytars."

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(7)

Cayphas asks Pilate's advice as to hideous harms

Cayphas. Syr pilate, prynce of mekyH price,
that preuyd is withoutten pere,
And lordyng*ys* that oure laws in lyse,
on oure law now must vs lere,
And of oure warkys we must' be wyse,
or els is aH oure welthe in were,
Therfor say sadly youre auyse,
of hedus harmes that we haue here,

(8)

arising from that strong traitor.

Towchyng that tratoure strang,
that' makys this beleyf,
ffor if he may thus furth gang,
It' wiH ouer greatly grefe.

(9)

Anna supports him.

Anna. Sir, oure folk ar so afrayd,
thrugh lesyns he losys oure lay;
Som remedy must be rayd,
so that he weynd' not' thus away.

Pilate says they must find some privy point to mar Christ's might.

*pilat*us. Now certan, syrs, this was weH sayd,
and I assent, right as ye say,
Som p*r*euay poynt' to be puruayd
To mar his myght' if [that] we may;

(10)

And therfor, sirs, in this p*r*esent,
What poynt so were to prase,
let aH be at' assent',
let se what ilk man says.

(11)

Cayphas and Anna enlarge on the danger from Christ.

Cayphas. Sir, I haue sayde you here beforne
his soteltyes and' gref*ys* to sare;
he turnes oure folk both euen & morne,
and ay mak*ys* mastres mare & mare.
Anna. Sir, if he skape it were great skorne;
to spyH hym tytt we wiH not' spare,
ffor if oure lawes were thus-gat*ys* lorne,
men wold say it were lake of lare.

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(12)

*pilat*us. ffor certan, syrs, ye say right' weyH
ffor to wyrk witterly;
Bot' yit som fawt must' we feyH,
wherfor that' he shuld dy;

[Fol. 68, a. Sig. l. 4.]

Pilate says they must find some fault for which He is to die.

(13)

And therfor, sirs, let se youre saw,
ffor what' thyng we shuld hym slo.
Cayphas. Sir, I can rekyn you on a raw
a thowsand wonders, and weH moo,
Of crokyd men, that we weH knaw,
how graythly that' he gars them go,
And euer he leg*ys* agans oure law,
tempys oure folk and turnys vs fro.

Cayphas says Christ straightens the crooked, and is always tempting the people from the law.

(14)

Anna. lord, dom and defe in oure present
delyuers he, by downe & dayH;
what hurt*ys* or ha[r]mes thay hent,
ffuH hastely he mak*ys* theym hayH.
And for sich wark*ys* as he is went
of ilk welth he may avayH,
And vnto vs he tak*ys* no tent,
bot' ilk man trowes vnto his tayH.

He takes no heed unto them.

(15)

*Pilat*us. yei, dewiH! and dos he thus
as ye weH bere wytnes?
sich fawte faH to vs,
be oure dom, for to redres.

Pilate says he must redress this.

(16)

Cayphas. And also, *sir*, I haue hard say,
an other noy that' neghys vs nere,
he wiH not' kepe oure sabate day,
that' holy shuld be haldyn here;
Bot forbedys far and nere
to wyrk at' oure bydyng.
*Pilat*us. Now, by mahowns bloode so dere,
he shaH aby this bowrdyng!

Also, Cayphas says Christ breaks the Sabbath.

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what dewiH wiH he be there?
this hold I greaT hethyng.

Anna says Christ calls Himself heaven's King.

Anna. Nay, nay, weH more is ther;
he callys hym self heuens kyng,

(17)

And says that he is so myghty
aH rightwytnes to rewH and red.

Pilate will make Christ pay dearly for this.

pilatus. By mahowns blood, that shaH he aby
with bytter baylls or I ett bred!

The knights recall the raising of Lazarus.

primus Miles. lord, the loth lazare of betany
that lay stynkand in a sted,
vp he rasyd bodely
the fourt day after he was ded.

(18)

Secundus Miles. And for that he hym rasyd,
that had lyne dede so long a space,
The people hym fuH mekyH prasyd
ouer aH in euery place.

The people think Jesus God's Son.

Anna. Emangys the folke has he the name
that he is godys son, and none els,
And his self says the same
that his fader in heuen dwelles;
That he shaH rewH both wyld and tame;
of aH sich maters thus he mels.
Pilatus. This is the dwyHs payn![1]
who trowys sich talys as he tels?

(20)

Cayphas. yis, lord, haue here my hand,
and ilk man beyldys hym as his brother;
Sich whaynt cantelys he can,
lord, ye knew neuer sich an othere.

(21)

Pilate commands knight and knave to be forward to slay Him.

Pilatus. why, and wotys he not that I haue
bold men to be his bayn?
I commaunde both knyght and knaue
sesse not to that lad be slayn.

[1] assonance with *tame*, &c.

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(22)

primus Miles. Sir pylate, mefe you now no mare,[1]
bot mese youre hart and mend youre mode;
ffor bot if that loseH lere oure lare[1]
and leyf his gawd*ys*, he were as goode;
ffor in oure tempyH we wiH not spare
to take that loseH, if he were woode.

The first knight says they will take Jesus in the Temple.

[Fol. 68, b.]

Pilatus. In oure tempyH? the dwiH! what dyd he thare?
that shaH he by, by mahoun*s* blode!

Pilate is enraged at His being there.

(23)

Secundus Miles. lord, we wist not youre wyH;
with wrang ye vs wyte;
had ye so told vs tyH,
we shuld haue takyn hym tyte.

If the knights had known this they would have taken Jesus before.

(24)

Pilatus. The dwiH, he hang you higH to dry!
whi, wold ye lese oure lay?
Go bryng hym hed*er* hastely,
so that he weynd not thus away.

Pilate orders His immediate arrest.

Cayphas. Sir pilate, be not to hasty,
bot suffer ouer oure sabote day;
In the mene tyme to spyr and spy
mo of his meruels, if men may.

Cayphas bids him wait till after the next Sabbath, that they may spy on Jesus.

(25)

Anna. yei, *sir*, and when this feste is went,
then shaH his craftys be kyd.
Pilatus. Cert*ys*, syrs, and I assent
ffor to abyde then, as ye byd.

Pilate agrees.

Tunc venit Iudas.

(26)

Iudas. Masters, myrth be you emang,
and mensk be to this meneye!
Cayphas. Go! othere gat*ys* thou has to gang
with sorow; who send after the?
Iudas. Syrs, if I haue done any wrang,
at youre awne bydyng wiH I be.
Pilatus. Go hence, harlot, hy mot thou hang!
where in the dwiH hand had we the?

Judas greets them, but is badly received.

[1] MS. more, lore.

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(27)

Cayphas says Judas should ask leave before intruding.

Iudas. Goode *sir*, take it to no grefe;
for my menyng it̄ may avayħ.
Anna. we, lad, thou shuld ask lefe
to com in sich counsayħ.

(28)

Judas knows they mean to take his "Master."

Iudas. Sir, aħ youre counseħ weħ[1] I ken;
ye mene my mast*er* for to take.
Anna. A ha! here is oone of his men
that thus vnwynly gars vs wake.

Pilate bids them lay hands on him for his "Master's" sake.

*Pilat*us. la hand on hym, and hurl hym then
emang*ys* you, for his mast*er* sake;
ffor we haue maters mo then ten,
that weħ more myst*er* were to make.

(29)

Cayphas' orders him to be buffeted.

Cayphas. Set on hym buffettys sad,
Sen he sich mastrys mase,
And teche ye sich a lad
to profer hym in sich a place.

(30)

Iudas. Sir, my profer may both pleas and pay
to aħ the lord*ys* in this pr*esent*.
*Pilat*us. we! go hens in twenty[2] dwiħ way!
we haue no tome the for to tent.

Judas offers to sell Jesus.

Iudas. yis, the profete that has lost youre lay
by wond*er* wark*ys*, as he is went,
If ye wiħ sheynd hym as ye say,
to seħ hym you I wyħ assent.

(31)

Pilate is ready to hear him.

*Pilat*us. A, *sir*, hark! what says thou?
let se, and shew thi skyħ.
Iudas. Sir, a bargan bede I you,
by it̄ if ye wiħ.

(32)

Anna asks who he is.

Anna. what is thi name? do teħ in hy,
if we may wit if thou do wrang.

He is Judas who has dwelt long with Jesus.

Iudas. Iudas scarioth, so hight I,
that with the pr*ofet* has dwellyd lang.

[1] MS. will. [2] MS. xx.

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Pilatus. Sir, thou art welcom witterly!
say what thou wiH vs here emang.
Iudas. Not els bot if ye wiH hym by;
do say me sadly or I gang.

Judas repeats his offer to sell Jesus.

(33)

Cayphas. yis, freynd, in fathe wiH we
noght els; bot hartely say
how that bargan may be,
and we shaH make the pay.

Cayphas and Anna are willing to buy, but Judas must explain more.

(34)

Anna. Iudas, forto hold the hayH,
And for to feH aH fowH defame,
looke that' thou may avow thi sayH;
then may thou be withoutten blame.

[Fol. 69, a.]

Iudas. Sir, of my teyn gyf ye neuer tayH,
so that' ye haue hym here at hame;
his bowrdyng has me broght in bayH,
and cert*ys* his self shaH haue the same.

Judas says Jesus has brought him trouble, and shall have trouble Himself.

(35)

Cayphas. Sir pylate, tentys here tyH,
and lightly leyf it noght',
Then may ye do youre wyH
of hym that ye haue boght'.

Cayphas and Anna exhort Pilate to listen.

(36)

Anna. yei, and then may we be bold
fro aH the folk to hald hym fre;
And hald hym hard w*ith* vs in hold,
right' as oone of youre meneye.

pilatus. Now, Iudas, sen he shalbe sold,
how lowfes thou hym? belyfe let se.
Iudas. ffor thretty[1] pennys truly told,
or els may not' that bargan be;

Pilate inquires the price of Jesus; Judas asks thirty pence,

(37)

So mych gart' he me lose,
malycyusly and yH;
Therfor ye shaH haue chose,
to by or let be styH.

so much had Jesus made him lose.

[1] MS. xxx.

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(38)

Anna asks how Jesus made him lose it.

Anna. Gart he the lose? I pray the, why?
teH vs now pertly or thou pas.

Judas tells how in Simon's house

Iudas. I shaH you say, and that in hy,
euery word right as it was.
In symon house *with* hym sat I
with othere menege that he has;
A woman cam to company,
callyng hym "lord"; sayng, "alas!"

(39)

a woman brought precious ointment,

ffor synnes that she had wroght
she wepyd sore always;
And an oyntment she broght,
that precyus was to prayse.

(40)

She weshyd hym *with* hir terys weytt,
and sen dryed hym with hir hare;

and poured it upon Jesus.

This fare oyntment, hir bale to beytt,
apon his hede she put it thare,
That it ran aH abowte his feytt;
I thoght it was a ferly fare,
The house was fuH of odowre sweytt;
then to speke myght I not spare,

(41)

Judas had never seen such fine ointment.

ffor, cert*ys*, I had not seyn
none oyntment half so fyne;
Ther-at my hart had teyn,
sicH tresoure for to tyne.

(42)

He said at the time it was worth three hundred pence, which might have been given to the poor, out of which he would have kept thirty for himself.

I sayd it was worthy to seH
thre hundreth pens in oure present,
ffor to parte poore men emeH;
bot wiH ye se wherby I ment?
The tent parte, truly to teH,
to take to me was myne intent;
ffor of the tresure that to vs feH,
the tent parte euer *with* me went;

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(43)

And if thre[1] hundreth be right told,
the tent' parte is euen thryrty;
Right so he shalbe sold';
say if ye will hym by. 281

So for these thirty pence he will sell Jesus.

(44)

*Pilat*us. Now for certan, *sir*, thou says right wele,
sen he wate the *with* sich a wrast,
ffor to shape hym som vncele,
and for his bost' be not abast. 285

Pilate praises him.

Anna. Sir, all thyn askyng euery dele
here shall thou hafe, therof be trast;
Bot looke that' we no falshede fele.
Iudas. *sir*, with a p*ro*fe may ye frast; 289

Anna promises what he asks.

(45)

All that I haue here hight
I shall fulfill in dede,
And well more at my myght,
In tyme when I se nede. 293

[Fol. 69, b.]

Judas promises to make good his offer.

(46)

*Pilat*us. Iudas, this spekyng must be spar,
and neuen it' neuer, nyght ne day;
let' no man wyt where that we war,
for ferdnes of a fowll enfray. 297

Pilate enjoins secrecy.

Cayphas. Sir, therof let vs moyte no mare;
we hold vs payde, take ther thi pay.
[*Giving him money.*]

Cayphas pays Judas,

Iudas. This gart' he me lose lang are;
now ar we euen for onys and ay. 301

who says he is now even with Jesus.

(47)

Anna. This forwarde will not fayll,
therof we may be glad;
Now were the best counsayll,
in hast that we hym had'. 305

Anna asks how they may best take Jesus.

(48)

*Pilat*us. we shall hym haue, and that in hy,
ffull hastely here in this hall.
Sir knyght*ys*, that ar of dede dughty, [*To the knights.*]
stynt neu*er* in stede ne stall, 309

[1] MS. iij.

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Pilate bids his knights bring the false "fatur" at once.

Bot looke ye bryng hym hastely,
that' fatur fals, what' so befall.
primus Miles. Sir, be not abast' therby,
ffor as ye byd wyrk we shall.

[*All retire: then Jesus & his disciples advance.*]

Tunc dicet sanctus Iohannes.

(49)

John asks Jesus where He will eat His Passover.

Iohannes apostolus. Sir, where will ye youre pask ette?
Say vs, let vs dight youre mete.
Ihesus. Go furth, Iohn and pet*er*, to yond cyte;

He bids John and Peter go to the city, there they shall meet a man bearing water, who will lend a room for them to eat it in.

when ye com ther, ye shall then se
In the strete, as tyte, a man
beryng wat*er* in a can;
The house that' he gose to grith,
ye shall folow and go hym with;
The lord of that house ye shall fynde,
A sympyll man of cely kynde;
To hym ye shall speke, and say
That I com here by the way;
Say I pray hym, if his will be,
A lytyll whyle to ese me,
That' I and my dyscypyls all
myght rest a whyle in his hall,
That' we may ete oure paske thore.
petrus. lord, we shall hy vs before,
To that we com to that' cyte;
youre paske shall ordand be.

Tunc pergent Iohannes & petrus ad Ciuitatem, & obuiet eis homo, &c.

They meet the "paterfamilias," who offers them a room in which to make their "mangery."

Sir, oure master the prophett
commys behynde in the strete;
And of a chamber he you prays,
To ete and drynk ther-in with easse.
paterfamilias. Sirs, he is welcom vnto me,
and so is all his company;
with all my hart and all my will
is he welcom me vntyll.
lo, here a chambre fast by,
Ther-in to make youre mangery,

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I shal warand fare strewed;
it shuld not els to you be shewed.

Tunc parent Iohannes & petrus mensam.

Iohannes. Sir, youre mett is redy bowne, [*Jesus enters.*] John tells Jesus the meat is ready.
wiłt ye wesh and syt downe?
Ihesus. yei, gyf vs water tyłt oure hande,
take we the grace that god has send; He bids the disciples eat with Him.
Commys furth, both oone and othere;
If I be master I wiłt be brothere.

Tunc comedent, & Iudas porrigit manum in discum cum Ihesu.

Iudas, what menys thou? [Fol. 70, a.]
Iudas. No thyng, lord, bot ett with you.
Ihesus. Ett on, brether, hardely, One of them shall betray Him.
for oone of you shałt [me] betray.[1]
Petrus. lord, who euer that be may,
lord, I shałt neuer the betray; First Peter, then seven others ask, "Is it I?"
Dere master, is it oght I?
Ihesus. Nay thou, peter, certanly.
Iohannes. Master, is oght I he then?
Ihesus. Nay, for trowth, Iohn, I the ken.
Andreas. Master, am oght [I] that shrew?
Ihesus. Nay, for sothe, thou andrew.
Simon. Master, then is oght I?
Ihesus. Nay, thou Simon, securly.
philippus. Is it oght I that shuld do that dede?
Ihesus. Nay, philyp, withoutten drede.
Thadeus. was it oght I that hight thadee?
Iacobus. Or we two Iamys?
Ihesus. Nay none of you is he;
Bot he that ett with me in dysh, It is he that eats with Jesus in the dish. "Wene ye, that I it am?" asks Judas, and is told he says sooth. All shall forsake Jesus.
he shałt my body betray, Iwys.
Iudas. what then, wene ye that I it am?
Ihesus. Thou says sothe, thou berys the blame;
Ichon of you shałt this nyght
ffor sake me, and fayn he myght.
Iohannes. Nay certys, god forbeyd
that euer shuld we do that deyd!

[1] This *betray* is evidently meant to ryme with *hardely*.

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Peter says he will never flee from Jesus, and is told he shall forsake Him thrice ere cockcrow.

petrus. If aH, master, forsake the,
shaH I neuer fro the fle.
*Ih*esus. Peter, thou shaH thryse apon a thraw
fforsake me, or the cok craw.
Take vp this clothe and let vs go,
ffor we haue othere thyng*ys* at do.

hic lauet pedes discipulorum.

Jesus begins to wash the disciples' feet.

Sit aH downe, and here and sees,
ffor I shaH wesh youre feet on knees.

Et mittens aquam in peluim venit ad petrum.

Peter at first objects,

Petrus. lord, shuld thou wesh feytt myne?
thou art my lord, and I thy hyne.
*Ih*esus. why I do it thou wote not yit,
peter, herafter shaH thou wytt.
Petrus. Nay, master, I the heytt,
thou shaH neuer wesh my feytt.
*Ih*esus. Bot I the wesh, thou mon mys
parte with me in heuens blys.

but afterwards asks that head and hands may be washed also.

Petrus. Nay, lord, or I that forgo,
wesh heede, hand*ys*, and feytt also.
*Ih*esus. ye ar clene, bot not aH;
that shaH be sene when tyme shaH faH;
who shaH be weshyn as I weyn,
he thar not wesh his feytt clene;
And for sothe clene ar ye,
bot not aH as ye shuld be.

[Fol. 70, b.] I shaH you say take good hede
whi that I haue done the dede;

Jesus explains the lesson of humility.

ye caH me master and lord, by name;
ye say fuH weH, for so I am;
Sen I, both lord and master, to you wold knele
to wesh youre fete, so must ye wele.

(50)

Now wote ye what I haue done;
Ensampyll haue I gyffen you to;

Let each wash the other's feet.

loke ye do so eft sone;
Ichon of you wesh othere fete, lo!

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(51)

ffor he that' seruand is,
for sothe, as I say you,
Not' more then his lord' he is,
to whome he *ser*uyce owe.

For the servant is not more than the lord.

(52)

Or that' this nyght be gone,
Alone with ye leyf me;
ffor in this nyght' ilkon
ye shall fro me fle;

Jesus repeats that they will forsake Him.

(53)

ffor when the hyrd is smeten,
the shepe shall fle away,
Be skaterd wyde and byten;
the *proph*et*ys* thus can say.

When the herdsman is smitten the sheep flee.

(54)

Petrus. lord, if that I shuld dy,
fforsake the shall I noght'.
*Ih*esus. ffor sothe, peter, I say to the,
In so great' drede shall thou be brogh't',

Peter says he will not forsake Jesus, but is told that ere the cock crow twice he will deny Him thrice.

(55)

That' or the cok haue crowen twyse,
thou shall deny me tymes thre.
Petrus. That' shall I neu*er*, lord, Iwys;
ere shall I with the de.

(56)

*Ih*esus. Now loke youre hart*ys* be grefyd nogh't',
nawthere in drede ne in wo;
Bot' trow in god, that' you has wrogh't',
and in me trow ye also;

Let them not be grieved,

(57)

In my fader house, for sothe,
is many a wonnyng stede,
That' men shall haue aftyr thare trowthe,
soyn after thay be dede.

in His Father's house are many "woning stedes."

(58)

And here may I no longer leynd,
bot' I shall go before,
And yit' if I before you weynd,
ffor you to ordan thore,

He goes before to ordain for them there.

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(59)

He will come to them again.

I shaH com to you agane,
and take you to me,
That' where so eu*er* I am [1],
ye shaH be with me.

(60)

He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

And I am way, and sothe-fastnes,
and' lyfe that' eu*er* shalbe;
And to my fad*er* com*m*ys none, Iwys,
bot' oonly thorow me.

(61)

He will not leave them helpless.

I wiH not' leyf you aH helples,
as men withoutten freynd,
As faderles and moderles,
thof aH I fro you weynd;

(62)

The world shall not see Him, but they shall.

I shaH com eft to you agayn:
this warld' shaH me not' se,
Bot' ye shaH se me weH certan,
and lyfand shaH I be.

(63)

In heaven they shall know that He is in the Father, and the Father in Him.

And ye shaH lyf in heuen;
Then shaH ye knaw, Iwys,
That' I am in my fader euen,
and my fad*er* in me is.

(64)

He in them, and they in Him.

And I in you, and ye in me,
and ilka man therto,
My com*m*aundement that' kepys trule,
and aft*er* it' wiH do.

(65)

Let them be glad of His going.

Now haue ye hard what I haue sayde;
I go, and com agayn;

[Fol. 71, a.]

Therfor loke ye be payde,
and also glad and fayn;

[1] assonance with *agane*.

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(66)

ffor to my fader I weynd ; — For He goes to His Father.
ffor more then I is he ;
I let you wytt', as faythfull freynd,
or that' it done be,

(67)

That' ye may trow when it' is done ; — There are many things He may not say to them now ;
ffor certys, I may noght now
Many thyngys so soyn
at' this tyme speake with you ;

(68)

ffor the prynce of this warld is commyn, — for the prince of this world is coming, that all may see
and no powere has he in me,
Bot' as that' all the warld within
may both here and se,

(69)

That' I owe luf my fader to, — His obedience to His Father.
Sen he me hyder sent',
And all thyngys I do
after his commaundement'.

(70)

Ryse ye vp, ilkon, — Let them go to Olivet to pray.
and weynd we on oure way,
As fast as we may gone,
to olyuete, to pray.

(71)

Peter, Iamys, and thou Iohñ, — He bids Peter, James, and John follow Him
ryse vp and folow me !
My tyme it' commys anone ;
Abyde styll here, ye thre.

(72)

Say youre prayers here by-nethñ, — and pray.
that ye fall in no fowdyng ; His soul is heavy against death.
My sawll is heuy agans the deth
and the sore pynyng.

Tunc orabit', & dicet',

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(73)

Jesus prays.
ffader, let this great payn be styH,
And pas away fro me;
Bot not', fader, at' my wyH,
bot' thyn fulfyllyd be. 503
& reuertet ad discipulos.

(74)

He finds the disciples sleeping, and bids them watch against the fiend.
Symon, I say, slepys thou?
awake, I red you aH!
The feynd ful fast salys you,
In wan-hope to gar you faH; 507

(75)

He will pray for them.
Bot' I shaH pray my fader so
that' his myght shaH not dere;
My goost is prest therto,
my flesh is seke for fere. 511
& iterum orabit.

(76)

He prays again.
ffader, thi son I was,
of the I aske this boyn;
If[1] This payn may not pas,
fader, thi wiH be doyn! 515
& reuertet ad discipulos.

(77)

Again finds them sleeping.
Ye slepe, brether, yit I see,
it' is for sorow that' ye do so;
Ye haue so long wepyd for me
that ye ar masyd and lappyd in wo. 519
& tercio orabit':

(78)

He prays a third time.
Dere fader, thou here my wyH!
this passyon thou put' fro me away;
And if I must' ned*ys* go ther-tyH,
I shaH fulfiH thi wyH to-day; 523

(79)

Therfor this bytt*er* passyon
if I may not' put by,
I am here redy at thi dom;
thou comforte me that am drery! 527

[1] "If" in margin.

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(80)

Trinitas. My comforte, son, I shaH the teH, — The Trinity strengthens Him.
of thyng*ys* thaT feH by reson;
As lucyfer, for syn that feH,
betrayd eue with his fals treson,
Adam assenT his wyfe vntyH;
the wekyd goost then askyd a bone
which has hurt mankynde fuH yH;
this was the wordys he askyd soyn:

(81)

AH thaT euer of adam com — all that came from Adam were doomed
holly to hym to take,
with hym to dweH, withoutten dome,
In payn thaT neu*er* shaH slake,

(82)

To thaT a chyld myghT be borne — [Fol. 71, b.]
of a madyn, and she wemles, — till a child might be born of a pure maiden.
As cleyn as thaT she was beforne,
as puryd syluer or shynand glas;[1]

(83)

To tyme thaT childe to deth were dighT, — be done to death, rise the third day, and ascend to heaven, as God.
and rasyd hym self apon the thryd day,
And stenen to heuen thrugh his awne myghT.
who may do thaT boT god veray?

(84)

Sen thou arT man, and ned*ys* must dee, — As man Jesus must go to Hell, but as God He may not stay there,
and go to heH as othere done,
BoT thaT were wrong, withoutten lee,
thaT god*ys* son there shuld won

(85

In payn *with* his vnder-lowte;
wytT ye weH withoutten weyn, — and "when one is borrowed all shall out."
when oone is borod, aH shaH owtT,
and borod be from teyn. [*Jesus returning to the disciples.*]

(86)

*Ih*esus. Slepe ye now and take youre rest! — Jesus bids His disciples sleep on.
my tyme is nere co*m*mand;
Awake a whyle, for he is nextT
thaT me shaH gyf into synners hand.

[*All retire: Pilate, etc. advance.*]

[1] ? assonance with *wemles*, or originally *gles*?

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(87)

Pilate calls for silence.

*Pilat*us. Peas! I co*m*maunde you, carles vnkynde,
to stand as styH as any stone!
In donyon depe he shalbe pynde,
thaT wiH noT sesse his tong anone;

(88)

ffor I am gouernowre of the law;
my name iT is pilate!
I may lightly gar hang you or draw,
I stand in sich astate,

(89)

He may do what he will.

To do whaT so I wiH.
and therfor peas I byd you aH!
And looke ye hold you stiH,
and with no brodels braH,

(90)

And will break the neck of any one who interrupts.

TyH we haue done oure dede;
who so mak*ys* nose or cry,
his nek I shaH gar blede,
with this I bere in hy.

(91)

To this tratoure be take,
He calls on Judas to keep his promise.
thaT wold dystroy oure lawe,
Iudas, thou may iT noT forsake,
take hede vnto my sawe.

(92)

Thynk whaT thou has doyn,
thaT has thi mast*er* sold;
Performe thi bargan soyn;
thou has thi money takyn and told.

(93)

Judas asks for the help of the knights.

Iudas. Ordan ye knyght*ys* to weynd with me,
Richly arayd in rewyH and rowtT;
And aH my couandys holden shaH be,
So I haue felyship me abowte.

(94)

*Pilat*us. whorby, Iudas, shuld we hym knaw,
They must lay hands on Him Whom he shall kiss.
If we shaH wysely wyrk, Iwys?
ffor som of vs hym neu*er* saw.
Iudas. lay hand on hym thaT I shaH kys.

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(95)

*Pilat*us. haue done, *sir* knyghtys, and kythe youre strengthe,
And wap you wightly in youre wede;
Seke ouer aH, both brede and lengthe!
Spare ye not', spende and spede!

Pilate bids the knights seek out Jesus.

(96)

We haue soght hym les and more,
And falyd ther we haue farn;
Malcus, thou shaH weynd before,
And bere with the a light' lantarne.

[Fol. 72, a.]

[*To Malchus*]

Malchus is to go before with a lantern.

(97)

Malcus Miles. Sir, this Iornay I vndertake
with aH my myght' and mayn.
If I shuld, for mahowns sake,
here in this place be slayn,
Crist' that' *pro*phett for to take,
we may be aH fuH fayn.
Oure weppyns redy loke ye make,
to bryng hym in mekyH grame[1]
This nyght'.
Go we now on oure way,
oure mastres for to may;
Oure lantarnes take with vs alsway,
And loke that' thay be light!

Malchus is ready to die for Mahound's sake, if he may take Christ.

(98)

Secundus Miles, Sir pilate, prynce pereles in paH,
of aH men most' myghty merked on mold',
we ar eu*er* more redy to com at' thi caH,
and bow to thi bydyng as bachlers shold'.[2]

The second knight bids Pilate farewell.

(99)

Bot' that' prynce of the apostyls pupplyshed beforne,
Men caH hym crist', comen of dauid kyn,
his lyfe fuH sone shalbe forlorne,
If we haue hap hym forto wyn.
haue done!
ffor, as eu*er* ete I breede,
or I styr in this stede
I wold stryke of his hede;
lord, I aske that' boyne.

As sure as he eats bread, he will strike off Christ's head.

[1] assonance with *fayn*, &c.

[2] MS. shuld.

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(100)

The first knight promises Pilate speedy vengeance.

primus miles. That' boyn, lord, thou vs bede,
and on hym wreke the sone we shall;
ffro we haue lade on hym good spede;
he shall no more hym *godys* son call.
we shall marke hym truly his mede;
by mahowne most', god of all,

Three such knights as they are would bind the devil!

Siche thre knyght*ys* had lytyll drede
To bynde the dwill that we on call,
In nede;
ffor if thay were a thowsand mo,
that' *prophete* and his apostels also
with thise two hand*ys* for to slo,
had I lytyll drede.

(101)

Pilate salutes them as courteous kaisers of Cain's kind,

pilatus. Now curtes kasers of kamys kyn,
most' gentyll of Iure to me that' I fynde,
My comforth̄ from care may ye sone wyn,
if ye happely may hent that vnheynde.

(102)

and bids them bring Jesus safe and sound to him.

Bot' go ye hens spedely and loke ye not' spare;
My frenship, my fortherans, shall euer with you be;
And mahowne that' is myghfull he menske you euermare!
Bryng you safe and sownde with that brodell to me!
In place
where so euer ye weynd,
ye knyght*ys* so heynde,
Sir lucyfer the feynde
he lede you the trace! [*All retire, Jesus & his disciples advance.*]

(103)

Jesus bids Peter arise, for Judas is coming.

*Ih*esus. Ryse vp, peter, and go with me,
and folowe me withoutten stryfe;
Iudas wakys, and slepys not' he;
he com*m*ys to betray me here belyfe.

(104)

wo be to hym that' bryng*ys* vp slaunder!
he were better his dethe to take;
Bot' com furth̄, pet*er*, and tary no langere:[1]
lo, where thay com that' will me take!

[1] assonance with *slaunder*.

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(105)

Iudas. Rest weH, master, iHesus fre! [Fol. 72, b.]
I pray the that' thou wold kys me enys;
I am commen to socoure the;
thou art aspyed, what so it' menys.

Judas asks Jesus to kiss him.

(106)

Ihesus. Iudas! whi makys thou sich a brayde?
trowys thou not' I knowe thi wiH?
with kyssyng has thou me betrayd:
that' shaH thou rew som tyme ful yH.

Jesus says that He knows Judas' intent.

(107)

whome seke ye, syrs, by name? [*To the Knights.*]
Secundus Miles. we seke ihesu of nazarene.

He asks the knights whom they seek.

Ihesus. I kepe not my name to layn;[1]
lo, I am here, the same ye mene;
Bot' whome seke ye with wepyns kene?
Primus Miles. To say the sothe, and not to ly,
we seke ihesu of nazarene.

"Jesus of Nazarene."

Ihesus. I told you ere that' it' was I.

(108)

Malcus. Dar no man on hym lay hand?
I shaH cach hym, if I may;
A flateryng foyH has thou bene lang,[2]
bot' now is commen thyn endyng day.

Malchus boasts that he will catch Jesus.

(109)

Petrus. I wold be dede within short space
or I shuld se this sight'! [*Cuts off Malchus' ear.*]
Go, pleyn the to sir cayphas,
and byd hym do the right'!

Peter cuts off his ear and bids him complain to Sir Cayphas.

(110)

Malcus. Alas, the tyme that' I was borne,
or today com in this stede!
My right' ere I haue forlorne!
help, alas, I blede to dede!

Malchus laments.

(111)

Ihesus. Thou man, that' menys thi hurt so sare,
com heder, let' me thi wounde se;
Take me thi ere that' he of share:
In nomine patris hole thou be!

Jesus restores his ear.

[1] assonance with *name.* [2] assonance with *hand.*

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(112)

Malchus is again eager to take Jesus.

Malcus. Now am I hole as I was ere,
My hurt' is neuer the wars;
Therfor, felows, drawe me nere!
the dwiH hym spede that' hym spars! 695

(113)

Jesus admonishes Peter

*Ih*esus. Therfor, peter, I say the this,
my wiH it' is that' aH men witten:
Put' vp thi swerde and do no mys,
for he that' smyt*ys*, he shalbe smyten. 699

(114)

and reproaches the knights,

ye knyght*ys* that' be co*mm*en now here,
thus assemblyd in a rowte,
As I were thefe, or thefys fere,
with wepyns com ye me abowte; 703

(115)

but asks them to let his "fellows" go.

Me thynk, for sothe, ye do fuH yH
thus for to seke me in the nyght';
Bot what' penance ye put' me tyH,
ye let' my felows go *with* gryth. 707

(116)

The knights bring Jesus to Pilate.

Secundus Miles. Lede hym furth fast by the gate!
hangyd be he that sparis hy*m* ogh t!
Primus Miles. how thynk the, *sir* pilate,
bi this brodeH that' we haue broght'? 711

(117)

Pilate says Jesus has troubled them by His deeds,

*Pilat*us. Is he the same and the self, I say,
that' has wroght' vs this care?
It' has bene told, sen many a day,
sayngys of hym fuH sare. 715

[Fol. 73, a. Sig. M. 1.]

It' was tyH vs greatt woghe,
ffrom dede to lyfe thou rasyd lazare;
Sen stalkyd stylly bi the see swoghe;
both domb and defe thou salfyd from sare. 719

(118)

in which He surpasses Cæsar and Herod.

Thou passys cesar bi dede,
or *sir* herode oure kyng.
Secundus Miles. let deme hym fast' to dede,
and let' for no kyn thyng. 723

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(119)

Primus Miles. Sen he has forfett agans oure lawe,
let vs deme hym in this stede.
Pilatus. I wiłł not' assent' vnto youre saw;
I can ordan weł better red. 727

The knights clamour for His death.

Pilate knows a better rede.

(120)

Malcus. Better red? yei dwiłł! how so?
then were oure sorow lastand ay;
And he thus furth̄ shuld go,
he wold dystroy oure lay. 731

Malchus is furious.

(121)

wold ye ałł assent to me,
this bargan shuld be strykyn anone;
By nyghtertayłł dede shuld he be,
and tiłł oure awnt*er* stand ilkon. 735

(122)

Pilatus. Peasse, harlott*is*, the dwiłł you spede!
wold ye thus preualy mord*er* a man?
Malcus. when euery man has red his red,
let' se who better say can. 739

Pilate is unwilling to murder Jesus,

(123)

Pilatus. To cayphas hałł loke fast' ye wyrk,
And thid*er* right' ye shałł hym lede;
he has the rewłł of holy kyrk,
lett' hym deme hym whyk or dede; 743

and will send Him to Cayphas, who has the rule of Holy Church.

(124)

ffor he has wroght agans oure law,
ffor-thi most' skyłł can he ther on.
Secundus Miles. Sir, we assent' vnto youre saw;
Com furth, bewshere, and lett vs gone. 747

(125) [*To Jesus.*]

Malcus. Step furth, in the wenyande!
wenys thou ay to stand styłł?
Nay, luskand loseł, lawes of the land
Shałł fayłł bot we haue oure wiłł; 751

Malchus brings Jesus to Cayphas with much abuse.

(126)

Out' of my hand*is* shałł thou not' pas
ffor ałł the craft' thou can;
Tiłł thou com to s*ir* cayphas,
Saue the shałł no man. *Explicit Capcio Ihesu.* 755

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(XXI.)

Incipit Coliphizacio.

[*Dramatis Personae.*

[Fol. 73, b.] *Primus Tortor.* | *Cayphas.* | *Jesus.*
Secundus Tortor. | *Anna.* | *Froward.*]

[50 *nine-line stanzas*, aaaab cccb. *The* aaaa *lines have central rymes, marked by bars* /.]

Primus tortor. (1)

The first Torturer hurries Jesus to Anna and Sir Cayphas, with threats.

Do Io furth, Io! / and trott on a pase!
To anna with we go / and *sir* cayphas;
witt thou weH of thaym two / gett*ys* thou no grace,
Bot euerlastyng wo / for trespas thou has so mekiH.
Thi mys is more
then euer gett*ys* thou grace fore;
Thou has beyn[1] ay-whore
ffuH fals and fuH fekyH.

(2)

The second reproaches Him as a deceiver of the people.

Secundus tortor. It is wonder to dre / thus to be gangyng;
we haue had for the / mekiH hart stangyng;
Bot at last shaH we be / out of hart langyng,
Be thou haue had two[2] or three / het*ys* worth a hangyng;
No wonder!
Sich wyles can thou make,
gar the people farsake
Oure lawes, and thyne take;
thus art thou broght in blonder.

(3)

They join in reviling Jesus. He shall rue being called a saint. Better had he held His clatter!

Primus tortor. Thou can not say agaynt / If thou be trew;
Som men hold*ys* the sant / and that shaH thou rew;
ffare wordys can thou paynt / and lege lawes new.
Secundus tortor. Now be ye aytayn / for we witH persew
On this mater.
Many word*ys* has thou saide
Of whicH we ar not weH payde;
As good that thou had
halden stiH thi clater.

[1] "beyn" *overlined later.* [2] MS. ij.

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(4)

primus tortor. It is better syt stiH / then rise vp and faH; "Better sit still than rise up and fall."
Thou has long had thi wiH / and made many braH;
At the last wold thou spiH / and for-do vs aH,
If we dyd neuer yH. /
Secundus tortor. I trow not, he shaH They are ready to accuse Him themselves.
Indure it; 32
ffor if other men ruse hym,
we shaH accuse hym;
his self shaH not excuse hym;
To you I insure it, 36

(5)

with no legeance. / They owe Jesus a grudge for the trouble they have had in walking with Him.
primus tortor. fayn wold he wynk,
Els falys his covntenance; / I say as I thynk.
Secundus tortor. he has done vs greuance / therfor shaH
he drynk;
haue he mekiH myschaunsce / that has gart vs swynke [Fol. 74, a. Sig. M. 2.]
In walkyng, 41
That vnneth may I more.
primus tortor. Peas, man, we ar thore!
I shaH walk in before,
And teH of his talkyng. [*They come to Cayphas*
(6) *and Anna.*]
haiH, syrs, as ye sytt / so worthi in wonys! They greet Cayphas and Anna, and complain of their journey.
whi spyrd ye not yit / how we haue farne this onys?
Secundus tortor. Sir, we wold fayn witt / aH wery ar oure
bonys;
we haue had a fytt / right yH for the nonys,
So tarid. 50
Cayphas. Say, were ye ought adred?
were ye ought wrang led?
Or in any strate sted?
Syrs, who was myscaryd? 54

(7)

Anna. Say, were ye oght in dowte / for fawte of light
As ye wached ther owte? /
Primus tortor. sir, as I am true knyght,
Of my dame sen I sowked / had I neuer sich a nyght;
Myn een were not lowked / to-geder right

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Their trouble is well spent since they have brought in this traitor.

Sen morowe; 59
Bot yit I thynk it well sett,
Sen we with this tratoure met;
Sir, this is he that forfett
And done so mekill sorow. 63

(8)

He teaches a new law.

Cayphas. Can ye hym oght apeche? / had he any ferys?
Secundus tortor. he has bene for to preche / full many long yeris;
And the people he teche / a new law.
primus tortor. syrs, heris!
As far as his witt reche / many oone he lerys;
when we toke hym, 68
we faunde hym in a yerde;
Bot when I drew out my swerde,
his dyscypyls wex ferde,
And soyn thay forsoke hym. 72

(9)

He said He could destroy the temple and build a new one on the third day. He "lies for the whetstone" and must be given the prize.

Secundus tortor. Sir, I hard hym say he cowthe dystroew / oure tempyll so gay,
and sithen beld a new / on the thrid day.
Cayphas. how myght that be trew? / it toke more aray;
The masons I knewe / that hewed it, I say,
so wyse; 77
That hewed ilka stone.
primus tortor. A, good *sir*, lett hym oone;
he lyes for the quetstone,
I gyf hym the pryce. 81

(10)

Secundus tortor. The halt rynes, the blynd sees / thrugh his fals wyles;[1]
Thus he gett*is* many fees / of thym he begyles.
[Fol. 74, b.] *Primus tortor.* he rases men that dees / thay seke hym be myles;
And euer thrugh his soceres / oure sabate day defyles

[1] MS. lyes.

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Euermore, *sir*. 86 He works miracles for fees and does them on the Sabbath.
Secundus tortor. This is his vse and his custom,
To heyll the defe and the dom),
where so euer he com;
I tell you before, *sir*. 90

(11)

Primus tortor. Men call hym / a prophete and god*is* son of heuen; He is called God's Son, sets not a fly-wing by Cæsar, and is the same who excused the adulteress.
he wold fayn downe bryng / oure lawes bi his steuen.
Secundus tortor. yit is ther anothere thyng / that I hard hym neuen,
he sett*ys* not a fle wyng / bi *sir* cesar full euen;
he says thus; 95
Sir, this same is he
that excusyd with his sotelte
A woman in avowtre;
full well may ye trust vs. 99

(12)

Primus tortor. Sir lazare can he rase / that men may persaue, He raised Lazarus, and uses such witchcraft, all men praise Him.
when he had lyne fower[1] dayes / ded in his graue;
All men hym prase / both master and knaue,
Such wychcraft he mase. /
Secundus tortor. If he abowte waue
Any langere, 104
his warkys may we ban;
ffor he has turned many man
Sen the tyme he began,
And done vs great hangere. 108

(13)

Primus tortor. he will not leyfe yit / thof he be culpabyll;
Men call hym a prophete / a lord full renabyll.
Sir cayphas, bi my wytt / he shuld be dampnabill,
Bot wold ye two, as ye sytt / make it ferme and stabyll The first Torturer calls on Cayphas and Anna to defend the law.
To geder; 113
ffor ye two, as I traw,
May defende all oure law;
That mayde vs to you draw,
And bryng this losell heder. 117

[1] MS. iiij.

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(14)

If Jesus reign any more their laws are ruined.

Secundus tortor. Sir, I can telꝫ you before / as myght I be maryd,
If he reyne any more / oure lawes ar myscaryd.
Primus tortor. Sir, opposed if he wore / he shuld be fon waryd;
That' is welꝫ seyn thore / where he has long tarid
And walkyd.
he is sowre lottyn:
Ther is somwhat' forgottyn;
I shalꝫ thryng out the rottyn,
Be we haue alꝫ talkyd.

(15)

Cayphas examines Jesus.

Cayphas. Now fare myght' you falꝫ / for youre talkyng!
ffor, certys, I my self shalꝫ / make examynyng. [*To Jesus.*]
harstow, harlott', of alꝫ? / of care may thou syng!

[Fol. 75, a. Sig. M. 3.]

How durst thou the calꝫ / aythere emperoure or kyng?
I do fy the!
what the dwilꝫ doyst' thou here?
Thi dedys wilꝫ do the dere;
Com nar and rowne in myn eeyr,
Or I shalꝫ ascry the.

(16)

He is furious that Jesus does not answer.

Illa-haylꝫ was thou borne! / harke! says he oght' agane?
Thou shalꝫ onys or to-morne / to speke be fulꝫ fayne.
This is a great' skorne / and a fals trane;
Now wols-hede and out-horne / on the be tane!
Vile fature!
Oone worde myght thou speke ethe,
yit' myght' it' do the som letht,
Et' omnis qui tacet'
hic consentire videtur.

(17)

Speke on oone word / right' in the dwyllys name!
where was thi syre at' bord / when he met' with thi dame?
what', nawder bowted ne spurd / and a lord of name!
Speke on in a torde / the dwilꝫ gif the shame,

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Sir sybre!
Perde, if thou were a kyng,
yit' myght' thou be ridyng;
ffy on the, fundlyng!
Thou lyf*ys* bot' bi brybre. 153

He abuses Jesus as a foundling,

(18)

Lad, I am a p*re*late / a lord in degre,
Sytt*ys* in myn astate / as thou may se,
knyght*ys* on me to wate / in dyuerse degre;
I myght' thole the abate / and knele on thi kne
In my p*re*sent; 158
As euer syng I mes,
whoso kepis the lawe, I gess,
he gett*is* more by purches
Then bi his fre rent. 162

and reminds Him of his own power. Who has the law in his keeping has a "better purchase than rent" (wins more by his profession than by his lands).

(19)

The dwiH gif the shame / that' eu*er* I knew the!
Nather blynde ne lame / wiH none p*er*sew the;
Therfor I shaH the name / that' eu*er* shaH rew the,
kyng copyn in oure game / thus shaH I indew the,
ffor a fatur. 167
Say, dar thou not' speke for ferde?
I shrew hym the lerd,
weme! the dwillys durt' in thi berd,
vyle fals tratur! 171

Jesus is King Coppin (King Empty-Skein).

(20)

Though thi lyppis be stokyn / yit' myght' thou say, mom;
Great' word*is* has thou spokyn / then was thou not dom.
Be it' hole worde or brokyn / com, owt' with som,
Els on the I shaH be wrokyn / or thi ded com
AH outt. 176
Aythere has thou no wytt,
Or els ar thyn eres dytt';
why bot' herd thou not yit'?
So, I cry and I showte. 180

He will have vengeance on Him for His silence.

[Fol. 75, b.]

(21)

Anna. A, *sir*, be not' yH payde / though he not answere;
he is inwardly flayde / not' right' in his gere.

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Anna begs Cayphas to be less violent.

Cayphas. No, bot the word*is* he has saide / doth my hart great dere.
Anna. Sir, yit may ye be dayde. /
Cayphas. nay, whils I lif nere.
Anna. Sir, amese you.
Capyhas. Now fowl myght hym befall!
Anna. Sir, ye ar vexed at all,
And p*er*auentur he shall
here aft*er* pleas you;

(22)

we may bi oure law / examyn hym fyrst.

Cayphas is bursting to give Jesus a blow

Cayphas. Bot I gif hym a blaw / my hart will brist.
Anna. Abyde to ye his purpose knaw. /
Cayphas. nay, bot I shall out thrist
Both his een on a raw. /
Anna. s*ir*, ye will not, I tryst,
Be so vengeabyll;
Bot let me oppose hym.
Cayphas. I pray you, and sloes hym.
Anna. Sir, we may not lose hym
Bot we were dampnabill.

(23)

If he may not strike off His head, he will not eat till Jesus is in the stocks.

Cayphas. he has adyld his ded / a kyng he hym calde;
war! let me gyrd of his hede! /
Anna. I hope not ye wold;[1]
Bot s*ir* do my red / youre worship to hald.
Cayphas. Shall I neu*er* ete bred / to that he be stald
In the stokys.
Anna. Sir, speke soft and styll,
let vs do as the law will.
Cayphas. Nay, I myself shall hym kyll,
And murder with knokys.

(24)

Anna reminds Cayphas he is a man of holy church,

Anna. Sir, thynk ye that ye ar / a man of holy kyrk,
ye shuld be oure techer[2] / mekenes to wyrk.
Cayphas. yei, bot all is out of har / and that shall he yrk.
Anna. All soft may men go far / oure lawes ar not myrk,

[1] The ryme needs wald.'
[2] The ryme needs 'techar.

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I weyn; 212 and they must proceed by law.
Youre word*ys* ar bustus,
Et hoc nos volumus
Quod de Iure possumus:
ye wote what I meyn; 216

(25)

It' is best that' we trete hym / with farenes.
Cayphas. We, nay!
Anna. And so myght' we gett hym / som word for to say. [Fol. 76, a. Sig. M. 4.]
Cayphas. war! let me bett' hym! /
Anna. syr, do away!
ffor if ye thus thrett hym / he spekys not this day.
Bot' herys; 221 He will examine Jesus himself.
wold ye sesse and abyde,
I shuld take hym on syde
And inquere of his pryde,
how he oure folke lerys. 225

(26)

Cayphas. he has reuyd ouer lang / with̄ his fals lyys, The law will not allow Him to go unjudged, but His guilt must be established.
And done mekyH wrang / sir cesar he defyes;
Therfor shaH I hym hang / or I vp ryse.
Anna. Sir, the law wiH not he gang / on nokyn wyse
Vndemyd; 230
Bot' fyrst' wold I here
what' he wold answere;
Bot' he dyd any dere
why shuld he be flemyd? 234

(27)

And therfor examynyng / ffyrst wiH I make,
Sen that he callys hym a kyng. /
Cayphas. bot' he that' forsake Cayphas still threatens.
I shaH gyf hym a wryng / that his nek shaH crak.
Anna. Syr, ye may not hym dyng / no word yit he spake,
That I wyst'. 239
hark, felow, com nar! [*To Jesus.*]
wyH thou neu*er* be war?
I haue meruelH thou dar
Thus do thyn awne lyst. 243

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(28)

Anna asks Jesus if He is God's Son, and is answered.

Bot I shall do as the law wyll / if the people ruse the;
Say, dyd thou oght this yll? / can thou oght excuse the?
why stand*ys* thou so styll / when men thus accuse the?
ffor to hyng on a hyll / hark how thay ruse the
To dam.
Say, art thou god*ys* son of heuen,
As thou art wonte for to neuen?
*Ih*esus. So thou says by thy steuen,
And right so I am;

(29)

ffor aft*er* this shall thou se / when that [I] do com downe
In brightnes on he / in clowdys from abone.

Cayphas says they need no more witness.

Cayphas. A, ill myght the feete be / that brogh the to towne!
Thou art worthy to de! / say, thefe, where is thi crowne?
Anna. Abyde, *sir*,
let vs lawfully redres.
Cayphas. we nede no wytnes,
hys self says expres;
whi shuld I not chyde, *sir*?

(30)

Anna. was ther neuer man so wyk / bot he myght amende.
when it com to the pryk / right as youre self kend.

[Fol. 76, b.] Let him put Jesus to death at once.

Cayphas. Nay, *sir*, bot I shall hym styk / euen with myn awne hend;
ffor if he reue and be whyk / we ar at an end,
All sam!
Therfor, whils I am in this bretħe,
let me put hym to detħ.
Anna. Sed nobis non licet
Interficere quemquam.

(31)

Anna says they have no power to kill.

Sir, ye wote better then I / we shuld slo no man.
Cayphas. his dedys I defy / his wark*ys* may we ban,
Therfor shall he by. /
Anna. nay, on oder wyse than,
And do it lawfully. /
Cayphas. as how?
Anna. tel you I can.

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Caiphas. let se.
Anna. Sir take tent to my sawes;
Men of tempo*r*all lawes
Thay may deme sich cause,
And so may not we.

Men of temporal laws must judge such a matter.

(32)

Cayphas. My hart is full cold / nerehand that I swelt;
ffor talys that ar told / I bolne at my belt,
Vnethes may it hold / my body, an ye it felt;
yit wold I gif of my gold / yond tratoure to pelt
ffor euer.
Anna. Good *sir*, do as ye hett me.
Caiphas. whi shall he ouer-sett me?
Sir anna, if ye lett me
ye do not youre deuer.

Cayphas says if Anna hinders him he is not doing his duty.

(33)

Anna. Sir, ye ar a prelate. /
Cayphas. so may I well seme,
My self if I say it. /
Anna. be not to breme;
Sich men of astate / shuld no men deme,
bot send them to pilate / the tempo*r*all law to yeme
has he;
he may best threte hym,
And all to rehete hym;
It is shame you to bete hym
Therfor, *sir*, let be.

Anna proposes to send Jesus to Pilate.

(34)

Cayphas. ffy on hym and war! / I am oute of my gate;
say why stand*ys* he so far. /
Anna. sir, he cam bot late.
Cayphas. No, bot I haue knyght*ys* that dar / rap hym on the pate.
Anna. ye ar bot to skar / good *sir* abate,
And here;
what nedys you to chyte?
what ned*ys* you to flyte?
If ye yond man smyte,
ye ar irregulere.

Cayphas wants to set his knights on Jesus; Anna remonstrates.

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(35)

Cayphas laments he was ever made a clerk, that

Cayphas. he that' fyrst made me clerk / and taght' me my lare,
On bookys for to barke / the dwiH gyf hym care!

[Fol. 77, a.]

Anna. A, good *sir*, hark! / sicH wordys myght ye spare.

he may not beat Jesus himself.

Cayphas. Els myght' I haue made vp wark / of yond' harlot and mare,
perde! 311
Bot cert*ys*, or he hens yode,
It' wold do me som good
To se knyghtys knok his hoode
with knokys two or thre. 315

(36)

ffor sen he has trespast / and broken oure law,
let' vs make hym agast / and set hym in awe.

Anna consents to the knights buffeting Jesus

Anna. sir, as ye haue hast' / it' shalbe, I traw.
Com and make redy fast' / ye knyghtys on a raw,
youre arament'; 320
And that kyng to you take,
And with knok*ys* make hym wake.
Cayphas. yei, syrs, and for my sake
Gyf hym good payment'. 324

(37)

ffor if I myght' go with you / as I wold that I myght,
I shuld' make myn avowe / that' ons or mydnyght'
I shuld make his heede sow / wher that' I hyt right.

They assure Cayphas they will not spare Him.

Primus tortor. Sir, drede you not now / of this cursed wight
To day, 329
ffor we shaH so rok hym,
and witH buffett*ys* knok hym.
Cayphas. And I red that ye lok hym,
That' he ryn not' away, 333

(38)

ffor I red not we mete / if that' lad skap.
Secundus tortor. Sir, on vs be it / bot we clowt' weH his kap.
Cayphas. wold ye do as ye heytt / it' were a fayr hap.
primus tortor. Sir, see ye and sytt' / how that we hym knap,

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Oone ffeste; 338 They ask him to bless them with his ring.
Bot or we go to this thyng,
Sayn vs, lord, witħ thy ryng.
Cayphas. Now he shaħ haue my blyssyng
That' knok*ys* hym the best. 342 Cayphas promises his blessing to the one who buffets best.

(39)

Secundus tortor. Go we now to oure noyte / witħ this fond foyħ.
primus tortor. we shaħ teche hym, I wote / a new play of yoyħ, The first Torturer sends Froward for a stool. Froward and the other remonstrate,
And hold hym fuħ hote / frawrord, a stoyħ
Go fetch̄ vs!
ffroward. We, dote! / now els were it doyħ
And vnneth; 347
ffor the wo that he shaħ dre
let hym knele on his kne.
Secundus tortor. And so shaħ he for me;
Go fetche vs a light buffit. 351

(40)

ffroward. why must he sytt' soft / with a mekiħ mys- but are told they can buffet Jesus more easily,
chaunce,
That' has tenyd vs thus oft? /
primus tortor. sir, we do it for a skawnce;
If he stode vp oñ loft / we must hop and dawnse
As cokys in a croft'. / [Fol. 77, b.]
ffroward'. Now a veniance
Com on hym! 356
Good skiħ can ye shew, if He be seated.
As feħ I the dew;
haue this, bere it', shrew!
ffor soyn shaħ we fon hym. 360

(41)

Secundus tortor. Com, *sir*, and syt downe / must' ye be prayde? They bid Jesus sit.
lyke a lord of renowne / youre sete is arayde.
primus tortor. we shaħ preue on his crowne / the word*ys* he has sayde.
Secundus tortor. Ther is none in this towne / I trow, be iħ payde

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All His kin may not rescue Him.

Of his sorow, 365
Bot the fader that hym gate.
primus tortor. Now, for oght that I wate,
All his kyn commys to late
his body to borow. 369

(42)

They send Froward for a veil to blind Jesus with.

Secundus tortor. I wold we were onwarde. /
primus tortor. bot his een must be hyd.
Secundus tortor. yei, bot thay be well spard / we lost that we dyd;
Step furth thou, froward! /
ffroward. what is now betyd?
primus tortor. Thou art euer away ward. /
ffroward. haue ye none to byd
Bot me? 374
I may syng ylla-hayll.
Secundus tortor. Thou must get vs a vayll.
ffroward. ye ar euer in oone tayll.
primus tortor. Now ill myght thou the! 378

(43)

well had thou thi name / for thou was euer curst.

Froward quarrels with them.

ffroward. Sir, I myght say the same / to you if I durst;
yit my hyer may I clame / no penny I purst;
I haue had mekyll shame / hunger and thurst,[1]
In youre seruyce. 383
primus tortor. Not oone word so bold!
ffroward. why, it is trew that I told!
ffayn preue it I wold.
Secundus tortor. Thou shalbe cald to peruyce. 387

(44)

But brings the veil.

ffroward. here a vayll haue I fon / I trow it will last.
primus tortor. Bryng it hyder, good son / that is it that I ast.
ffroward. how shuld it be bon? /
Secundus tortor. abowte his heade cast.
primus tortor. yei, and when it is well won / knyt a knot fast

[1] MS. thrust.

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I red. 392 They blindfold Jesus.
ffroward. Is it weyH?
Secundus tortor. yei, knaue.
ffroward. what, weyn ye that I rafe?
Cryst curs myght he haue
That last bond his head! 396

(45)

primus tortor. Now sen he is blynfold / I faH to begyn, The tor-
And thus was I counseld / the mastry to wyn. [Fol. 78, a.]
Secundus tortor. Nay, wrang has thou told / thus shuld turers vie with each other in smiting Him,
thou com in!
ffroward. I stode and beheld / thou towchid not the skyn,
Bot fowH. 401
primus tortor. how wiH thou I do?
Secundus tortor. On this manere, lo!
ffroward. yei, that was weH gone to,
Thar start vp a cowH. 405

(46)

primus tortor. Thus shaH we hym refe / aH his fonde talys.
Secundus tortor. Ther is noght in thi nefe / or els thi hart falys.
ffroward. I can my hand vphefe / and knop out the skalys.
primus tortor. Godys forbot ye lefe / bot set in youre nalys
On raw. 410
Sit vp and prophecy. and bid Him prophecy who smote Him last.
ffroward. Bot make vs no ly.
Secundus tortor. who smote the last?
primus tortor. was it I?
ffroward. he wote not, I traw. 414

(47)

primus tortor. ffast to sir cayphas / go we togeder.[1]
Secundus tortor. Ryse vp with iH grace / so com thou hyder. They bring Him again to Sir Caiaphas.'
ffroward. It semys by his pase / he groches to go thyder.
primus tortor. we haue gyfen hym a glase / ye may consyder,

[1] The ryme needs togyder

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The torturers boast that they have almost killed Jesus.

To kepe. 419
Secundus tortor. Sir, for his great' boost,
with knok*ys* he is indoost.
ffrowarde. In fayth, *sir*, we had almost
knokyd[1] hym on slepe. 423

(48)

Caiaphas bids them take Jesus to Pilate,

Cayphas. Now sen he is weⱡ bett / weynd on youre gate,
And teⱡ ye the forfett' / vnto *sir* pylate;
ffor he is a Iuge sett' / emang men of state,
And looke that' ye not' let. /
primus tortor. Com furⱡ, old crate,
Be lyfe! 428
we shaⱡ lede the a trott'.
ijus tortor. lyft' thy feete may thou not.
ffrowarde. Then ned*ys* me do nott'
Bot' com after and dryfe. 432

(49)

yet fears lest Pilate may be bribed to acquit Him.

Cayphas. Alas, now take I hede! /
Anna. why mowrne ye so?
Cayphas. ffor I am euer in drede / wandreth, and wo,
lest' pylate for mede / let' ihe*sus* go;
Bot' had I slayn hym indede / witⱡ thise hand*ys* two,
At onys, 437
aⱡ had bene qwytt than;
Bot' gyft*ys* marres many man.
Bot' he deme the sothe than,
The dwiⱡ haue his bonys! 441

(50)

[Fol. 78, b.] After upbraiding Anna he starts off to follow them.

Sir anna, aⱡ I wyte you this blame / for had ye not' beyn,
I had mayde hym fuⱡ tame / yei, stykyd hym, I weyn,
To the hart' fuⱡ wan[2] / with this dagger so keyn.
Anna. Sir, you must shame / sich wordys for to meyn
Emang men. 446
Cayphas. I wiⱡ not dweⱡ in this stede,
Bot' spy how thay hym lede,
And persew on his dede.
ffare weⱡ! we gang, men. 450

Explicit Coliphizacio.

[1] MS. 'knokyp.'
[2] Assonant to 'fame, shame.'

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(XXII.)

Incipit Fflagellacio.

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Pilatus.	*Primus Consultus.*	*Maria.*
Primus Tortor.	*Secundus Consultus.*	*Maria Magdalene.*
Secundus Tortor.	*Jesus.*	*Maria Jacobi.*
Tercius Tortor.	*Johannes Apostolus.*	*Symon.*]

[49 *stanzas;* 4 *of* 13 *lines,* ab ab ab ab c, dddc ; 1 *of* 12 *lines,* aab ccb, bb dd bb ; 24 *of* 9 *lines,* aaaab cccb ; 13 *of* 8 *lines,* aab aab bb ; 2 *of* 6 *lines,* aaaa bb ; 4 *of* 4 *lines,* aaaa[1] ; 1 *of* 4 *lines,* aa bb.]

*Pilat*us. (1)

Pease at' my bydyng, ye wyghtys in wold! Looke none be so hardy to speke a word bot' I, Or by mahowne most' myghty, maker on mold, With this brande that I bere ye shaH bytterly aby. 4

Pilate rages, boasting himself full of subtlety and guile, and therefore called "mali actoris."

Say, wote ye not' that I am pylate, perles to behold? Most' doughty in dedys of dukys of the Iury; In bradyng of batels I am the most' bold, Therfor my name to you wiH I dyscry, No mys. 9

I am fuH of sotelty, ffalshed, gyll, and trechery; Therfor am I namyd by clergy As mali actoris. 13

(2)

ffor like as on both sydys the Iren the hamer makith playn, [Fol. 79, a.]
So do I, that' the law has here in my kepyng;
The right' side to socoure, cert*ys*, I am fuH bayn,
If I may get therby a vantege or wynyng; 17
Then to the fals parte I turne me agayn,
ffor I se more VayH wiH to me be risyng;
Thus euery man to drede me shalbe fuH fayn,
And aH faynt of thare fayth to me be obeyng,

In judging he inclines first to the right, then to the wrong, for the sake of bribes.

[1] All the *aaaa* lines have central rymes, markt here by bars.

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Truly. 22
AH fals endytars,
Quest-gangars, and Iurars,
And thise out-rydars
Ar welcom to me. 26

(3)

He means to pretend to be Christ's friend, but finally to crucify Him.

Bot this prophete, that has prechyd and puplyshed so playn
Cristen law, crist thay caH hym in oure cuntre;
Bot oure prynces fuH prowdly this nyght haue hym tayn,
ffuH tytt to be dampned he shaH be hurlyd byfore me;
I shaH fownde to be his freynd vtward, in certayn,
And shew hym fare cowntenance and word*ys* of vanyte;
Bot or this day at nyght on crosse shaH he be slayn,
Thus agans hym in my hart I bere great enmyte
ffuH sore. 35
ye men that vse bak-bytyng*ys*,
and rasars of slanderyng*ys*,
ye ar my dere darlyng*ys*,
And mahowns for euermore. 39

(4)

Nothing angers him more than to hear of Christ and His new law.

ffor no thyng in this warld dos me more grefe
Then for to here of crist and of his new lawes;
To trow that he is god*ys* son my hart wold aH to-clefe,
Though he be neuer so trew both in ded*ys* and in sawes
Therfor shaH he suffre mekiH myschefe,
And aH the dyscypyls that vnto hym drawes;
ffor ouer aH solace to me it is most lefe,
The shedyng of cristen bloode, and that aH Iury knawes,
I say you. 48
My knyght*ys* fuH swythe
Thare strengthes wiH thay kyth,
And bryng hym be-lyfe;
lo, where thay com now! 52

(5)

The first torturer arrives bringing

primus tortor. I haue ron that I swett / from *sir* herode oure kyng

[Fol. 79, b.]

With this man that wiH not lett / oure lawes to downe bryng;

Jesus, as from Herod.

he has done so mych forfett / of care may he syng;
Thrugh dom of *sir* pylate he gett*ys* / an yH endyng

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And sore;
The great warkys he has wroght
Shall serue hym of nought,
And bot thay be dere boght
lefe me no more.

The great works Jesus has done shall serve Him nothing.

(6)

Bot make rowme in this rese / I byd you, belyfe,
And of youre noys that ye sesse / both man and wyfe;
To sir pylate on dese / this man wit we dryfe,
his dede for to dres / and refe hym his lyfe
This day;
Do draw hym forward!
whi stand ye so bakward?
Com on, sir, hyderward,
As fast as ye may!

He bids the people make room, and hurries Jesus on.

(7)

Secundus tortor. Do put hym a-rase / whyls we be gangyng;
I shall spytt in his face / though it be fare shynyng;
Of vs thre gettys thou no grace / thi dedys ar so noyng,
Bot more sorow thou hase / oure myrth is incresyng,
No lak.
ffelows, all in hast,
with this band that wil last
Let vs bynde fast
Both his handys on his bak.

The second torturer threatens Jesus, and binds His hands behind Him.

(8)

Tercius tortor. I shall lede the a dawnce / Vnto sir pilate hall;
Thou betyd an yll chawnce / to com emangys vs all.
Sir pilate, with youre cheftance / to you we cry and call
That ye make som ordynance / with this brodell thrall,
By skyll;
This man that we led
On crosse ye put to ded.
Pilatus. what! with outten any red?
That is not my wyll;

The third torturer calls on Pilate to crucify Jesus.

Pilate pretends to take Jesus' part, and summons his counsellors.

(9)

Bot ye, wysest of law / to me ye be tendand:
This man withoutten awe / which ye led in a band,
Nather in dede ne in saw / can I fynd with no wrang,
wherfor ye shuld hym draw / or bere falsly on hand

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It will be a shame if Jesus be killed.

With ill. 93
ye say he turnes oure pepyll,
ye call hym fals and fekyll;
warld*ys* shame is on you mekyll
This man if ye spyll. 97

(10)

Herod [Fol. 80, a.][1] could find no fault in Him.

Of all thise causes ilkon / which ye put on hym,
Herode, truly as stone / coud fynd w*ith* nokyns gyn
Nothyng herapon / that pent to any syn;
why shuld I then so soyn / to ded here deme hym?
Therfor 102
This is my counsell,
I will not with hym mell;
Let Him go! let hym go where he wyll
ffor now and eu*er*more. 106

(11)

The first Counsellor urges that Jesus has called Himself a king.

*Prim*us *consult*us. Sir, I say the oone thyng / w*ith*out any mys,
he callys his self a kyng / ther he none is;
Thus he wold downe bryng / oure lawes, I-wys,
with his fals lesyng / and his quantys,
This tyde. 111

Pilate reminds Jesus of His power.

*Pilat*us. herk, felow, com nere!
Thou knowes I haue powere
To excuse or to dampne here,
In bayll to abyde. 115

(12)

Jesus says the power is given him by the Trinity.

Ih*esus*. Sich powere has thou noght / to wyrk thi will thus with me,
Bot from my fader that is broght / oone-fold god in p*er*sons thre.
*Pilat*us. Cert*ys*, it is fallen well in my thoght / at this tyme, as well wote ye,
A thefe that any felony has wroght / to lett hym skap or go fre

[1] At the beginning of this page of the MS., is a large initial letter D, which, however, has no connection with the ensuing text.

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Away;
Therfor ye lett hym pas.
primus tortor. Nay, nay, bot barabas!
And ihesus in this case
To deth ye dam this day.

Pilate offers to release Jesus because of the Feast, but the first torturer asks for Barabbas.

(13)

*pilat*us. Syrs, looke ye take good hede / his cloysse ye spoyll hym fro,
ye gar his body blede / and bett hym blak and bloo.
Secundus tortor. This man, as myght I spede / that has wroght vs this wo,
how "Iudicare" comys in crede / shall we teche, or we go,
All soyne.
haue bynd to this pyllar.
Tercius tortor. why stand*ys* thou so far?
primus tortor. To bett his body bar
I haste, withoutten hoyne.

Pilate bids them strip Jesus and scourge Him.

(14)

Secundus tortor. Now fall I the fyrst / to flap on hys hyde.
Tercius tortor. My hartt wold all to-bryst / bot I myght tyll hym glyde.
primus tortor. A swap fayn, if I durst / wold I lene the this tyde.
Secundus tortor. war! lett me rub on the rust / that the bloode downe glyde
As swythe.
Tercius tortor. haue att!
primus tortor. Take thou that!
Secundus tortor. I shall lene the a flap,
My strengthe for to kythe.

The torturers vie with each other in cruelty.

(15)

Tercius tortor. Where on seruys thi prophecy / thou tell vs in this case,
And all thi warkys of greatt mastry / thou shewed in dyuers place?
primus tortor. Thyn apostels full radly / ar run from the a rase,
Thou art here in oure baly / withoutten any grace

[Fol. 80, b.]

They scoff at Him.

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They would scourge Jesus to death, but for Pilate.

Of skap. 147
Secundus tortor. Do, rug him.
Tercius tortor. Do, dyng hym.
primus tortor. Nay, I myself shuld kyll hym
Bot for *sir* pilate. 151

(16)

They call to mind His miracles—His turning water into wine and walking on the sea,

Syrs, at the ffeste of architreclyn / this *pro*phete he was;
Ther turnyd he water into wyn / that day he had sich grace,
his apostels to hym can enclyn / and other that ther was;
The see he past bot few yeres syn / it lete hym walk theron apase
At wyll; 156
The element*ys* all bydeyn,
And wyndes that ar so keyn,
The firmamente, as I weyn,
Ar hym obeyng tyll. 160

(17)

His healing a leper and the Centurion's son,

*ij*us. *tortor.* A lepir cam full fast / to this man that here standys,
And prayed hym, in all hast / of bayll to lowse his bandys;
his traull was not wast / though he cam from far land*ys*;
This *pro*phete tyll hym past / and helyd hym with his hand*ys*,
ffull blythe. 165
The son of Centuryon,
ffor whom his fader made great mone,
Of the palsy he helyd anone,
Thay lowfyd hym oft sythe. 169

(18)

His giving sight to a blind man on the way from Jericho.

*iij*us *tortor.* Sirs, as he cam from iherico / a blynde man satt by the way;
To hym walkand with many mo / cryand to hym thus can he say,
"Thou son of dauid, or thou go / of blyndnes hele thou me this day."
Ther was he helyd of all his wo / sich wonders can he wyrk all way

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At wyłł; 174
he rasys men from deth̄ to lyfe,
And castys out' devyls from thame oft sythe,
seke men cam to hym fułł ryfe,
He helys thaym of ałł yłł. 178

Jesus can raise the dead and cast out devils.

(19)

*pri*mus *tort*or. ffor ałł thise dedys of great louyng / fower[1] thyng*ys* I haue fond certanly,
ffor which he is worthy to hyng: / oone is oure kyng that' he wold be;
Oure sabbot day in his wyrkyng / he lett*ys* not to hele the seke truly;
he says oure temple he shałł downe bryng / and in thre[2] daies byg it' in hy
Ałł hole agane; 183
Syr pilate, as ye sytt',
looke wysely in youre wytt;
Dam ihe*s*u or ye flytt
On crosse to suffre his payne. 187

But the first torturer remembers that (1) He claimed to be king, (2) healed the sick on the Sabbath, (3) said He would destroy the temple and build it again in three days. He calls on Pilate to crucify Jesus.

(20)

*pilat*us. Thou man that suffurs ałł this yłł / Why Wyłł thou Vs no m*er*cy cry?
Slake thy hart' and thi greatt' wyłł / whyls on the we haue mastry;
Of thy greatt warkes shew vs som skyłł; / men całł the kyng, thou tełł vs why;
wherfor the Iues seke the to spyłł / the cause I wold' knowe wytterly,
p*er*dee; 192
Say what' is thy name,
Thou lett for no shame,
Thay putt on the greatt blame,
Els myght [thou] skap for me. 196

[Fol. 81, a. Sig. n. 1.]

Pilate bids Jesus work some miracle.

He himself would release Him.

(21)

*Secun*d*us* *Con*sult*us*. Syr pilate, prynce peerles / this is my red,
That' he skap not harmeles / bot do hym to ded:
he cals hym a kyng in euery place / thus wold he ouer led
Oure people in his trace / and oure lawes downe tred

The first Counsellor alleges Jesus' claim to be king.

[1] MS. iiij, apparently a mistake for iij. [2] MS. iij.

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The knights and people are crying for His crucifixion.

By skyH; 201
Syr, youre knyghtes of good lose,
and the pepyH with oone voce,
To hyng hym hy on a crosse
Thay cry and caH you vntyH. 205

(22)

Pilate asks why they will not obey their king?

*pilat*us. Now cert*ys*, this is a wonder thyng / that' ye wold bryng to noght
hym that is youre lege lordyng / In faith this was far soght';
Bot' say, why make ye none obeyng / to hym that aH has wroght?

The third torturer answers that Cæsar is their king.

*Terci*us *Tort*or. Sir, he is oure chefe lordyng / *sir* Cesar so worthyly wroght
On mold. 210
pylate, do after vs,
And dam to deth ih*esus*
Or to *sir* Cesar we trus,
And make thy frenship cold. 214

(23)

Pilate washes his hands,

*pilat*us. Now that' I am sakles / of this bloode shaH ye see;
Both my hand*ys* in expres / weshen saH be;
This bloode bees dere boght' I ges / that' ye spiH so frele.
*prim*us *tort*or. we pray it' faH endles / on vs and oure meneye,
with wrake. 219

and bids them take Jesus and crucify Him.

*pilat*us. Now youre desyre fulfyH I shaH;
Take hym emangs you aH,
On crosse ye put that' thraH,
his endyng ther to take. 223

(24)

The torturers exult.

*prim*us *tort*or. Com on! tryp on thi tose / without any fenyng;
Thou has made many glose / with thy fals talkyng.
*Secund*us *tort*or. we ar worthy greatte lose / that thus has broght' a kyng
ffrom *sir* pilate and othere fose · thus into oure ryng,

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*with*outt any hoyne.
Sirs, a kyng he hym cals,
Therfor a crowne hym befals.
*Tercius tort*or. I swere by aⱡ myn elder sauls,
I shaⱡ it' ordan soyne.

As Jesus calls Himself a king, He must have a crown.

(25)

*primus tort*or. Lo! here a crowne of thorne / to percⱨ his brane within,
putt on his hede with skorne/ and gar thyrⱡ the skyn.
*Secundus tort*or. hayⱡ kyng! where was thou borne / sicⱨ worship for to wyn?
we knele aⱡ the beforne / and the to grefe wiⱡ we not blyn,
That' be thou bold'; 237
Now by mahownes bloode!
Ther wiⱡ no mete do me goode
To he be hanged on a roode,
And his bones be cold'. 241

[Fol. 81, b.]

They crown Him with thorns and mock Him.

(26)

*primus tort*or. Syrs, we may be fayn / ffor I haue fon a tree,
I teⱡ you in certan / it' is of greatt' bewtee,
On the whicⱨ he shaⱡ suffre payn / be feste *with* nales thre,
Ther shaⱡ nothyng hym gayn / ther on to he dede be,
I insure it; 246
Do, bryng hym hence.
*Secundus tort*or. Take vp oure gere and defence.
*Tercius tort*or. I wold spende aⱡ my spence
To se hym ones skelpt. 250

They find a tree for a cross, and begin to make ready.

(27)

*primus tort*or. This cros vp thou take / and make the redy bowne;
Withoutt gruchyng thou rake / and bere it' thrugⱨ the towne;
Mary, thi moder, I wote wiⱡ make / great mowrnyng and mone,
But for thy fals ded*ys* sake / shortly thou salbe slone,[1]

The first torturer bids Jesus bear the cross. Mary will mourn for Him.

[1] This line is added by a later hand.

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The people of Bethlehem and Jerusalem shall wonder at Jesus to day.

No nay; 255
The pepyłł of bedlem,
and gentyls of Ier*usa*lem,
Ałł the comoners of this reme,
shałł wond*er* on the this day. 259

(28)

[*John and the Holy Women appear on another part of the stage.*]

John laments for Jesus.

*Ioh*ann*es apostol*us. Alas! for my master moste of myght',
That' yester euen with lanterne bright'
before Caiphas was broght; 262
Both pet*er* and I sagh that sight',
And sithen we fled away fułł wight',
when Iues so wond*er*ly wrogħt; 265
At' morne thay toke to red, And fals witnes furth soght,[1]
And demyd hym to be dede, That' to thaym trespaste noght',[1] 267

(29)

He must tell Mary and the other women.

Alas! for his modere and othere moo,
My moder and hir syster also,
Sat sam witħ syghyng sore; 270

[Fol. 82, a. Sig. n. 2.]

Thay Wote nothyng of ałł this wo,
Therfor to tełł thaym wiłł I go,
Sen I may mend no more. 273
If he shuld dy thus tyte And thay vnwarned wore,
I were Worthy to wyte; I wiłł go fast' therfor. 275

(30) [*Goes to the women.*]

He greets Mary and shows he has bad news.

God saue you, systers ałł in fere!
Dere lady, if thi wiłł were,
I must' tełł tythyng*ys* playn. 278
Maria. Welcom, Ioħn, my cosyn dere!
how farys my son sen thou was here?
That' wold I wyt fułł fayn. 281
*Ioh*ann*es.* A, dere lady witħ youre leyff, The trouth shuld no man layn,
Ne with god*ys* wiłł thaym grefe.

Mary asks if her son be slain.

Maria. whi, Iohn, is my son slayn? 283

[1] These two lines, and the corresponding ones in the next five stanzas, are written as four in the MS.

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(31)

Iohannes. Nay lady, I saide not so,
Bot ye me myn he told vs two
And thaym that with vs wore,
how he with pyne shuld pas vs fro,
And efte shuld com vs to,
To amende oure syghyng sore;
It may not stand in stede To sheynd youre self therfore.
Maria magdalene. Alas! this day for drede! Good Iohn,
neven this no more!

John reminds her of the words of Jesus as to His death and coming again.

(32)

Speke preualy I the pray,
ffor I am ferde, if we hir flay,
That she with ryn and rafe.
Iohannes. The sothe behowys me nede to say,
he is damyd to dede this day,
Ther may no sorow hym safe.
Maria Iacobi. Good Iohn, telle vnto vs two What thou of hir with crafe,
And we with gladly go And help that thou it haue.

Mary Magdalen and Mary the mother of James bid him break the news first to them. He tells them Jesus is condemned.

(33)

Iohannes. Systers, youre mowrnyng may not amende;
And ye with ever, or he take ende,
Speke with my master free,
Then must ye ryse and with me weynde,
And kepe hym as he shall be kend
Withoutt yond same cyte;
If ye with nygh me nere, Com fast and felowe me.
Maria. A, help me, systers dere! That I my son
may see.

[Fol. 82, b.]

If they would speak to Him again, they must make haste.

(34)

Maria Magdalene. Lady, we wold weynd full fayn,
Hertely With all oure myght and mayn,
youre comforth to encrese.
Maria. Good Iohn, go before and frayn.
Iohannes. Lo, where he commes vs euen agayn
with all yond meky prese!
All youre mowrnyng in feyr / may not his sorow sese.
Maria. Alas, for my son dere, / that me to moder
chese! [*They meet Jesus.*]

Mary bids John go before them.

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(35)

Mary would bear her Son's cross.

Alas, dere son for care / I se thi body blede;
My self I will for-fare / for the in this great drede,
This cros on thi shulder bare / to help the in this nede,
I will it bere with greatt hart sare / wheder thay will the lede.

Jesus says it is too heavy for her.

Ihesus. This cros is large in lengthe / and also bustus with all;
If thou put to thi strengthe / to the erthe thou mon downe fall.

(36)

Maria. A dere son, thou let me / help the in this case!

et inclinabit crucem ad matrem suam.

Ihesus. lo, moder, I tell it the / to bere no myght thou hase.

Mary bids Him have pity on Himself.

Maria. I pray the, dere son, it may so be / to man thou gif thi grace,
On thi self thou haue pyte / and kepe the from thi foyse.[1]

(37)

Jesus says He must die and rise again to save man.

Ihesus. ffor sothe, moder, this is no nay / on cros I must dede dre,
And from deth ryse on the thryd day / thus prophecy says by me;
Mans saull that I luffyd ay / I shall redeme securly,
Into blis of heuen for ay / I shall it bryng to me.

(38)

The other Maries lament.

*Maria Magd*alene. It is greatt sorow to any wyght / Ihesus, to se with Iues keyn,

[Fol. 83, a. Sig. N. 3.]

How he in dyuerse payns is dight / ffor sorow I water both myn eeyn.

Maria Iacobi. This lord that is of myght / dyd neuer yll truly,
Thise Iues thay do not right / if thay deme hym to dy.

(39)

Maria Magdalene. Alas! what shall we say! / ihesus that is so leyfe,
To deth thise Iues this day / thay lede with paynes full grefe.

[1] The ryme needs fayse,' foes.

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Maria Iacobi. He was fuł true, I say / thoug̃h thay dam hym as thefe,
Mankynde he lufed ał way / for sorow my hart wiłł clefe. 337

Their hearts will cleave for sorrow.

(40)

*Ih*esus. ye doghters of Ier*usa*lem / I byd you wepe nothyng for me,
Bot' for youre self and youre barn̄-teme / behald I teł you securle,
Sore paynes ar ordand for this reme / in dayes heraft*er* for to be;
youre myrt̃h to baył it' shał downe streme / in eu*er*y place of this cyte. 341

Jesus bids them lament for themselves and their children.

(41)

Childer, cert*ys*, thay shał blys / women baren that' neu*er* child bare,
And pappes that' neu*er* gaf sowke, Iwys / thus shał thare hart*ys* for sorow be sare;
The montayns hy and thise greatt hyllys / thay shał byd fał apon them thare,
ffor my bloode that' sakles is / to shede and spył thay wiłł not spare. 345

*Secundus tort*or. walk on, and lefe thi vayn carpyng / it' shał not saue the fro thy dede,
whede*r* thise women cry or syng / for any red' that' thay can red'. 347

The second torturer bids Him cease His vain talking.

(42)

*Terci*us *tort*or. Say wherto abyde we here abowte,
Thise qwenes w*ith* scremyng and w*ith* showte?
May no man thare word*ys* stere? 350

The other torturers threaten the women.

*prim*us *tort*or. Go home, thou casbald', with that clowte!
Or, by that' lord I leyfe and lowte,
Thou shał by it' fuł dere! 353

*Maria Magd*alene. This thyng shał venyance cał / on you holly in fere.

*Secundus tort*or. Go, hy the hens with ał / or ył haył cam thou here!

*iij*us *tort*or. let ał this bargan be / syn ał oure toyles ar before;
This tratoure and this tre / I wold' fuł fayn were thore.

The third torturer hurries Jesus on.

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The third torturer sees that Jesus cannot bear the cross.

*Ijus tor*tor. It' ned*ys* not hym to harꝧ / this cros dos hym greatt dere,
Bot yonder com*m*ys a carll / shaꝧ help hym for to bere. [*Enter Simon of Cyrene.*]

(43)

They bid Simon ease Him of it.

*ijus tor*tor. That' shaꝧ we soyn se on assay.
herk, good' man, whed*er* art' thou on away ?
Thou walkes as thou were wrathꝫ. 362

Simon says he is on a great journey.

Symon. Syrs, I haue a greatt Iornay
That' must be done this same day,
Or els it wiꝧ me skathe. 365

[Fol. 83, b.]

*Tercius tor*tor. Thou may withꝫ lytyꝧ payn / easse hym and thi self bothꝫ.[1]
Simon'. Good syrs, that' wold I fayn / bot' for to tary were fuꝧ lothꝫ.[1] 367

(44)

The first torturer presses him for pity's sake, but Simon alleges his haste

*primus tor*tor. Nay, nay ! thou shaꝧ fuꝧ soyn be sped' ;
lo here a lad' that' must' be led'
ffor his yꝧ ded*ys* to dy, 370
And he is bressed and aꝧ for bled,
That' makys vs here thus stratly sted ;
we pray the, sir, for-thi, 373
That' thou wiꝧ take this tre / bere it' to caluary.
Symon'. Good sirs, that may not' be / ffor fuꝧ greatt haste haue I, 375

(45)

The second torturer says that Jesus must be dead by noon, and Simon must needs help them.

No longere may I hoyn.
*ijus tor*tor. In fayth thou shaꝧ not' go so soyn
ffor noght' that thou can say 378
This dede must' ned*ys* be done,
And this carll be dede or noyn,
And now is nere myd day ; 381
And therfor' help vs at' this nede / and make vs here no more delay.
Symon'. I pray you do youre dede / and let' me go my way ; 383

(46)

Simon still excuses himself.

And I shaꝧ com fuꝧ soyn agane,
To help this man with aꝧ my mayn,

[1] The ryme needs 'bath, lath.'

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At' youre awne wyłł. 386

*iij*us *tort*or. what' and wold' thou trus with sich̄ a trane? The torturers threaten Simon.
Nay fatur, thou shałł be fułł fayn,
This forward to fulfyłł; 389
Or, by the myght' of mahowne! / thou shałł lyke it' fułł yłł.

*prim*us *tort*or. Tytt', let' dyng this dastard downe / bot' he lay hand ther tyłł. 391

(47)

Symon'. Cert*ys*, that' were vnwysely wroght',
To beytt' me bot if I trespast' oght'
Aythere in worde or dede. 394

*ij*us *tort*or. Apon thi bak it shałł be broght', He shall bear the Cross, whether he will or no.
Thou berys it wheder thou wiłł or noght'!
Dewyłł! whom shuld we drede? 397
And therfor take it' here belyfe / And bere it' furth̄, good spede.

Symon'. It' helpys not' here to strife / bere it' behoues me nede; 399 Simon sees he must bear it,

(48)

And therfor, syrs, as ye haue sayde, and is well content to help Christ.
To help this man I am wełł payde,
As ye wold that' it were. 402

*iij*us *tort*or. A, ha! now ar we right' arayde,
bot' loke oure gere be redy grade,
To wyrk when we com there. 405

*prim*us *tort*or. I warand ałł redy / oure toyles both moore and les, [Fol. 84, a., Sig. N. 4.]
And *sir* symon truly / gose on before with cros. 407

(49)

*Tercius tort*or. Now by mahowne, oure heuen kyng, The torturers hurry to their work.
I wold that' we were in that' stede
where we myght' hym on cros bryng.
Step on before, and furth hym lede
A trace. 412

*prim*us *tort*or. Com on thou!

*ij*us *tort*or. Put on thou!

*iij*us *tortor*. I com fast' after you,
And folowse on the chace. 416

Explicit Flagellacio.

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(XXIII.)

Sequitur Processus crucis.

[*Dramatis Personae*

Pilatus.	*Quartus Tortor.*	*Longeus.*
Primus Tortor.	*Jesus.*	*Josephus.*
Secundus Tortor.	*Maria.*	*Nichodemus.*]
Tercius Tortor.	*Johannes.*	

[1 *thirteen-line stanza*, abab cbcbd ccd ; 9 *eleven-line, no.* 38 aab ccb bd bbd, *nos.* 39, 40, 45, 70, 71, 72 aab aab bc bbc, *nos.* 53 and 54 aaab cccb dbd ; 1 *ten-line, no.* 52, aaab cccb, cb ; 1 *nine-line, no.* 57, aaaab cccb ; 5 *eight-line, no.* 1 abab abab, *no.* 51 abab aaab, *nos.* 50, 56 and 65 aaab cccb ; 1 *seven-line, no.* 3, aa bbc bc ; 71 *six-line, nos.* 62, 63, 66, 68, 69 aaaab b, the rest aab ccb ; 3 *five-line, nos.* 59, 61, 67 aaab b ; 6 *four-line, no.* 44 ab ba, 49, 55, 58, 60 and 64 aaaa ; 1 *three-line, no.* 90, and 7 *couplets.*]

*pilat*us. (1)

Pilate calls for silence, with threats.

PEasse I byd euereich Wight!
Stand as styH as stone in WaH,
Whyls ye ar present in my sight,
That none of you clatter ne caH;
ffor if ye do, youre dede is dight,
I warne it you both greatt and smaH,
With this brand burnyshyd so bright,
Therfor in peasse loke ye be aH.

(2)

Those who interrupt him, he will tame on the gallows, or beat them.

What! peasse in the dwillys name!
harlott*ys* and dustard*ys* aH bedene!
On galus ye be maide fuH tame,
Thef*ys* and mychers keyn!
wiH ye not peasse when I bid you?
by mahownys bloode, if ye me teyn,
I shaH ordan sone for you,
paynes that neuer ere was seyn,
And that anone!
Be ye so bold beggars, I warn you,
ffuH boldly shaH I bett you,
To heH the dwiH shaH draw you,
Body, bak and bone.

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(3)

I am a lord that' mekiłł is of myght',
prynce of ałł Iury, sir pilate I hight,
Next' kyng herode grettyst of ałł;
Bowys to my byddyng both̄ greatt and smałł,
Or els be ye shentt; 26
Therfor stere youre tonges, I warn you ałł,
And vnto vs take tent. 28

[Fol. 84, b.] His name is Pilate.

He is second only to King Herod.

(4)

primus tortor. Ałł peasse, ałł peasse, emang you ałł!
And herkyns now what shałł befałł
Of this fals chuffer here; 31
That' *with* his fals quantyse,
hase lett hymself as god wyse,
Emang*ys* vs many a yere. 34

The 1st torturer bids the people listen to what shall befall Jesus, "this false chuffer,"

(5)

he cals hym self a p*ro*phett,
And says that he can bales bete,
And make ałł thyng*ys* amende; 37
Bot or oght lang wytt we shałł
whed*er* he can bete his awne bale,
Or skapp out of oure hende. 40

who says He can mend all evils. Can He now mend His own?

(6)

Was not this a wond*er* thyng,
That he durst całł hym self a kyng
And make so greatt' a lee? 43
Bot', by mahowne! whils I may lyf,
Those prowde wordes shałł I neu*er* forgyf,
Tyłł he be hanged on he. 46

He called Himself a king, and shall not be forgiven His pride till He be hanged for it.

(7)

Secundus tortor. hys pride, fy, we sett' at' noght',
Bot ich man now kest in his thoght,
And looke that we noght wante; 49
ffor I shałł fownde, if that I may,
By the ord*er* of knygh̄tede, to day
To cause his hart pante. 52

The 2nd torturer will make Christ's heart pant this day.

(8)

Tercius tortor. And so shałł I with ałł my myght',
Abate his pride this ylk nyght',

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The 3rd torturer says that Jesus can do a foul deed when He will.

And rekyn hym a crede;
Lo, he let*ys* he cowde none yⱧ,
Bot' he can ay, when he wyⱧ,
Do a fuⱧ fowⱧ dede.

(9)

The 4th bids them see that they have all they need to fasten Jesus with.

*Quartus tort*or. yei felows, ye, as haue I rest'!
Emang*ys* vs aⱧ I red we kest'
To bryng this thefe to dede;
Loke that' we haue that we shuld nate,
ffor to hald' this shrew strate.
*prim*us *tortor.* That was a nobyⱧ red!

(10)

[Fol. 85, a.]

They have bands,

Lo, here I haue a bande,
If nede be to bynd his hande;
This thowng, I trow, wiⱧ last.
*Secund*us *tort*or. And here oone to the othere syde,
That shaⱧ abate his pride,
Be it' be drawen fast'.

(11)

hammer and nails.

*iij*us *tort*or. lo, here a hamere and nales also,
ffor to festen fast oure foo
To this tre, fuⱧ soyn.
*iiij*us *tort*or. ye ar wise, withoutten drede,
That so can help youre self at nede,
Of thyng that' shuld be done.

(12)

All His "mawmentry" shall not serve Him now.

*prim*us *tortor.* Now dar I say hardely,
he shaⱧ with aⱧ his mawmentry
No longere vs be teⱧ.
*ij*us *tort*or. Syn pilate hase hym tyⱧ vs geyn,
haue done, belyfe! let it be seyn
how we can with hym meⱧ.

(13)

They arrive at Calvary, and prepare for their "play."

*iij*us *tort*or. Now ar we at the monte of caluarye;
haue done, folows, and let now se
how we can with hym lake.
*iiij*us *tort*or. yee, for as modee as he can loke,
he wold haue turnyd an othere croke
Myght' he haue had the rake.

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(14)

primus tortor. In fayth̄, syr, sen ye callyd you a kyng,
you must prufe a worthy thyng
That⁹ falles vnto the were;
ye must Iust in tornamente;
Bot⁹ ye sytt fast els be ye shentt,
Els downe I shaH you bere.

As Jesus calls Himself a king, He must joust in tournament, and sit fast on His Cross.

(15)

Secundus tortor. If thou be god*ys* son, as thou tellys,
Thou can the kepe; how shuld thou ellys?
Els were it me*r*ueH greatt⁹;
And bot if thou can, we wiH not trow
That thou hase saide, bot⁹ make the mow
when thou sytt*ys* in yond sett⁹.

If He be God's Son, He can guard Himself.

(16)

*iij*us *tort*or. If thou be kyng we shaH thank adyH,
ffor we shaH sett the in thy sadyH,
ffor faHyng be thou bold⁹.
I hete the weH thou bydys a shaft⁹;
Bot⁹ if thou sytt⁹ weH thou had bett*er* laft
The tales that thou has told⁹.

They will set Him in His saddle, and He need not fear a fall.

(17)

*iiij*us *tort*or. Stand⁹ nere, felows, and let se
how we can hors oure kyng so fre,
By any craft⁹;
Stand thou yonder on yond syde,
And we shaH se how he can ryde,
And how to weld⁹ a shaft⁹.

Let them see how they can horse their King!

[Fol. 85, b.]

(18)

*primus tort*or. Sir, com*m*ys heder and haue done,
And wyn apon youre palfray sone,
ffor he [is] redy bowne.
If ye be bond tiH hym, be not wrothe,
ffor be ye secure we were fuH lothe
On any wyse that⁹ ye feH downe.

His palfrey is ready, and He must be bound to it.

(19)

Secundus tortor. knyt thou a knott, witH aH thi strenght⁹,
ffor to draw this arme on lengthe,

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They draw out Christ's arms,

Tyłł it com to the bore. 121
Tercius tortor. Thou madd*ys*, man, bi this light!
It' wantys, tyłł ich mans sight',
Othere half span and more. 124

(20)

bind them with ropes,

Quartus tortor. yit' drawe owt this arme and fest it fast',
witħ this rope that wełł wiłł last,
And ilk man lay hand to. 127
primus tortor. yee, and bynd thou fast' that band;
we shałł go to that' othere hand
And loke what' we can do. 130

(21)

and nail them;

ijus tortor. Do dryfe a nayłł ther thrugħ outt',
And then thar vs nothyng doutt,
ffor it wiłł not brest'. 133
iijus tortor. That shałł I do, as myght I thryfe!
ffor to clynke and for to dryfe,
Therto I am fułł prest'; 136

(22)

So lett it styk, for it is wele.
iiijus tortor. Thou says sothe, as haue I cele!
Ther can no man it mende. 139

hold down His knees,

primus tortor. hald downe his knees.
Secundus tortor. that shałł I do.
his norysħ yede neuer better to;
Lay on ałł yo*ur* hende. 142

(23)

draw down the legs hard,

Tercius tortor. Draw out hys lymmes, let se, haue at!
iiijus tortor. That was wełł drawen that that;
ffare fałł hym that so puld'! 145
ffor to haue getten it to the marke,
I trow lewde man ne clerk
Nothyng bett*er* shuld'. 148

(24)

pierce them, and nail them.

primus tortor. hald' it' now fast thor,
And oone of you take the bore,
And then may it' not' fayłł. 151
ijus tortor. That shałł I do withoutten drede,
As euer myght I wełł spede,
hym to mekyłł bayłł. 154

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(25)

*Tercius tort*or. So, that is weł, it wił not brest',
Bot let now se who dos the best'
with any slegthe of hande. 157
*iiij*us *tort*or. Go we now vnto the othere ende;
ffelowse, fest' on fast youre hende,
And puł weł at this band. 160

[Fol. 86, a.] They begin to pull the Cross into place with a rope.

(26)

*p*ri*m*us *tort*or. I red, felowse, by this wedyr,
That' we draw ał ons togedir,
And loke how it wył fare. 163
*ij*us *tort*or. let now se and lefe youre dyn!
And draw we ilka syn from syn;
ffor nothyng let vs spare. 166

At first all pull together.

(27)

*iij*us *tort*or. Nay, felowse, this is no gam!
we wił no longere draw ał sam,
So mekił haue I asspyed. 169
*iiij*us *tort*or. No, for as haue I blys!
Som can twyk, who so it is,
Sek*ys* easse on som kyn syde. 172

But the 3rd and 4th torturers think some one is shamming.

(28)

*p*ri*m*us *tort*or. It' is better, as I hope,
On by his self to draw this rope,
And then may we se 175
who it is that' ere while
Ał his felows can begyle,
Of this companye. 178

The 1st proposes that each man pulls by himself.

(29)

*Secundus tort*or. Sen thou wił so haue, here for me!
how draw I, as myght thou the?
*Tercius tort*or. Thou drew right wele. 181
haue here for me half a foyte!
*quart*us *tort*or. wema, man! I trow thou doyte!
Thou flyt it neu*er* a dele; 184

They vie with each other in pulling.

(30)

Bot haue for me here that I may!
*p*ri*m*us *tort*or. Weł drawen, son, bi this day!

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The torturers excite each other to pull the Cross to the mark.

Thou gose weH to thi warke! 187
Secundus tortor. yit efte, whils thi hande is in,
puH therat' with som kyn gyn.
iijus tortor. yee, & bryng it to *the* marke. 190

(31)

quartus tortor. puH, puH!
primus tortor. haue now!
ijus tortor. let se!
iijus tortor. A ha!
iiijus tortor. yit a draght!
primus tortor. Therto witH aH my maght.

Hold still there! *ijus tortor.* A, ha! hold stiH thore! 193
Now to bore the hole for the Cross to stand in! *iijus tortor.* So felowse! looke now belyfe,
whicH of you can best dryfe,
And I shaH take the bore. 196

(32)

[Fol. 86, b.] *Quartus tortor.* let me go therto, if I shaH;
I hope that' I be the best mershaH
ffor [to] clynke it right. 199
do rase hym vp now when we may,
ffor I hope he & his palfray
ShaH not twyn this nyght'. 202

(33)

They call to one another to lift the Cross, *primus tortor.* Com hedir, felowse, & haue done!
And help that this tre sone
To lyft with aH youre sleght'. 205
ijus tortor. yit let vs wyrke a whyle,
And noman now othere begyle
To it' be broght' on heght'. 208

(34)

iijus tortor. ffelowse, fest on aH youre hende,
ffor to rase this tre on ende,
And let se who is last'. 211
and set it in the mortice. *iiijus tortor.* I red we do as that he says;
Set we the tre in the mortase,
And ther wiH it stand fast'. 214

(35)

primus tortor. Vp with the tymbre.
Secundus tortor. a, it heldys!
ffor hym that aH this warld weldys

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put fro the w*ith* thi hande!
*iij*us *tort*or. hald euen emang*ys* vs all.
*iiij*us *tort*or. yee, and let it into the mortase fall,
ffor then will it best stande.

(36)

*prim*us *tort*or. Go we to it and be we strong,
And rase it, be it neu*er* so long,
Sen that it is fast bon.
*ij*us *tort*or. Vp with the tymbre fast on ende!
*iij*us *tort*or. A felowse, fayr fall youre hende!
*iiij*us *tort*or. so s*ir*, gape agans *th*e son!

They lift it into place, and mock Jesus.

(37)

*prim*us *tort*or. A felow, war thi crowne!
*ij*us *tort*or. Trowes thou this tymbre will oght downe?
*iij*us *tort*or. yit help *th*at it were fast.
*iiij*us *tort*or. Shog hym well & let vs lyfte.
*prim*us *tort*or. ffull shorte shalbe his thryfte.
*ij*us *tort*or. A, it stand*ys* vp lyke a mast.

It stands up like a mast.

(38)

*Ih*esus. I pray you pepyll that passe me by,
That lede youre lyfe so lykandly,
heyfe vp youre hart*ys* on hight!
Behold if euer ye sagh body
Buffet & bett thus blody,
Or yit thus dulfully dight;
In warld was neuer no wight
That suffred half so sare.
My mayn, my mode, my myght,
Is noght bot sorow to sight,
And comforth none, bot care.

Jesus calls to them that pass by to see how He suffers.

(39)

My folk, what haue I done to the,
That thou all thus shall tormente me?
Thy syn by I full sore.
what haue I greuyd the? answere me,
That thou thus nalys me to a tre,
And all for thyn erroure;

[Fol. 87, a.]

What have I done to thee, My folk, that thou tormentest Me thus?

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How shalt thou atone for this dishonour thou doest Me?

where shaⱡ thou seke socoure?
This mys how shaⱡ thou amende?
when that thou thy saveoure
Dryfes to this dyshonoure,
And nalys thrugⱨ feete and hende!

(40)

Beasts and birds have their resting places, but God's Son has only His shoulder to lay His head on.

Aⱡ creatoures that kynde may kest,
Beestys, byrd*ys*, aⱡ haue thay rest,
when thay ar wo begon;
Bot' god*ys* son, that' shuld' be best,
hase not where apon his hede to rest,
Bot on his shud*er* bone.
To whome now may I make my mone?
when thay thus martyr me,
And sakles wiⱡ me slone,
And beete me blode and bone,
That my brethere shuld' be!

(41)

I have made thee in My likeness, and thou repayest Me thus.

what kyndnes shuld' I kythe theym to?
haue I not done that I aght to do,
Maide the to my lyknes?
And thou thus refys me rest & ro,
And lett*ys* thus lightly on me, lo!
Sicⱨ is thi catyfnes.

(42)

I haue the kyd kyndnes, / Vnkyndly thou me quytys;
Se thus thi wekydnes! / loke how thou me dyspytys!

(43)

By this guiltless suffering I buy Adam's blood.

Gyltles thus am I put to pyne,
Not' for [my] mys, man, bot for thyne,
Thus am I rent on rode;
ffor I that tresoure wold' not tyne,
That I markyd' & made for myne,
Thus by I adam blode,

(44)

That' sonkyn was in syn,
with none erthly good;
Bot' with my flesh and blode
That' lothe was for to wyn.

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(45)

My brethere that I com forto by,
has hanged me here thus hedusly,
And freynd*ys* fynde I foyn;
Thus haue thay dight me drerely,
And all by-spytt me spytusly,
As helples man in won.
Bot, fader, that sytt*ys* in trone,
fforgyf thou them this gylt,
I pray to the this boyn,
Thay wote not what thay doyn,
Nor whom thay haue thus spylt.

The brethren I came to save have hanged Me thus;

[Fol. 87, b.]

but, Father, forgive them this guilt, they know not what they do.

(46)

*prim*us *tort*or. yis, what we do full well we knaw.
*ij*us *tort*or. yee, that shall he fynde within a thraw.

The torturers say they know well enough what they are about.

(47)

*iij*us *tort*or. Now, with a myschaunce tyll his cors,
wenys he that we gyf any force,
what dwill so eu*er* he ayll?
*iiij*us *tort*or. ffor he wold tary vs all day,
Of his dede to make delay
I tell you, sansfayll.

(48)

*prim*us *tort*or. lyft vs this tre emanges vs all.
*ij*us *tort*or. yee, and let it into the mortase fall,
And that shall gar hym brest.
*iij*us *tort*or. yee, and all to-ryfe hym lym from lym.
*iiij*us *tort*or. And it will breke ilk ionte in hym.
let se now who dos best.

They lift the Cross, and let it fall again into the mortice, to make His body burst asunder.

(49) [*Mary advances.*]

Maria. Alas! the doyll I dre / I drowpe, I dare in drede!
Whi hyng*ys* thou, son, so hee? / my bayll begynnes to brede.
All blemyshyd is thi ble / I se thi body blede!
In warld, son, were neu*er* we / so wo as I in wede.

Mary laments for her Son's agony.

(50)

My foode that I haue fed,
In lyf longyng the led,
ffull stratly art thou sted
Emanges thi foo-men fell;

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No tongue can tell her grief at her child's suffering.

Sich sorow forto se,
My dere barn, on the,
Is more mowrnyng to me
Then any tong may teH.

(51)

How may she look on His face and body thus disfigured!

Alas! thi holy hede
hase not wheron to helde;
Thi face with blode is red,
Was fare as floure in feylde;
how shuld I stand in sted
To se my barne thus blede?
Bett as blo as lede,
And has no lym to weylde!

(52)

His hands and feet are nailed, His skin torn, His sides stream with blood.

ffestynd both hand*ys* and feete
[Fol. 88, a.] With nalys fuH vnmete,
his woundes wrynyng wete,
Alas, my childe, for care!
ffor aH rent is thi hyde;
I se on aythere syde
Teres of blode downe glide
Ouer aH thi body bare.
Alas! that eu*er* I shuld byde
And se my feyr thus fare!

(53) [*John advances.*]

John shares in her grief for her Son, who was a good Master to him and many more.

Iohannes. Alas, for doyH, my lady dere!
AH for-changid is thi chere,
To see this prynce withoutten pere
Thus lappyd aH in wo;
he was thi fode, thi faryst foine,
Thi luf, thi lake, thi lufsom son,
That high on tre thus hyng*ys* alone
with body blak and blo;
Alas!
To me and many mo
A good master he was.

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(54)

Bot', lady, sen it is his wiH
The prophecy to fulfyH,
That mankynde in sy[n] not spiH
ffor theym to thole this payn ;
And with his dede raunson to make,
As prophetys beforn of hym spake,
ffor-thi I red' thi sorowe thou slake,
Thi Wepyng may not gayn ;
In sorowe
Oure boytt he byes fuH bayn,[1]
Vs aH from bale to borowe.[1]

But Jesus suffers this pain by His own will, therefore she should slake her sorrow.

(55)

Maria. Alas! thyn een as cristaH clere / that shoyn as son in sight,
That lufly were in lyere / lost thay haue thare light,
And wax aH faed in fere / aH dym then ar thay dight!
In payn has thou no pere / that is withoutten pight.

Mary laments afresh.

(56)

Swete son, say me thi thoght,
what wonders has thou wroght
To be in payn thus broght',
Thi blissed blode to blende?
A son, thynk on my wo!
whi wiH thou fare me fro?
On mold' is noman mo
That may my myrthes amende.

She calls on Jesus to tell her why He endures these things.

(57)

Iohannes. Comly lady, good and couth, / ffayn wold I comforth the;
Me mynnys my master with mowth, / told vnto his menyee
That he shuld' thole fuH mekiH payn / and dy apon a tre,
And to the lyfe ryse vp agayn, / apon the thryd day shuld it be
ffuH right!
ffor-thi, my lady swete,
Stynt a while of grete!
Oure bale then wiH he bete
As he befor has hight.

[Fol. 88, b.]

John reminds her of the words of Jesus as to His death and resurrection.

[1] These two lines are written as one in the MS.

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(58)

Mary is mad with her grief;

Maria. Mi sorow it is so sad / no solace may me safe;
Mowrnyng mak*ys* me mad / none hope of help I hafe;
I am redles and rad / ffor ferd that I mon rafe;
Noght may make me glad / to I be in my grafe.

(59)[1]

she sees the robe she gave Jesus all rent.

To deth my dere is dryffen,
his robe is all to-ryffen,
That of me was hym gyffen,
And shapen with my syd*ys*;
Thise Iues and he has stryffen / That all the bale he byd*ys*.

(60)

She laments for her comely child,

Alas, my lam so mylde / whi will thou fare me fro
Emang thise wulfès wylde / that wyrke on the this wo?
ffor shame who may the shelde / ffor freynd*ys* has thou fo!
Alas, my comly childe / whi will thou fare me fro?

(61)[1]

and calls on maids and wives to weep with her.

Madyns, make youre mone!
And wepe ye, wyfès, eue*ri*chon,
with me, most wrich, in wone,
The childe that borne was best!
My harte is styf as stone / That for no bayll will brest.

(62)

John says it is His love which makes Jesus suffer thus for us.

Iohannes. A, lady, well wote I / thi hart is full of care
when thou thus openly / sees thi childe thus fare;
luf gars hym rathly / hym-self will he not spare,
Vs all fro baill to by / of blis that ar full bare
ffor syn.
My lefe lady, for-thy / Of mowrnyng loke thou blyn.

(63)

[Fol. 89, a., Sig. O. 1.]

Maria. Alas! may euer be my sang / Whyls I may lyf in leyd;

Mary thinks she has lived too long.

Me thynk now that I lyf to lang / to se my barne thus blede;
Iuès wyrke with hym all wrang / wherfor do thay this dede?
lo, so hy thay haue hym hang / thay let for no drede: Whi so
his fomen is he emang? / No freynde he has, bot fo.

[1] These stanzas, as well as No. 67, are really six-line stanzas, aaab ab.

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(64)

My frely foode now farys me fro / what shaH worth on me? What shall become of her when her child is thus tortured?
Thou art warpyd aH in wo / and spred here on a tre
ffuH hee /
I mowrne, and so may mo / That' sees this payn on the.

(65)

Iohannes. Dere lady, weH were me John would fain comfort her.
If that I myght comforth the;
ffor the sorow that' I see
Sherys myn harte in sondere;
when that I se my master hang
With bytter paynes and strang,
Was neuer wight' with wrang
Wroght' so mekiH wonder.

(66)

Maria. Alas, dede, thou dwellys to lang! / whi art thou hid fro me? Mary upbraids Death for going to her Son, and not slaying her also.
Who kend' the to my childe to gang? / aH blak thou makys his ble;
Now witterly thou wyrkys wrang / the more I wiH wyte the,
Bot' if thou wiH my harte stang / that I myght with hym dee
And byde;
Sore syghyng is my sang, / ffor thyrlyd' is his hyde!

(67)

A, dede, what has thou done? / with the wiH I moytt sone,
Sen I had childer none bot oone / best' vnder son or moyn;
ffreyndys I had fuH foyn / that gars me grete and grone God grant her to live no more.
ffuH sore.
Good lord, graunte me my boyn / and let me lyf no more!

(68)

GabrieH, that good / som tyme thou can me grete, O Gabriel, how have thy promises to me been fulfilled?
And then I vnderstud / thi wordys that were so swete;
Bot now thay meng my moode / ffor grace thou can me hete,
To bere aH of my blode / a childe oure baiH shuld' bete with right';
Now hyngys he here on rude / Where is that thou me hight?

(69)

AH that thou of blys / hight' me in that stede,
ffrom myrth is faren omys / and yit I trow thi red;

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Mary cries [Fol. 89, b.] to Jesus for mercy.

Thi counceH now of this / my lyfe how shaH I lede
When fro me gone is / he that was my hede 444
In hy?
My dede now comen it is / My dere son, haue mercy! 446

(70)

Jesus bids her cease from the sorrow that pains Him more than His own. He suffers to save mankind.

Ihesus. My moder mylde, thou chaunge thi chere!
Sease of thi sorow and sighyng sere,
It sytt*ys* vnto my hart fuH sare[1]; 449
The sorow is sharp I suffre here,
Bot doyH thou drees, my moder dere,
Me marters mekiH mare.[1] 452
Thus wiH my fader I fare,
To lowse mankynde of bandys;
his son WiH he not' spare,
To lowse that bon was are
ffuH fast in feynd*ys* hand*ys*. 457

(71)

The fyrst cause, moder, of my co*m*myng
Was for mankynde myscarying,
To salf thare sore I soght'; 460

Let her cease from weeping, and let John and she be as son and mother.

Therfor, mod*er*, make none mowrnyng,
Sen mankynde thrugh my dyyng
May thus to blis be bogh't. 463
Woman, wepe thou right nogh't!
Take ther Ioh̄n vnto thi chylde!
Mankynde must ned*ys* be bogh't,
And thou kest, cosyn, in thi thogh't;
Ioh̄n, lo ther thi mod*er* mylde! 468

(72)

He calls on mankind to repay His suffering with steadfastness.

Blo and blody thus am I bett,
Swongen with swepys & aH to-swett,
Mankynde, for thi mysdede! 471
ffor my luf lust when Wold thou lett,
And thi harte sadly sett,
Sen I thus for the haue blede? 474

[1] MS. sore, more.

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Sich lyf, for sothe, I led,
That vnothes may I more;
This suffre I for thi nede,
To marke the, man, thi mede:
Now thryst I, wonder sore.

Jesus thirsts.

(73)

primus tortor. Noght bot hold thi peasse!
Thou shall haue drynke within a resse,
My self shalbe thy knaue;
haue here the draght that I the hete,
And I shall warand it is not swete,
On all the good I haue.

The 1st torturer offers Him a bitter drink.

(74)

Secundus tortor. So syr, say now all youre will!
ffor if ye couth haue holden you styll
ye had not had this brade.
Tercius tortor. Thou wold all gaytt be kyng of Iues,
Bot by this I trow thou rues
All that thou has sayde.

The others mock Him by recalling His words:—

His claim of kingship,

(75)

iiijus tortor. he has hym rused of great prophes,
That he shuld make vs tempylles,
And gar it cleyn downe fall;
And yit he sayde he shuld it rase
As well as it was, within thre dayes!
he lyes, that wote we all;

His boast

[Fol. 90, a., Sig. O. 2.]

of destroying the temple, and raising it in three days.

(76)

And for his lyes, in great dispyte
we will departe his clothyng tyte,
Bot he can more of arte.
primus tortor. yee, as euer myght I thryfe,
Soyn will we this mantyll ryfe,
And ich man take his parte.

In despite of His lies they will divide His clothes between them.

(77)

ijus tortor. how wold thou we share this clothe?
iijus tortor. Nay forsothe, that were I lothe,
Then were it all-gate spylt;
Bot assent thou to my saw,
lett vs all cutt draw,
And then is none begylt.

There is one garment too good to be cut: for this they will draw lots.

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(78)

The 4th torturer wins the garment, and the 1st offers to buy it of him.

*iiij*us *tort*or. how so befallys now wyⱨ I draw!
This is myn by comon law,
Say not ther agayn. 512
*prim*us *tort*or. Now sen it᷑ may no better be,
Chevicⱨ the witⱨ it for me,
Me thynk thou art ful fayn. 515

(79)

They see an inscription newly written on the Cross, and guess it is by Pilate.

*ij*us *tort*or. how felowse, se ye not yond skraw?
It᷑ is writen yonder within a thraw,
Now sen that we drew cut. 518
*iij*us *tort*or. There is noman that is on lyfe
Bot it were pilate, as myght I thrife,
That durst it ther haue putt. 521

(80)

They go to look at it.

*iiij*us *tort*or. Go we fast and let᷑ vs loke
what is wretyn᷒ on yond boke,
And what it᷑ may bemeyn. 524
*prim*us *tort*or. A the more I loke theron
A the more I thynke I fon;
Aⱨ is not᷑ worthⱨ a beyn. 527

(81)

It is in Hebrew, Latin, and Greek, and hard to expound.

*ij*us *tort*or. yis, for sothe, me thynk I se
Theron writen langage thre,
Ebrew and latyn 530
And grew, me thynk, writen theron,
ffor it᷑ is hard for to expowne.
*iij*us *tort*or. Thou red, by appolyn! 533

(82)

The 3rd torturer is the best "Latin wright," and explains it as

*iiij*us *tort*or. yee, as I am a trew knyght,
I am the best latyn wright
Of this company; 536
I wiⱨ go withoutten delay
And teⱨ you what it is to say;
Behald᷑, syrs, witterly! 539

(83)

Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

yonder is wretyn᷒ "ihesu of nazareyn [Fol. 90, b.]
he is kyng of Iues," I weyn.

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primus tortor. A! that is writen wrang. 542
Secundus tortor. he callys hym so, bot he is none.
iijus tortor. Go we to pilate and make oure mone;
haue done, and dweɫɫ not lang. 545

The torturers think the inscription wrong, and complain to Pilate.

(84) [*They approach Pilate.*]

pilate, yonder is a fals tabyɫɫ,
Theron is wryten noght bot fabyɫɫ;
Of Iues he is not kyng! 548
he callys hym so, bot he not is:
It is falsly writen, Iwys,
This is a wrangwys thyng. 551

(85)

Pilatus. Boys, I say, what meɫɫ ye you?
As it is writen shaɫɫ it be now,
I say certane; 554
Quod scriptum scripsi,
That same wrote I,
What gadlyng gruches ther agane? 557

Pilate will have none of their meddling.

(86)

quartus tortor. Sen that he is man of law / he must nedys haue his wiɫɫ;
I trow he had not writen that saw / without som propre skyɫɫ.

The torturers think Pilate, as a lawyer, must know best.

(87)

primus tortor. yee, let it hyng aboue his hede,
It shaɫɫ not saue hym fro the dede,
Noght that he can write. 562
ijus tortor. Now yɫɫa hale was he borne.
iijus tortor. Ma-fay, I teɫɫ his lyfe is lorne,
he shalbe slayn as tyte. 565

At any rate it won't save Jesus from death.

(88)

If thou be crist, as men the caɫɫ,
Com downe emang*ys* vs aɫɫ,
And thole not thies myssaes. 568
iiijus tortor. yee, and help thi self that we may se,
And we shaɫɫ aɫɫ trow in the,
what soeu*er* thou says. 571

They bid Him come down from the Cross, and save Himself.

(89)

primus tortor. he cals hym self good of myght,
Bot I wold se hym be so wight

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Jesus could raise Lazarus, but cannot help Himself.

To do sich a dede
he rasyd lazare out of his delfe,
Bot he can not help hym self,
Now in his greatt nede.

(90)

Jesus cries to God.

*Ih*esu. hely, hely, lamazabatany!
My god, my god, wherfor and why
has thou forsakyn me?

(91)

The torturers misunderstand Him.

*ij*us *tort*or. how! here ye not, as weⱡ as I,
how he can now on hely cry
Apon his wyse?

[Fol. 91, a., Sig. O. 3.]

*Tercius tort*or. yee, ther is none hely in this countre
Shaⱡ delyuer hym from this meneȝe,
On nokyns wyse.

(92)

Jesus commends His soul to the Father.

*iiij*us *tort*or. I warand you now at the last
That he shaⱡ soyn yelde the gast,
ffor brestyn is his gaⱡ.
*Ih*esu. Now is my passyon broght tyⱡ ende!
ffader of heuen, in to thyn hende
I betake my sauⱡ!

(93)

The torturers make Longeus, a blind knight, pierce His side with a spear.

*pr*imus *tort*or. let one pryk hym witⱡ a spere,
And if that it do hym no dere
Then is his lyfe nere past.
*ij*us *tort*or. This blynde knyght may best do that.
longeus. Gar me not do bot I wote what.
*iij*us *tort*or. Not bot put vp fast.

(94)

Longeus receives his sight, and craves forgiveness for wounding the body of Jesus.

*longe*us. A, lord, what may this be?
Ere was I blynde, now may I se;
God*ys* son, here me, ihesu!
ffor this trespas on me thou rew.
ffor, lord, othere men me gart,
that I the stroke vnto the hart:
I se thou hyng*ys* here on hy,
And dyse to fulfyⱡ the *pro*phecy.

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(95)

*iiij*us *tor*tor. Go we hence and leyfe hym here,
ffor I shall be his borgh̄e to-yere
he felys no more payn;
ffor hely ne for none othere man
All the good tha euer he wan
Gett*ys* not' his lyfe agayn.

The 3rd torturer says they may leave Jesus now, for none may bring Him to life again.

[*Exeunt Tortores. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus advance.*]

(96)

Ioseph̄. Alas, alas, and walaway!
That euer shuld I abyde this day,
To se my master dede;
Thus wykydly as he is shent,
with so bytter tornamente,
Thrugh̄ fals Iues red.

Joseph of Arimathea laments the death of Jesus.

(97)

Nychodeme, I wold we yede
To s*ir* pilate, if we myght spede,
his body for to craue;
I will fownde with̄ all my myght,
ffor my seruyce to aske that knyght
his body for to graue.

He proposes to Nicodemus that they beg leave of Pilate to bury the body.

(98)

*Nichodem*us. Ioseph, I will weynde with the
ffor to do that' is in me,
ffor that body to pray;
ffor oure good will and oure trauale
I hope that it mon vs avayll
here afterward som day.

Nicodemus will go with him.

(99)

Ioseph̄. Syr pylate, god the saue! [*They go to Pilate.*] [Fol. 91, b.]
Graunte me that I craue,
If that it be *thi* will.
pilatus. Welcom, Ioseph̄, myght thou be!
what so thou askys I graunte it the,
So that it be skyll.

Joseph asks a boon; Pilate grants it.

(100)

Ioseph̄. ffor my long seruyce I the pray
Graunte me the body—say me not nay—

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Joseph's boon is that he may bury Jesus.

Of ihesu, dede on rud. 639
pilatus. I graunte weⱡ if he ded be,
Good leyfe shaⱡ thou haue of me,
Do with hym what thou thynk gud. 642

(101)

He thanks Pilate for granting it, and himself draws the nails from the Cross,

Iosepⱨ. Gramercy, syr, of youre good grace,
That' ye haue graunte me in this place;
Go we oure way: [*They return to Calvary.*] 645
Nychodeme, com me furtⱨ witⱨ,
ffor I my self shaⱡ be the smytⱨ
The nales out for to dray. 648

(102)

*Nichodem*us. Iosepⱨ, I am redy here
To go with the with fuⱡ good chere,
To help the at my myght; 651

while Nicodemus upholds the body of Jesus.

puⱡ furtⱨ the nales on aythere syde,
And I shaⱡ hald' hym vp this tyde;
A, lord, so thou is dight'! 654

(103)

They wrap the body, and bear it to the tomb.

Iosepⱨ. help now, felow, with aⱡ thi myght',
That he were wonden and weⱡ dight,
And lay hym on this bere; 657
Bere we hym furtⱨ vnto the kyrke,
To the tombe that I gard wyrk,
Sen fuⱡ many a yere. 660

(104)

Nicodemus prays that Christ, who died and rose again, may bless the spectators.

*Nichodem*us. It shaⱡ be so with outten nay.
he that dyed on gud fryday
And crownyd was witⱨ thorne, 663
Saue you aⱡ that now here be!
That lord that' thus wold' dee
And rose on pascⱨe morne. 666

Explicit crucifixio Christi.[1]

[1] MS. xpi.

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(XXIV.)

Incipit Processus talentorum.

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Pilatus. | *Secundus Tortor,* (*Spyll-payn*) | *Tercius Tortor.* Consultus.]
Primus Tortor.

[2 *ten-line stanzas, no.* 5 aaaaab cccb, *no.* 54 ab aab cdbcb ; 8 *nine-line,* aaaab cccb ; 13 *eight-line, no.* 6 abab cdcd, *no.* 47 abca bdbd, *no.* 53 abc acd cd, *the rest* aaab cccb ; 15 *seven-line, no.* 29 abacd bd, *no.* 55 aaab cdb, *the rest* ababc bc ; 1 *six-line, no.* 46 aba cdc ; 5 *five-line, no.* 17, 18 abbba, *nos.* 22-3, 32 ababc ; 11 *four-line, no.* 26 abba, *nos.* 27, 33, 44 abcb, *no.* 38 abca, *nos.* 51-2 abcd, *the rest* abab.]

[Fol. 92, a., Sig. O. 4.]

*pilat*us. (1)

CErnite qui statis / [1] quod mire sim probitatis, — Pilate calls in Latin for silence.
Hec cognoscatis / vos cedam ni taceatis,
Cuncti discatis / quasi sistam vir deitatis
Et maiestatis / michi fando ne neceatis,
hoc modo mando ; 5
Neue loquaces,
Siue dicaces,
poscite paces,
Dum fero fando. 9

(2)

Stynt, I say! gyf men place / quia sum dominus dominorum! — In Latin and English he bids the people make room,
he that agans me says / rapietur lux oculorum ;
Therfor gyf ye me space / ne tendam vim brachiorum,
And then get ye no grace / contestor Iura polorum,
Caueatis ; 14
Rewle I the Iure,
Maxime pure,
Towne quoque rure,
Me paueatis. 18

(3)

Stemate regali / kyng atus gate me of pila ; — boasting of his lineage and power.
Tramite legali / Am I ordand to reyn apon Iuda,
Nomine wlgari / pownce pilate, that may ye weH say,
Qui bene wlt fari / shuld caH me fownder of aH lay.

[1] The metrical bars (/) are not in the MS., but the lines are divided by dots, thus : The rymes in this play are very irregular : see st. 30, 46, 53, 54, etc.

[2] "Kyng Atus gate me of Pila" : hence "Pilatus."

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Iudeor*um* 23

He is ruler of the Jews.

Iura guberno,
pleasse me and say so,
Om*n*ia firmo
Sorte deor*um*. 27

(4)

Cæsar has exalted him, and all men must be obedient.

Myghty lord of aH / me Cesar magnificauit;
Downe on knees ye faH / greatt god me *sanctificauit*,
Me to obey ouer aH / regi reliquo q*uasi* dauid,
hanged hy that he saH / hoc iussu*m* q*ui* repr*o*bauit,
I swere now; 32
Bot ye youre hed*is*
Bare in thies sted*is*
Redy my swerde is
Of thaym to shere now. 36

(5)

[Fol. 92, b.]

He is armipotent, quasi-cuncti-potent, and his laws must be kept.

Atrox armipotens / I graunt men girth by my good grace,
Atrox armipotens / most myghty callyd in ylk place,
vir quasi cunctipotens / I graunt men girth by my good grace,
Tota refert huic gens / that none is worthier in face,
Quin eciam bona mens / doith trowth and right' bi my trew lays,
Silete! 42
In gen*e*rali,
Sic speciali,
yit' agane byd I
Iura tenete. 46

(6)

Leaving his Latin, he threatens to hang any boy who will not bow to his law.

loke that no boy be to bustus, blast here for to blaw,
Bot truly to my talkyng loke that ye be intendyng;
If here be any boy that wiH not loutt tiH oure law,
By myghty mahowne, hygh shaH he hyng; 50
South, north, eest, west',
In aH this warld' in lengthe and brede,
Is none so doughty as I, the best',
doughtely dyntand' on mule and on stede. 54

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(7)

Therfor I say, — Let them bow, then, and obey,
loke that ye lowte to my lykance,
ffor dowte of dynt in greuaunce;
dilygently ply to my plesance,
As prynce most myghty me pay,

(8)

And talke not a worde; — and speak not a word.
ffor who so styrres or any dyn makys,
deply in my daunger he rakys,
That as soferan me not takys
And as his awne lorde.

(9)

he has myster of nyght*ys* rest' that nappys not in noynyng! — He bids his boy lay him down softly, and see that no lads disturb him.
boy, lay me downe softly and hap me well from cold';
loke that no ladd*ys* noy me nawd*er* w*ith* cryyng nor w*ith* cronyng,
Nor in my sight' ones greue me so bold'.
If ther be any boyes that make any cry,
Or els that will not obey me,
he were bett*er* be hanged' hy,
Then in my sight ones mefe me.

(10)

*prim*us *tort*or. war, war! for now com I, — The 1st torturer comes in, having run from Calvary.
The most shrew in this cuntry;
I haue ron) full fast in hy,
hedir to this towne;
To this towne now comen am I — [Fol. 93, a.]
ffrom the mownt of caluery;
Ther crist hang, and that full hy,
I swe[re] you, bi my crowne.

(11)

At caluery when he hanged was, — He had spit in Christ's face, though it shone as glass, and had stripped Him of His clothing.
I spuyd and spyt right in his face,
when that it shoyn as any glas,
so semely to my sight';
Bot yit for all that fayr thyng,
I loghe hym vnto hethyng,
And rofe of his clethyng;
To me it was full light.

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(12)

When they had stripped Jesus, they mocked and crowned Him as a king.

And when his clothes were of in fere,
lord, so we loghe and maide good chere,
And crownyd that carle with a brere,
As he had bene a kyng;
And yit I did full *pro*purly,
I clappyd his cors by and by,
I thoght I did full curiously
In fayth hym for to hyng.

(13)

He has brought the clothing now for Pilate to decide who is to have it.

Bot to mahowne I make avowe,
hedir haue I broght his clethyng now,
To try the trowthe before you,
Euen this same nyght;
Of me and of my felowse two
with whom this garmente shall go;
bot sir pilate must go therto,
I swere you by this light.

(14)

Whoever gets these clothes may walk fearlessly, for they guard him from loss.

ffor whosoeuer may get thise close,
he ther neu*er* rek where he gose,
ffor he semys nothyng to lose,
If so be he theym were.
bot now, now, felose, stand on rowme,
ffor he com*m*es, shrewes, vnto this towne,
And we will all togeder rowne,
so semely in oure gere.

(15)

The 2nd torturer follows the 1st in hot haste.

Secundus tortor. war, war! and make rowme,
ffor I will with my felose rowne,
And I shall knap hym on the crowne
That stand*ys* in my gate;
I will lepe and I will skyp
As I were now out of my wytt;
Almost my breke thay ar beshyt
ffor drede I cam to late.

(16)

[Fol. 93, b.] Bot', by mahowne! now am I here!
The most shrew, that dar I swere,
That ye shall fynde aw where,

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Spyłł-payn in fayth I hight'. 124 His name is Spill-pain.
I was at caluery this same day,
where the kyng of Iues lay,
And ther I taght hym a newe play,
Truly, me thoght it right. 128

(17)

The play, in fayth, it was to rowne, He has borne his part in torturing Jesus.
That he shuld' lay his hede downe,
And sone I bobyd hym on the crowne,
That gam me thoght was good. 132
when we had played witħ hym oure fyłł,
Then led we him vnto an hyłł,
And ther we wroght witħ hym oure wiłł,
And hang hym on a rud'. 136

(18)

Nomore now of this talkyng, The cause of his coming is that he also is anxious to get the coat.
Bot' the cause of my co*m*myng;
Botħ on ernest and on hethyng
This cote I wold' I had; 140
ffor if I myght this cote gett,
Then wold I botħ skyp and lepe,
And therto fast botħ drynke and ete,
In faytħ, as I were mad. 144

(19)

Tercius tortor. war, war! within thise wones, The 3rd torturer comes in as hurriedly as the others.
ffor I com rynyng ałł at ones!
I haue brysten botħ my balok stones,
So fast hyed I hedyr; 148
And ther is nothyng me so lefe
As murder a mycher' and hang a thefe:
If here be any that dotħ me grefe
I shałł them thresħ togedir. 152

(20)

ffor I may swere witħ mekiłł wyn He is the greatest shrew from this town to Lynn.
I am the most' shrew in ałł myn kyn,
That is from this towne vnto lyn,

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He and his fellows are come to divide the coat.

lo, here my felowse two!
Now ar we thre commen) in
A new gam forto begyn,
This same cote forto twyn,
Or that we farther go.

(21)

He proposes to go to Pilate, but they must see that Pilate does not take the gown himself.

Bot to sir pilate prynce I red that we go hy,
And present hym the playnt how that we ar stad;
Bot this gowne that' is here, I say you for-thy,
By myghty mahowne I wold not he had'.

(22)

[Fol. 94, a.]

primus tortor. I assent to that sagħ, by myghty mahowne!

The others agree.

Let vs Weynde to sir pilate withoutten any fabyħ;
Bot syrs, bi my lewte, he gettys not this gowne;
Vnto vs thre it were right prophetabyħ;
Spiħ-payn what says thou?

(23)

Secundus tortor. youre sawes craftely assent I vnto.
primus tortor. Then wiħ I streght furth in this place,
And speke with sir pilate words oone or two,
ffor I am right semely and fare in the face;
And now shaħ we se or we hence go.

(24)

They ask the Counsellor for Pilate, and are told he lies there in the devil's service,

Tercius tortor. Sir, I say the, by my lewtee,
where is sir pilate of pryce?
Consultus. Sir, I say the, as myght I the,
he lygys here in the dewyħ seruyce.

(25)

but shall be waked.

primus tortor. with that' prynce—fowħ myght he faħ—
Must we haue at do.
Consultus. I shaħ go to hym and caħ,
And loke what ye wiħ say hym to.

(26)

Pilate bids the Counsellor call him no more.

My lord, my lorde!
pilatus. what, boy, art thou nyse?
caħ nomore, thou has callid twyse.
Consultus. my lord'!

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(27)

pilatus. what mytyng is that that mevys me in my mynde? Pilate asks if there be any disaffection, and is told "no."
Consultus. I, lord, youre counselloure, pight in youre saw.
pilatus. Say ar ther any catyffys combred that ar vnkynde?
Consultus. Nay, lord, none that I knawe.

(28)

pilatus. Then noy vs nomore of this noyse; He is angry at being disturbed, but takes his seat in his hall.
you carles vnkynde, who bad you call me?
By youre mad maters I hald you bot boyes,
And that shall ye aby, els fowll myght befall me.
I shall not dy in youre dett!
Bewshere, I byd the vp thou take me,
And in my sete softly loke that thou se me sett.

(29)

Now shall we wytt, and that in hy,
If that sagle be trew that thou dyd say;
If I fynde the With lesyng, lad, thou shall aby, [Fol. 94, b.]
fforto mell in the maters that pertenyth agans the lay.

(30)

Consultus. Nay, sir, not so, withoutten delay, The Counsellor tells him that Jesus is dead.
The cause of my callyng is of that boy bold,
ffor it is saide sothely now this same day,
That he shuld dulfully be ded,
Certayn;
Then may youre cares be full cold
If he thus sakles be slayn.

(31)

pilatus. ffare and softly, sir, and say not to far; Pilate bids the Counsellor not to meddle in these matters.
Sett the with sorow, then semys thou the les,
And of the law that thou leggys be wytty and war,
lest I greue the greatly with dyntys expres;
ffals fatur, in fayth I shall slay the!
Thy reson vnrad I red the redres,
Or els of thise maters loke thou nomore mell the.

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(32)

The Counsellor upbraids Pilate, and exalts the value of his own advice.

*Consul*tus. Why shuld I not meꝺ of those maters that
I haue you taght?
Thoug ye be prynce peerles withoutt any pere,
were not my wyse wysdom youre wytt*ys* were in waght;
And that is seen expresse and playnly right here,
And done in dede.

(33)

pilatus. Why, boy, bot has thou sayde?
*Consul*tus. yee, lorde.

Pilate laughs at him for not knowing the way of kings.

*pilat*us. Therfor the devyꝺ the spede, thou carle vnkynde
Sich felowse myght weꝺ be on rowme!
ye knaw not the comon cowrs that long*ys* to a kyng.[1]

(34)

The 1st torturer certifies that Jesus, whom Pilate condemned, is now dead.

*prim*us *tort*or. Mahowne most myghtfuꝺ, he mensk you
with mayn,
Sir pilate pereles, prynce of this prese!
And saue you, sir, syttand semely suffrayn!
we haue soght to thy sayꝺ no sayng to sesse,
Bot certyfie sone;
ye wote that ye demyd this day apon desse,
we dowte not his doyng, for now is he done.

(35)

Pilate is glad of it, but bids

*pilat*us. ye ar welcom, Iwys, ye ar worthy ay war;
Be it fon so of that fatur, in fayth then am I fayne.

[Fol. 95, a.]

*Secund*us *tort*or. we haue markyd that mytyng, nomore
them keep it secret.
shaꝺ he mar;
we prayed you, sir pilate, to put hym to payn,
And we thoght it weꝺ wroght.
pilatus. lefe syrs, let be youre laytt and loke that ye layn;
ffor nothyng that may be nevyn ye it noght.

(36)

The 3rd torturer asks if Pilate claims Jesus' clothes.

*Terci*us *tort*or. Make myrthꝫ of that mytyng fuꝺ mekyꝺ
we may,
And haue lykyng of oure lyfe for los of that lad;
Bot, syr pilate peerles, a poynt I the pray;
hope ye withꝫ hethyng that harnes he had

[1] ? assonance to "vnkynde."

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To hold that was hys?
*Pilat*us. That appentys vnto me, mafa! art thou mad?
I ment that no mytyng shuld' meł hym of this. 246

Pilate at once claims them.

(37)

*prim*us *tort*or. Mefe the not, mast*er*, more if he meł,
ffor thou shał parte from that pelfe, thar thou not pleyte.
*pilat*us. yit styrt not farer for noght that' ye feł;
I aske this gowne of youre gyfte, it is not so greatt, 250
And yit may it agayn you.
*Secundus tort*or. how, ał in fageyng? in fayth̄ I know of youre featte,
ffor it fallys to vs four fyrst wił I frayn you. 253

The 1st torturer objects, and Pilate then asks the gown as a gift.

(38)

*pilat*us. And I myster to no maner of mans bot myn.
*Tercius tort*or. yee, lord, let shere it in shredys.
*pilat*us. Now that hald I good skył! take thou this, & thou that,
& this shał be thyne, 257

The 3rd torturer proposes to cut it into pieces.

(39)

And by lefe and by law this may leyfe stył.
*prim*us *tort*or. O lordyng! I weyn it is wrang,
To tymely I toke it, to take it the vntył
The farest', and the fowllest thy felowse to fang. 261

The torturers are discontented with their shares.

(40)

*pilat*us. And thou art payed of thi parte fuł truly I trowe.
*prim*us *tort*or. It is shame forto se, I am shapyn bot a shrede.
*Secundus tort*or. The hole of this harnes is holdyn to you,
And I am leuerd a lap is lyke to no lede, 265
ffor-tatyrd and torne.
*Tercius tort*or. By myghty mahowne that mylde is of mode,[1]
If he skap with̄ this cote it were a great skorne. 268

(41)

pilatus. Now sen ye teyn so at this, take it to you
with ał the mawgre of myn and myght of mahowne!
*prim*us *tortor.* Drede you not doutles, for so Wił we dow;
Grefe you not greatly ye gett not this gowne,

[Fol. 95, b.]

Pilate gives the gown to them to divide.

[1] The ryme needs "mede."

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The 2nd torturer asks for a falchion.

bot in fower[1] as it fallys. 273
Secundus tortor. had I a fawchon, then craftely to cutt it were I bowne.[2]
Tercius tortor. lo it here that thou callys! 275

(42)

It is sharp with to shere, shere if thou may.
Secundus tortor. Euen in the mydward to marke were mastre to me. 277

He cannot find a seam along which to cut it. Pilate bids them leave it whole.

primus tortor. Most semely is in certan the seym to assay.
Secundus tortor. I haue soght aH this syde and none can I se, 279
of greatt nor of smaH.
pilatus. Bewshers, abyd you, I byd you let be!
I commaunde not to cutt it, bot hold it hole aH. 282

(43)

The 1st torturer objects, and Pilate threatens him.

primus tortor. Now ar we bon, for ye bad, withhald on youre hud.
pilatus. we! harlott*ys*! go hang you, for hole shaH it be.
Tercius tortor. Grefe you not greatly, he saide it for gud.
pilatus. wyst I that he spake it in spytyng of me 286
Tytt shuld I spede forto spyH hym.
Secundus tortor. That were hym loth, lord, by my lewte,
ffor-thi grauntt hym youre grace.
pilatus. No greuans I wiH hym. 290

(44)

They make it up,

primus tortor. Gramercy thi gudnes!
pilatus. yee, bot greue me nomo[3];
ffuH dere beys it boght
In fayth, if ye do. 294

(45)

and agree to draw lots.

primus tortor. ShaH I then saue it?
pilatus. yee, so saide I, or to draw cutt is the lelyst,
and long cut, lo, this wede shaH wyn. 297
Tercius tortor. Sir, to youre sayng yit assent we vnto;
Bot oone assay, let se who shaH begyn. 299

[1] MS. iiij. [2] MS. there were I bowne craftely to cut it.
[3] MS. nomore.

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(46)

*pilat*us. we! me falles aH the fyrst, and forther shaH ye.
*Secundus tort*or. Nay, drede you not doutles, for that do ye not;
O, he sekys as he wold dyssaue vs now we se.
*Tercius tort*or. Bewshers, abyde you, hed*er* haue I broght thre dyse vs emang. The third torturer has brought three dice.
*prim*us *tort*or. That is a gam aH the best, bi hym that me boght,
ffor at the dysyng he dos vs no wrang.

(47)

pilatus. And I am glad of that gam; On assay, Who shaH begyn? [Fol. 96, a.] Pilate and the first torturer are ready to decide by them.
*prim*us *tort*or. ffyrst shaH ye, and sen after we aH.
haue the dyse and haue done,
and lefe aH youre dyn,
ffor who so has most this frog shaH he faH,
And best of the bonys.
*pilat*us. I assent to youre sayng; assay now I shaH,
As I wold at a wap wyn aH at ones.

(48) [*Pilate throws.*]

*Secundus tort*or. A, ha! how now! here ar a hepe.
pilatus. haue mynde then emang you how many ther ar. Pilate throws thirteen, and thinks he will win. The first torturer tries his hand
*Tercius tort*or. thretteen[1] ar on thre, thar ye not threpe.
*pilat*us. Then shaH I wyn or aH men be war.
*prim*us *tort*or. Truly lord, right so ye shaH;
Bot grefe you not greatly, the next shaH be nar
If I haue hap to my hand, haue here for aH!

(49) [*He throws.*]

pilatus. And I haue sene as greatt a freke of his forward falyd. and throws only eight, at which he curses the dice.
here ar bot Aght[2] turnyd vp at ones.
*prim*us *tort*or. Aght? a, his armes, that is yH! what so me alyd,
I was falsly begylyd with thise byched bones;
Ther cursyd thay be!
*Secundus tort*or. WeH I wote this wede bees won in thise wones,
I wold be fayn of this frog myght it faH vnto me.

[1] MS. xiij. [2] MS. viij.

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(50)

Pilatus. It' bees in waght, in fayth, and' thou wyn.

The second torturer throws seven.

Secundus tortor. No, bot war you away! [*He throws.*]

Tercius tortor. here is baddyst' aboue, by mahownes bonys!
seuen[1] is bot the seconde, the sothe for to say. 332

(51)

Secundus tortor. we, fy! that is shortt.

The third prepares to cast

Tercius tortor. Do shott at thi hud! now fallys me the fyrst,
And I haue hap to this gowne, go now on gud;
The byched bones that ye be I byd you go bett; 336

(52) [*He throws.*]

and throws fifteen.

ffelowse, in forward here haue I fefteen[2]!
As ye wote I am worthi, won is this wede.

Pilate is furious.

Pilatus. what, whistyH ye in the wenyande! where haue ye beyn?
Thou shaH abak, bewshere, that blast I forbede. 340

[Fol. 96, b.]

Tercius tortor. here ar men vs emang,
lele in oure lay, wiH ly for no leyd,
And I wytnes at thaym if I wroght' any wrang. 343

(53)

The first torturer says the third has won the coat fairly, but Pilate is still discontented.

primus tortor. Thou wrogh't no dyssaytt, for sothe, that we saw,
ffor-thi thou art worthi, and won is this weyd At thyn awne wyH.

Pilatus. yee, bot me pays not that playng to puf nor to blaw;
If he haue right I ne rek or reson thertyH, 347
I refe it hym noght.

Tercius tortor. haue gud day, sir, and grefe you not yH,
ffor if it were duble fuH dere is it' boght. 350

(54)

He asks for the coat as a favour, and uses threats when it is refused.

Pilatus. Sir, sen thou has won this weyd, say wiH thou vowche safe
Of thi great gudnes this garment' on me?

Tercius tortor. Sir, I say you certan this shaH ye not haue.

Pilatus. Thou shaH forthynk it, in fayth;[3]
ffy, what thou art fre! 355

[1] MS. vij. [2] MS. xv. [3] ? assonance to 'have.'

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vnbychid, vnbayn!
Tercius tortor. ffor ye threttt me so throle, The third torturer gives up the coat and is thanked.
were it sicħ thre
here I gif you this gud.
pilatus. Now, gramercy agayn!

(55)

MekiH thank and myn and this shalbe ment. The first would not have given it up so lightly, but Pilate promises to make amends for it.
primus tortor. Bot I had not left it so lightly, had play me it lent.
pilatus. No, bot he is faythfuH and fre, and that shaH be ment;
And more if I may,
If he myster to me,
amend hym I mon.
Tercius tortor. I vowche safe it be so, the sothe forto say.

(56)

primus tortor. Now thise dyse that ar vndughty / for los of this good, The first torturer forswears the use of dice, and bids all men beware of dicers.
here I forswere hertely / by mahownes blood;
ffor was I neuer so happy / by mayn nor by mode,
To wyn with sich sotelty / to my lyfys fode,
As ye ken;
Thise dysars and thise hullars,
Thise cokkers and thise bollars,
And aH purs-cuttars,
Bese weH war of thise men.

(57)

Secundus tortor. ffy, fy, on thise dyse / the deviH I theym take! The second commits the dice to the devil. Fortune delights to set men up and cast them down.
vnwytty, vnwyse / With thaym that Wold lake; [Fol. 97, a. Sig. P. 1.]
As fortune assyse / men wyH she make;
hir maners ar nyse / she can downe and vptake;
And rych
She turnes vp-so-downe,
And vnder abone,
Most chefe of renowne
She castys in the dyche.

(58)

By hir meanes she makys / dysers to seH, She makes dicers sell corn and cattle.
As thay sytt and lakys / thare corne and thare cateH;

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Then they cry out and want to fight.

Then cry thay and crakkys / bowne vnto bateH,
his hyppys then bak*ys* / no symneH
ffor hote.
Bot fare weH, thryfte!
Is ther none other skyfte
Bot syfte, lady, syfte?
Thise dysars thay dote.

(59)

The third torturer traces loss and oft-times man-slaughter to dicing. Let them leave such vanity and serve God.

Tercius tortor. what co*m*mys of dysyng / I pray you hark after,
Bot los of good in lakyng / and oft tymes mens slaght*er*!
Thus sorow is at partyng / at metyng if ther be laghter;
I red leyf sich vayn thyng / and serue god herafter,
ffor heuens blys;
That lord is most myghty,
And gentyllyst of Iury,
we helde to hym holy;
how thynk ye by this?

(60)

Pilate praises the torturers and dismisses them with a French blessing.

pilatus. weH worth you aH thre, most doughty in dede!
Of aH the clerk*ys* that I knaw, most conyng ye be,
By soteltes of youre sawes, youre lawes forto lede;
I graunt you playn powere and frenship frele,
I say;
[1] Dew vows [garde], mon senyours!
Mahowne most myghty in castels and towres
he kepe you, lordyng*ys*, and aH youres,
And hauys aH gud day.

Explicit processus talentorum.

[1] *i. e.* Dieu vous [garde], monseigneurs!

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(XXV.)

Incipit extraccio animarum, &c.

[29 *eight-line stanzas* abababab; 1 *six-line* (*no* 18) aab aba; 40 *four-line* abab; 4 *couplets.*]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Ihesus.	*Simeon.*	*Ribald.*	*Sathanas.*
Adam.	*Iohannes Baptista.*	*Belzebub.*	*Ysaias.*]
Eva.	*Moyses.*	*David.*	

*Ih*esus. (1)

My fader me from blys has send
Tiħ erthe for mankynde sake,
Adam mys forto amend,
My deth nede must I take.

Jesus recounts how He has been born, ministered, and died for man's salvation.

(2)

I dwellyd ther thryrty yeres and two,
And somdele more, the sothe to say;
In anger, pyne, and mekyħ wo,
I dyde on cros this day.

(3)

Therfor tiħ heħ now Wiħ I go,
To chalange that is myne;
Adam, eue, and othere mo,
Thay shaħ no longer dweħ in pyne.

He must now rescue His own from hell.

(4)

The feynde theym wan Withe trayn,
Thrughe fraude of earthly fode,
I haue theym boght agan
With shedyng of my blode.

(5)

And now I wiħ that stede restore,
whiche the feynde feħ fro for syn;
Som tokyn wiħ I send before,
withe myrthe to gar thare gammes begyn.

He will send thither a light as a token of His coming.

(6)

A lighte I wiħ thay haue
To know I wiħ com sone;
My body shaħ abyde in graue
Tiħ aħ this dede be done.

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(7)

Adam calls his brethren to listen: he sees tokens of solace.

Adam. My brether, herkyn vnto me here!
More hope of helth neuer we had;
Fower thowsand[1] and sex hundreth[2] yere
haue we bene here in darknes stad;
Now se I tokyns of solace sere,
A gloryous gleme to make vs glad,
Wher thrugħ I hope that help is nere,
That sone shaħ slake oure sorowes sad.

(8)

Eve, too, takes the light as a good sign.

Eua. Adam, my husband heynd,
This menys solace certan;
Sicħ light can on vs leynd
In paradyse fuħ playn.

(9)

Isaiah recalls Adam's first sin,

Isaias. Adam, thrugh thi syn
here were we put to dweħ,
This wykyd place within;
The name of it is heħ;
here paynes shaħ neu*er* blyn,
That wykyd ar and feħ.
loue that lord witħ wyn,
his lyfe for vs wold seħ.

Et cantent omnes "saluator mundi," primum versum.

(10)

and his own prophecy of the light that should come to them that walked in darkness.

Adam, thou weħ vnderstand
I am Isaias, so crist me kende.
I spake of folke in darknes walkand,
I saide a light shuld on theym lende;
This light is aħ from crist co*m*mande
That he tiħ vs has hedir sende,
Thus is my poynt proved in hand,
as I before to fold it kende.

[Fol. 98, a. Sig. P. 2.]

(11)

Simeon. So may I teħ of farlys feyħ,
ffor in the tempyħ his freynd*ys* me fande,
Me thoght dayntetħ witħ hym to deyħ,
I halsid hym homely with my hand;

[1] MS. iiij M[l]. [2] MS. vi C.

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I saide, lord, let thi seruand*ys* leyꝧ
pas in peasse to lyf lastande;
Now that myn eeyn has sene thyn hele
no long*er* lyst I lyf in lande.

Simeon remembers Christ's presentation in the Temple and his own "Nunc dimittis."

(12)

This light thou has purvayde
ffor theym that lyf in lede;
That' I before of the haue saide
I se it is fulfillyd in dede.

He now sees the light which he then foretold.

(13)

Iohannes baptista. As a voce cryand I kend
The wayes of crist, as I weꝧ can;
I baptisid hym witꝧ botꝧ myn hende
in the wat*er* of flume Iordan;
The holy gost from heuen discende
As a white dowfe downe on me than;
The fader voyce, oure myrthes to amende,
Was made to me lyke as a man;

John the Baptist recalls the Baptism of Christ and the voice from Heaven.

(14)

"yond is my son," he saide,
"and whicꝧ me pleasses fuꝧ weꝧ,"
his light is on vs layde,
and com*m*ys oure karys to kele.

Christ's light comes to assuage their cares.

(15)

Moyses. Now this same nyght' lernyng haue I,
to me, moyses, he shewid his myght,
And also to anothere oone, hely,
where we stud on a hiꝧ on hyght;
As whyte as snaw was his body,
his face was like the son for bright',
Noman on mold' was so myghty
grathly durst loke agans that light';

Moses recalls the Transfiguration and the wondrous light there shown.

(16)

And that same lightꝧ here se I now
shynyng on vs, certayn,
where thrugh truly I trow
that we shaꝧ sone pas fro this payn.

That same light he sees now.

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(17)

Rybald is full of foreboding that the souls will escape.

Rybald. Sen fyrst that heH was mayde / And I was put therin,
Sich sorow neuer ere I had / nor hard I sich a dyn;
My hart begynnys to brade / my wytt waxys thyn,
I drede we can not be glad / thise saules mon fro vs twyn.

(18)

He bids Beelzebub bind them.

how, belsabub! bynde thise boys,[1] / sich harow was neuer hard in heH.
Belzabub. Out, rybald! thou rores, / what is betyd? can thou oght teH?
Rybald. whi, herys thou not this vgly noyse?[2]
thise lurdans that in lymbo dweH[2]
Thay make menyng of many Ioyse,[3]
and Muster myrthes theym emeH.[3] 98

(19)

Belzabub. Myrth? nay, nay! that poynt is past,
more hope of helth shaH thay neuer haue.

They are crying on Christ and say He will save them.

Rybald. They cry on crist fuH fast,
And says he shaH theym saue. 102

(20)

[Fol. 98, b.] *Beelzabub.* yee, though he do not, I shaH,
ffor they ar sparyd in specyaH space;

Beelzebub bids him call up Astaroth and other devils,

whils I am prynce and pryncypaH
they shaH neuer pas out of this place. 106
CaH vp astarot and anabaH
To gyf vs counseH in this case;
BeH, berith, and bellyaH,
To mar theym that sich mastry mase. 110

(21)

and tell Satan, and bid him bring Lucifer.

Say to sir satan oure syre,
and byd hym bryng also
Sir lucyfer, lufly of lyre.
Rybald. AH redy lord I go. 114

Jesus calls for the gates to be raised.

Ihesus. Attollite portas, principes, vestras & eleuamini porte eternales, & introibit rex glorie.

[1] Originally "oure bowys" (and probably "bende").
[2] & [3] These and following lines are single lines with central rymes.

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(22)

Rybald. Out, harro, out! what deuiH is he
That callys hym kyng ouer vs aH?
hark belzabub, com ne,
ffor hedusly I hard hym caH.
Belzabub. Go, spar the yates, yH mot thou the!
And set the wachēs on the waH;
If that brodeH com ne
WitH vs ay won he shaH;

Rybald cries to Beelzebub, who bids him lock the gates and set watches,

(23)

And if he more caH or cry,
To make vs more debate,
lay on hym hardely,
And make hym go his gate.

and to fall upon Jesus if He calls again.

(24)

Dauid. Nay, witH hym may ye not fyght,
ffor he is king and conqueroure,
And of so mekiH myght,
And styf in euery stoure;
Of hym commys aH this light
that shynys in this bowre;
he is fuH fers in fight,
worthi to wyn honoure.

David warns him that they may not fight with Jesus, Who is King and Conqueror.

(25)

Belzabub. honowre! harsto, harlot, for what dede?
Alle erthly men to me ar thraH;
That lad that thou callys lord in lede
he had neuer harbor, house, ne haH.

Beelzebub claims all earthly men as his thralls.

(26)

how, sir sathanas! com nar
And hark this cursid rowte!
Sathanas. The deuiH you aH to-har!
What ales the so to showte?
And me, if I com nar,
thy brayn bot I bryst owte!
Belzabub. Thou must com help to spar,
we ar beseged abowte.

He calls Satan, who asks what is the matter.

Beelzebub says they are besieged.

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(27)

Satan bids them see that Jesus does not escape.

Sathanas. Besegyd aboute! whi, who durst be so bold
for drede to make on vs a fray?
Belzabube. It is the Iew that Iudas sold
ffor to be dede this othere day.
Sathanas. how! in tyme that tale was told,
that trature trauesses vs aH-way;
he shalbe here fuH hard in hold,
bot loke he pas not, I the pray.

(28)

Beelzebub says Jesus has far other thoughts.

Belzabub. Pas! nay, nay, he wiH not weynde
ffrom hens or it be war;
he shapys hym for to sheynd
AH heH or he go far.

(29)

Satan defies Jesus.

Sathanas. ffy, faturs! therof shaH he fayH,
ffor aH his fare I hym defy;
I know his trantes fro top to tayH,
he lyff*ys* by gawd*ys* and glory.

[Fol. 99, a. Sig. P. 3.] He counselled the Jews to kill Him,

Therby he broght furth of oure bayH
The lath lazare of betany,
Bot to the Iues I gaf counsayH
That thay shuld cause hym dy;

(30)

and persuaded Judas to carry out the agreement.

I entred ther into Iudas,
that forward to fulfyH,
Therfor his hyere he has,
AH wayes to won here styH.

(31)

Rybald asks Satan, as this is his doing, if he hopes to defeat Jesus?

Rybald. Sir sathan, sen we here the say
thou and the Iues were at assent,
And wote he wan the lazare away
that vnto vs was taken to tent,
hopys thou that thou mar hym may
to Muster the malyce that he has ment?
ffor and he refe vs now oure pray
we wiH ye witt or he is went.

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(32)

Sathanas. I byd the noght abaste,
bot boldly make you bowne,
With̄ toyles that ye intraste,
And dyng that dastard downe.

Satan encourages him.

Ihesus. Attollite portas, principes, *vest*ras, &c.

Jesus calls again.

(33)

Rybald. Outt, harro! what harlot is he
that sayes his kyngdom shalbe cryde?
dauid. That may thou in sawter se,
for of this prynce thus ere I saide;

David recalls his prophecy of

(34)

I saide that he shuld breke
youre barres and band*ys* by name,
And of youre wark*ys* take wreke;
now shall thou se the same.

Christ's triumph.

(35)

Ihesus. ye prynces of hell open youre yate,
And let my folk furth̄ gone;
A prynce of peasse shall enter therat
whed*er* ye will or none.

Jesus summons them to open the gates.

(36)

Rybald. What art thou that spekys so?
Ihesus. A kyng of blys that hight ih̄*esus*.
Rybald. yee, hens fast I red thou go,
And mell the not with̄ vs.

Rybald and Beelzebub defy Him.

(37)

Belzabub. Oure yates I trow will last,
thay ar so strong I weyn;
Bot if oure barres brast,
ffor the they shall not twyn.

(38)

Ihesus. This stede shall stand no long*er* stokyn;
open vp, and let my pepill pas.
Rybald. Out, harro! oure bayll is brokyn,
and brusten ar all oure band*ys* of bras!

Jesus bursts the bars to the dismay of Rybald.

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(39)

Beelzebub laments. *Belzabub.* harro! oure yates begyn to crak!
In sonder, I trow, they go,
And heꝺ, I trow, wiꝺ aꝺ to-shak;
Alas, what I am wo!

(40)

Rybaldꝺ. lymbo is lorne, alas!
sir sathanas com vp;
This wark is wars then it was.
Sathanas. yee, hangyd be thou on a cruke[1]!

(41)

Satan reproaches the devils for not overthrowing Christ, Thefys, I bad ye shuldꝺ be bowne,
If he maide mastres more,
To dyng that dastardꝺ downe,
sett hym bothꝫ sad and sore.

(42)

[Fol. 99, b.] *Belzabub.* To sett hym sore, that is sone saide!
com thou thi self and *ser*ue hym so;
we may not abyde his bytter brayde,
he wold vs mar and we were mo.

and calls for his own armour. *Sathanas.* ffy, fature! wherfor were ye flayd?
haue ye no force to flyt hym fro?
loke in haste my gere be grayd,
my self shaꝺ to that gadlyng go.

(43)

He challenges Jesus, how! thou belamy, abyde,
withꝫ aꝺ thi boste and beyr!
And teꝺ me in this tyde
what mastres thou mak*ys* here.

(44)

Who announces His mission to save the prisoners. *Ihe*sus. I make no mastry bot for myne;
I wiꝺ theym saue, thatꝰ shaꝺ the sow;
Thou has no powere theym to pyne,
botꝰ in my pryson for thare prow
here haue they soriornydꝺ, noght as thyne,
bot in thi wayrd, thou wote as how.
Sathanas. why, where has thou bene ay syn,
that neu*er* wold negꝫ theym nere or now?

[1] assonance with 'up.'

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(45)

Ihesus. Now is the tyme certan
My fader ordand her for,
That thay shuld pas fro payn,
In blys to dweH for euermore.

The ordained time has come.

(46)

Sathanas. Thy fader knew I weH by syght,
he was a wright, his meett to wyn;
Mary, me mynnys, thi moder hight,
the vtmast ende of aH thy kyn;
Say who made the so mekiH of myght?

Satan asks how the son of Joseph and Mary is so mighty?

Ihesus. Thou wykyd feynde, lett be thi dy[n]!
my fader wonnes in heuen on hight,
In blys that neuer more shaH blyn;

Jesus reveals that He is God's Son.

(47)

I am his oonly son, / his forward to fulfyH,
Togeder wiH we won, / In sonder when we wyH.

(48)

Sathan. Goddys son! nay, then myght thou be glad,
for no cateH thurt the craue;
Bot thou has lyffyd ay lyke a lad,
In sorow, and as a sympiH knaue.

(49)

Ihesus. That was for the hartly luf I had
Vnto mans sauH, it forto saue,
And forto make the masyd and mad,
And for that reson rufully to rafe.

He has concealed His Godhead to save men's souls and confound the devil.

(50)

My godhede here I hyd
In mary, moder myne,
where it shaH neuer be kyd
to the ne none of thyne.

(51)

Sathan. how now? this wold I were told in towne;
thou says god is thi syre;
I shaH the prove by good reson
thou moyttys as man dos into myre.

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Satan claims the souls as God's enemies.

To breke thi byddyng they were fulH bowne,
And soyn they wroght at my desyre;
ffrom paradise thou putt theym downe,
In heH here to haue thare hyre;

(52)

[Fol. 100, a. Sig. P. 4.]

And thou thy self, by day and nyght,
taght eu*er* aH men emang,
Euer to do reson and right,
And here thou wyrkys aH wrang.

Jesus reminds him of the prophecies of His coming.

(53)

*Ih*esus. I wyrk no wrang, thatʼ shaH thou wytt,
if I my men fro wo wiH wyn;
My p*ro*phet*ys* playnly prechyd itʼ,
AH the noyt*ys* that I begyn;
They saide that I shuld be that ilke[1]
In heH where I shuld intre in,
To saue my seruand*ys* fro that pytt
where dampnyd saullys shaH syt for syn.

(54)

And ilke true p*ro*phete tayH
shalbe fulfillid in me;
I haue thaym boght fro bayH,
in blis now shaH they be.

(55)

Satan quotes Solomon and Job to show that once in hell there is no release.

Sathanas. Now sen thou lyst to legge the lawes,
thou shalbe tenyd or we twyn,
ffor those that thou to witnes drawes
ffuH euen agans the shaH begyn;
As salamon saide in his sawes,
who that ones co*m*mys heH within
he shaH neu*er* owte, as clerk*ys* knawes,
therfor, belamy, let be thy dyn.

(56)

Iob thi seruande also
In his tyme can teH
That nawd*er* freynde nor fo
shaH fynde relese in heH.

[1] assonance with 'it.'

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(57)

*Ih*esus. he sayde fuꝉ soytħ, that shaꝉ thou se,
In heꝉ shalbe no relese,
Bot of that place then ment he
where synfuꝉ care shaꝉ eu*er* encrese. 306
In that bayꝉ ay shaꝉ thou be,
where sorowes seyr shaꝉ neu*er* sesse,
And my folke that were most fre
shaꝉ pas vnto the place of peasse; 310

Jesus answers that there is no release from the eternal hell in which the devil shall be kept, but these souls shall depart to bliss.

(58)

ffor they were here with my wiꝉ,
And so thay shaꝉ furtħ weynde;
Thou shaꝉ thiself fulfyꝉ
euer wo withoutten ende. 314

(59)

Sathan'. Whi, and wiꝉ thou take theym aꝉ me fro?
then thynk me thou art vnkynde;
Nay, I pray the do not so;
Vmthynke the better in thy mynde; 318
Or els let me with the go,
I pray the leyffe me not behynde!
*Ih*esus. Nay, tratur, thou shaꝉ won in wo,
and tiꝉ a stake I shaꝉ the bynde. 322

Satan pleads that they may be left, or that he, too, may go.

(60)

Sathan'. Now here I how thou menys emang,
witħ mesure and malyce forto meꝉ;
Bot sen thou says it shalbe lang,
yit som let aꝉ-wayes with vs dweꝉ. 326
*Ih*esus. Yis, wytt' thou weꝉ, els were greatt' wrang;
thou shaꝉ haue caym that slo abeꝉ,
And aꝉ that hast*ys* theym self to hang,
As dyd Iudas and architopheꝉ; 330

Jesus says he shall keep some souls, such as Cain and Judas,

(61)

And daton and abaron / and aꝉ of thare assent,
Cursyd tyrantt*ys* eu*er* ilkon / that me and myn tormente.

(62)

And aꝉ that wiꝉ not lere my law,
That I haue left in land' for new,
That mak*ys* my co*m*myng knaw,
And aꝉ my sacrament*ys* p*er*sew; 336

and all who will not learn His law.

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[Fol. 100, b.] My deth, my rysyng, red by raw,
Who trow thaym not thay ar vntrewe;
He will judge these worse than the Jews. vnto my dome I shaⱡ theym draw,
And Iuge theym wars then any Iew.

(63)

And thay that lyst to lere / my law, and lyf therby,
Shaⱡ neu*er* haue harmes here, / bot welth as is worthy.

(64)

Satan is pleased with the bargain. *Sathanas.* Now here my hand, I holⱡ me payde,
thise poynt*ys* ar playnly for my prow;
If this be trew that thou has saide,
we shaⱡ haue mo then we haue now;
Thies lawes that thou has late here laide,
I shaⱡ theym lere not to alow;
If thay myn take thay ar betraide,
and I shaⱡ turne theym tytt I trow.

(65)

He will go east and west and make men sin. Jesus tells him he shall be fast bound. I shaⱡ walk eest, I shaⱡ walk west,
and gar theym wyrk weⱡ war.
*Ih*esus. Nay feynde, thou shalbe feste,
that thou sⱨaⱡ flyt no far.

(66)

*Sathan*ˡ. ffeste? fy! that were a wykyd treson!
belamy, thou shalbe smytt.
*Ih*esus. Deviⱡ, I commaunde the to go downe
into thi sete where thou shaⱡ syt.

Satan sinks into hell, Rybald reviling him. *Sathan*ˡ. Alas, for doyⱡ and care!
I synk into heⱡ pyt!
*Rybald*ᵈ. Sir sathanas, so saide I are,
now shaⱡ thou haue a fytt.

(67)

Jesus summons forth His children. *Ih*esus. Com now furthⱨ, my childer aⱡ,
I forgyf you youre mys;
Withⱨ me now go ye shaⱡ
to Ioy and endles blys.

(68)

Adam gives thanks. *Adam.* lord, thou art fuⱡ mekyⱡ of myght,
that mekys thiself on this manere,
To help vs aⱡ as thou had vs hight,
when bothⱨ forfett I and my fere;

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here haue we dwelt withoutten light
  Fower thousand[1] and sex[2] hundreth yere;
Now se we by this solempne sight
  how that thi *mercy* mak*ys* vs dere.

This sight comes to them after 4600 years of darkness.

[1] MS. iiij M.
[2] MS. vj.

(69)

Eua. lord, we were worthy / more tornament*ys* to tast;
Thou help vs lord with thy *mercy* / as thou of myght is mast.

Eve confesses they deserved more punishment.

(70)

Iohannes. lord, I loue the inwardly,
  that me wold make thi messyngere,
Thi *com*myng in erth to cry,
  and tech thi fayth to folk in fere;
Sythen before the forto dy,
  to bryng theym bodword that be here,
how thay shuld haue thi help in hy,
  now se I all those poynt*ys* appere.

The Baptist gives thanks to Christ for having made him His messenger.

(71)

Moyses. Dauid, thi *pro*phete trew,
  oft tymes told vnto vs,
Of thi *com*myng he knew,
  and saide it shuld be thus.

Moses recalls the prophecies of David,

(72)

Dauid. As I saide ere yit say I so,
  "ne derelinquas, *domi*ne,
*Anim*am meam in inferno;"
  "leyfe neu*er* my saul, lord, aft*er* the,
In depe hell wheder dampned shall go;
  suffre thou neu*er* thi sayntys to se
The sorow of thaym that won in wo,
  ay full of fylth, and may not flie."

who repeats his prayer that his soul be not left in hell.

(73)

Moyses. Make myrth both more and les,
  and loue oure lord we may,
That has broght vs fro bytternes
  In blys to abyde for ay.

[Fol. 101, a.]

Moses and Isaiah unite in exhortation to love God.

(74)

ysaias. Therfor now let vs syng
  to loue oure lord ihesus;
Vnto his blys he will vs bryng,
  Te deum laudamus.

Explicit extraccio animarum ab inferno.

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XXVI.

Resurreccio domini.

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Pilatus.	*Secundus Miles.*	*Ihesus.*
Caiaphas.	*Tercius Miles.*	*Maria Magdalene.*
Centurio.	*Quartus Miles.*	*Maria Jacobi.*
Anna.	*Angeli, Primus & Secundus.*	*Maria Salomee.*
Primus Miles.		

[1 *eleven-line stanza, no.* 11, aaab ab acb cb ; 1 *nine-line, no.* 101 ab abbbc bc ; 4 *eight-line, no.* 7 aaab cccb, *nos.* 95, 99, 100 aab aab cc ; 93 *six-line stanzas, nos.* 51-3 aaab cb, *no.* 73 ababcc, *no.* 96 aab aab, *the rest* aaab ab ; 1 *three-line, no.* 97 aab ; 1 *couplet, no.* 24.]

pilatus. (1)

Pilate calls for silence

PEasse, I warne you, wold*ys* in wytt'!
And stand*ys* on syde or els go sytt',
ffor here ar men that' go not yit',
And lord*ys* of me[kiH] myght;
We thynk to abyde, and not to flytt',
I teH you euery wyght'.

(2)

on pain of hanging.

Spare youre spech, ye brodels bold',
And sesse youre cry tiH I haue told'
What that my worship wold',
here in thise wonys;
whoso that' wyghtly nold'
ffuH hy bese hanged his bonys.

(3)

He is Pilate, who has punished Jesus.

wote ye not that I am pilate,
That' satt' apon the Iustyce late,
At caluarie where I was att
This day at' morne?
I am he, that' great' state,
That lad has aH to-torne.

(4)

Let watch be kept if any follow His words.

Now sen that lothly loseH is thus ded,
I haue great' ioy in my manhede,
Therfor wold' I in ilk sted'
It' were tayn hede,
If any felowse felow his red,
Or more his law wold lede.

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(5)

ffor and I knew it', cruelly
his lyfe bees lost, and that shortly,
that he were better hyng ful hy
On galow tre;
Therfor ye prelat*ys* shuld aspy
If any sich̄ be.

[Fol. 101, b.]
If they do Pilate will kill them,

(6)

As I am man of myght*ys* most,
If ther be any that blow sich bost,
with̄ torment*ys* keyn bese he indost
ffor euermore;
The devih̄ to heh̄ shah̄ harry hys goost,
Bot I say nomore.

and the devil harry their ghost to hell.

(7)

Caiphas. Sir, ye thar nothyng be dredand,
ffor centurio, I vnderstand,
youre knyght is left abydand
Right' ther behynde;
We left hym ther, for man most wyse,
If any rybald*ys* wold oght ryse,
To sesse theym to the next assyse,
And then forto make ende.

Caiaphas says the Centurion has been left behind to arrest ribalds.

Tunc veniet centurio velut miles equitans.

(8)

Centurio. A, blyssyd lord adonay,[1]
what may this merueh̄ sygnyfy
That here was shewyd so openly
vnto oure sight,
When the rightwys man can dy
that' ih*esus* hight'?

The Centurion ponders on the signs that accompanied the death of Jesus.

(9)

heuen it shoke abone,
Of shynyng blan both̄ son and moyne,
And dede men also rose vp sone,
Outt of thare grafe;
And stones in wah̄ anone
In sonder brast and clafe.

[1] This stanza is written as three lines in the MS, with central rhymes.

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(10)

The princes were wrong, and Jesus was indeed the Son of God.

Ther was seen many a fuH sodan sight,
Oure prynces, for sothe, dyd nothyng right,
And so I saide to theym on hight,
As it is trew, 60
That he was most of myght,
The son of god, ihesu. 62

(11)

Birds in the air and fish in the sea knew that their Lord was being put to death.

ffowlys in the ayer and fish in floode,
That day changid thare mode,
when that he was rent on rode,
That lord veray; 66
ffuH weH thay vnderstode
That he was slayn that day. 68
Therfor right as I meyn / to theym fast wiH I ryde,
To wyt withoutten weyn / what they wiH say this tyde
Of this enfray; 71
I wiH no longer abyde
bot fast ride on my way. 73

(12)

[Fol. 102, a.] God saue you, syrs, on euery syde!

He exchanges greetings with Pilate,

Worship and welth in warld so wyde!
pilatus. Centurio, welcom this tyde,
Oure comly knyght!
Centurio. God graunt you grace weH forto gyde,
And rewH you right. 79

(13)

who asks his news.

pilatus. Centurio, welcom, draw nere hand!
TeH vs som tythyng*ys* here emang,
ffor ye haue gone thrughoutt oure land,
ye know ilk dele. 83

The Centurion says they have sinned in slaying a righteous man.

Centurio. Sir, I drede me ye haue done wrang
And wonder yH. 85

(14)

Cayphas. wonder yH? I pray the why?
declare that to this company.
Centurio. So shaH I, sir, fuH securly,
with aH my mayn; 89
The rightwys man, I meyn, hym by
that ye haue slayn. 91

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(15)

pilatus. Centurio, sese of sich saw;
ye ar a greatt man of oure law,
And if we shuld any wytnes draw,
To vs excuse,
To mayntene vs euermore ye aw,
And noght refuse.

Pilate rebukes him.

(16)

Centurio. To mayntene trowth̄ is weH worthy;
I saide when I sagh̄ hym dy,
That it was god*ys* son almyghty,
That hang thore;
So say I yit and abyd*ys* therby,
ffor euermore.

The Centurion maintains it was God's Son they crucified.

(17)

Anna. yee, sir, sich̄ resons may ye row,
Thou shuld not neuen sich notes new,
Bot thou couth̄ any tokyns trew,
vntiH vs teH.
Centurio. Sich wonderfuH case neuer ere ye knew
As then befeH.

Annas asks for a proof.

(18)

Cayphas. we pray the teH vs, of what thyng?
Centurio. Of elyment*ys*, both̄ old and ying,
In thare manere maide greatt mowrnyng,
In ilka stede;
Thay knew by contenaunce that thare kyng
was done to dede.

The Centurion recounts the mourning of the elements as for their king.

(19)

The son for wo it waxed aH wan,
The moyn and starnes of shynyng blan,
And erth̄ it tremlyd as a man
Began to speke;
The stone, that neue*r* was styrryd or than,
In sonde*r* brast and breke;

(20)

And dede men rose vp bodely, both greatt and smaH.
pilatus, Centurio, bewar with̄ aH!
ye wote the clerk*ys* the clypp*ys* it caH

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Pilate says that clerks call such a sight an eclipse.

Sich̄ sodan sight; 125
That son and moyne a seson shaH
lak of thare light. 127

(21)

[Fol. 102, b.] *Cayphas.* Sir, and if that dede men ryse vp bodely,
The dead may arise through sorcery. That may be done thrugh̄ socery,
Therfor nothyng we sett therby,
that be thou bast. 131
Centurio. Sir, that I saw truly,
That shaH I euermore trast. 133

(22)

The Centurion trusts his eyes, and asks an explanation of the rending of the veil of the Temple. Not for that ilk warke that ye dyd wyrke,
Not oonly for the son wex myrke,
Bot how the vayH rofe in the kyrke,
ffayn wyt I wold. 137
*pilat*us. A, sich̄ tayles fuH sone wold make vs yrke,
if thay were told. 139

(23)

Pilate bids him begone. harlot! wherto co*mm*ys thou vs emang
with̄ sich̄ lesyng*ys* vs to fang?
Weynd furth̄! hy myght thou hang,
Vyle fatur! 143
Cayphas. Weynd furth in the Wenyande,
And hold styH thy clattur. 145

(24)

He takes his leave. *Centurio.* Sirs, sen ye set not by my saw, / haues now good day!
God lene you grace to knaw / the sothe aH way. 147

(25)

Anna. with̄ draw the fast, sen thou the dredys,
ffor we shaH weH mayntene oure ded*ys*.
pilatus. Sich̄ wonderfuH resons as now red*ys*
were neu*er* beforne, 151
Caiaphas would hush the matter up. *Cayphas.* To neuen this note nomore vs ned*ys*,
nawd*er* euen nor morne, 153

(26)

Bot forto be war of more were
That afterward myght do vs dere,
Therfor, sir, whils ye ar here

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vs aⱡ emang,
Avyse you of thise sawes sere
how thay wiⱡ stand.

(27)

ffor ih*esus* saide fuⱡ openly
Vnto the men that yode hym by,
A thyng that grevys aⱡ Iury,
And right so may,
That he shuldⁱ ryse vp bodely
within the thryde day.

(28)

If it be so, as myght I spede,
The latt*er* dede is more to drede
Then was the fyrst, if we take hede
And tend therto;
Avyse you, sir, for it is nede,
the bestⁱ to do.

(29)

Anna. Sir, neuer the les if he saide so,
he hase no myght to ryse and go,
Bot his dyscypyls steyⱡ his cors vs fro
And bere away;
That were tiⱡ vs, and othere mo,
A fowⱡ enfray.

(30)

Then wold the pepyⱡ say euerilkon
That he were rysen hym self alon,
Therfor ordan to kepe that stone
with̄ knyght*ys* heynd,
To thise thre[1] dayes be co*mm*en and gone
And broght tiⱡ ende.

(31)

pilatus, Now, cert*ys*, sir, fuⱡ weⱡ ye say,
And for this ilk poynt to puruay
I shaⱡ, if that I may;
he shaⱡ not ryse,
Nor none shaⱡ wyn hym thens away
of nokyns wyse.

[1] MS. iij.

They must consult together.

Jesus prophesied that He should rise again the third day.

They must guard against this.

[Fol. 103, a.]

Annas thinks the disciples will steal the body.

The tomb, therefore, should be watched by knights.

Pilate agrees.

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(32)

Pilate bids his knights guard the body of Jesus,

Sir knyght*ys*, that ar of ded*ys* dughty,
And chosen for chefe of cheualry,
As I may me in you affy,
By day and nyght, 193
ye go and kepe ih*es*u body
with aH youre myght; 195

(33)

And for thyng that be may,
kepe hym weH vnto the thryd day,

that no traitor steal it.

That no tratur steyH his cors you fray,
Out of that sted; 199
ffor if ther do, truly I say,
ye shaH be dede. 201

(34)

They express their readiness with boasts,

*prim*us *Miles.* yis, sir pilate, in certan,
we shaH hym kepe with aH oure mayn;
Ther shaH no tratur with no trayn
SteyH hym vs fro; 205
Sir knygHtys, take gere that best may gayn,
And let vs go. 207

(35)

*Secund*us *Miles.* yis, cert*ys*, we are aH redy bowne,
we shaH hym kepe tiH youre renowne;

and take up their station round the tomb, still boasting.

On euery syde lett vs sytt downe,
we aH in fere; 211
And I shaH fownde to crak his crowne
whoso com*m*ys here. 213

(36)

*prim*us *Miles.* who shuld be where, fayn wold I wytt.
*Secund*us *Mil*es. Euen on this syde wyH I sytt.
*Terc*ius *Miles.* And I shaH fownde his feete to flytt.
*iiij*us *miles.* we ther shrew ther! 217
Now by mahowne, fayn wold I wytt
who durst com here 219

(37)

[Fol. 108, b.] This cors with treson forto take,
ffor if it were the burnand drake
Of me styfly he gatt' a strake,

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haue here my hand; 223 They will warrant the safety of the body for these three days.
To thise thre[1] dayes be past', [*The soldiers sleep:*
This cors I dar warand. *Jesus rises.*] 225

Tunc cantabunt angeli "Christus[2] *resurgens," & postea dicet ihesus.*

(38)

*Ih*esus. Erthly man, that I haue wroght, Jesus calls men to remember what He has done for them.
wightly wake, and slepe thou noght!
with bytter bayH I haue the boght',
To make the fre; 229
Into this dongeon depe I soght
And aH for luf of the. 231

(39)

Behold how dere I wold the by!
My woundys ar weytt and aH blody;
The, synfuH man, fuH dere boght I
WitH tray and teyn; 235 Let them not defile themselves now He has cleansed them.
Thou fyle the noght eft for-thy,
Now art thou cleyn. 237

(40)

Clene haue I mayde the, synfuH man,
WitH wo and wandreth I the wan,
ffrom harte and syde the blood out' ran,
Sich was my pyne; 241
Thou must me luf that thus gaf than
My lyfe for thyne. 243

(41)

Thou synfuH man that by me gase,
Tytt vnto me thou turne thi face; Let them look on His torn and wounded body.
Behold' my body, in ilka place
how it was dight'; 247
AH to-rent and aH to-shentt,
Man, for thy plight. 249

(42)

With cordes enewe and ropys toghe
The Iues feH my lymmes out-drogh,
ffor that I was not mete enoghe
vnto the bore; 253
with hard stowndys thise depe woundys
Tholyd I thefore. 255

[1] MS. iij. [2] MS. xp̄s.

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(43)

His pains and shame were all borne for man,

A crowne of thorne, that is so kene,
Thay set apon my hede for tene,
Two thefys hang thai me betwene,
AH for dyspyte; 259
This payn ilk dele thou shaH wyt wele,
May I the wyte. 261

(44)

Behald my shankes and my knees,
Myn armes and my thees;
[Fol. 104, a.] Behold me weH, looke what thou sees,
Bot sorow and pyne; 265
Thus was I spylt, man, for thi gylt,
And not for myne. 267

(45)

And yit more vnderstand thou shaH;
In stede of drynk thay gaf me gaH,
AseH thay menged it withaH,
The Iues feH; 271

to save his soul from hell.

The payn I haue, tholyd I to saue
Mans sauH from heH. 273

(46)

BeholdI my body how Iues it dang
with knott*ys* of whyppys and scorges strang;
As stremes of weH the bloode out sprang
On euery syde; 277
knottes where thay hyt, weH may thou wytt,
Maide wound*ys* wyde. 279

(47)

And therfor thou shaH vnderstand
In body, heed, feete, and hand,
ffour hundreth̄ wound*ys* and fyue[1] thowsand
here may thou se; 283
And therto neyn[2] were delt fuH euen
ffor luf of the. 285

(48)

BeholdI on me noght els is lefte,
And or that thou were fro me refte,
AH thise paynes wold I thole efte

[1] MS. v. [2] MS. ix.

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And for the dy;
here may thou se that I luf the,
Man, faythfully.

(49)

Sen I for luf, man, boght the dere,
As thou thi self the sothe sees here,
I pray the hartely, with good chere,
luf me agane;
That it lyked me that I for the
tholyd all this payn.

(50)

If thou thy lyfe in syn haue led,
Mercy to ask be not adred;
The leste drope I for the bled
Myght clens the soyn,
All the syn the warld with in
If thou had done.

(51)

I was well wrother with Iudas
ffor that he wold not ask me no grace,
Then I was for his trespas
That he me sold;
I was redy to shew mercy,
Aske none he wold.

(52)

lo how I hold myn armes on brede,
The to saue ay redy mayde;
That I great luf ay to the had,
well may thou knaw!
Som luf agane I wold full fayn
Thou wold me shaw.[1]

(53)

Bot luf noght els aske I of the,
And that thou fownde fast syn to fle;
pyne the to lyf in charyte
Both nyght and day;
Then in my blys that neuer shall mys
Thou shall dwell ay.

[1] MS. shew.

289 Man may see how great is the love of Jesus for
291 him.

295 Let him then love Jesus again,

297

301 and ask for the mercy which can cleanse from all sin.

303

307 Jesus was ready to show mercy even to Judas, would he but have asked it.

309

313

315

[Fol. 104, b.]

319 He only asks for man's love.

321

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(54)

Those who will cease from sin and ask mercy He will feed on His own body,

ffor I am veray prynce of peasse,
And synnes seyr I may releasse,
And whoso wiH of synnes seasse
And mercy cry,
I grauntt theym here a measse
In brede, myn awne body.

(55)

the bread which by five words becomes His flesh.

[1][That ilk veray brede of lyfe
Becom*m*ys my flesHe in word*ys* fyfe ;
who so it resaues in syn or stryfe
Bese dede for euer ;
And whoso it tak*ys* in rightwys lyfe
Dy shaH he neuer.[1]] [*Jesus retires, and the three Maries advance.*]

(56)

Mary Magdalen laments the death of Jesus.

*Maria Magdal*ene. Alas ! to dy with doyH am I dyght !
In warld was neuer a wofuller wight,
I drope, I dare, for seyng of sight
That I can se ;
My lord, that mekiH was of myght,
Is ded fro me.

(57)

Alas ! that I shuld se hys pyne,
Or that I shuld his lyfe tyne,
ffor to ich̄ sore he was medecyne
And boytte of aH ;
help and hold to euer ilk hyne
To hym wold caH.

(58)

Mary Jacobi faints to think of His wounds.

Maria Iacobi. Alas ! how stand I on my feete
when I thynk on his wound*ys* wete !
Ih*esus*, that was on luf so swete,
And neu*er* dyd yH,
Is dede and grafen vnder the grete,
withoutten skyH.

(59)

Maria solomee. withoutten skyH thise Iues ilkon
That lufly lord thay haue hym slone,
And trespas dyd he neu*er* none,

[1] Crossed out with red ink (after the Reformation ?).

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In nokyn sted̄; 355
To whom shall̄ we now make oure mone?
Oure lord is ded. 357

Mary Salome asks to whom may they make their moan now Jesus is dead?

(60)

Maria Magdalene. Sen he is ded, my systers dere,
weynd we will̄ with full̄ good chere.
with oure anoyntment*ys* fare and clere
That we haue broght, 361
ffor to anoyntt his wound*ys* sere,
That Iues hym wroght. 363

The Magdalene proposes that they go and anoint His wounds.

(61)

Maria Iacobi. Go we then, my systers fre,
ffor sore me longis his cors to see,
Bot I wote neu*er* how best̄ may be;
help haue we none, 367
And which̄ shall̄ of vs systers thre
remefe the stone? 369

[Fol. 105. a. Sig. Q. I.]

The others wonder how they shall move the heavy stone.

(62)

Maria salomee. That do we not bot we were mo,
ffor it is hogh̄ and heuy also.
*Maria Magd*alene. Systers, we thar no farther go
Ne make mowrnyng; 373
I se two syt where we weynd to,
In whyte clothyng. 375

The Magdalene sees two sitting by the tomb in white clothing.

(63)

Maria Iacobi. Cert*ys*, the sothe is not to hyde,
The graue stone is put besyde.
Maria salomee. Cert*ys*, for thyng that may betyde,
Now will̄ we weynde 379
To late the luf, and with hym byde,
that was oure freynde. 381

(64)

primus angelus. ye mowrnyng women in youre thoght̄,
here in this place whome haue ye soght?
*Maria Magdal*ene. Ihesu that vnto ded was broght,
Oure lord so fre. 385
Secundus angelus. Cert*ys*, women, here is he noght;
Com nere and se. 387

The angels tell the women that Jesus is not there.

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(65)

Jesus is risen,

primus angelus. he is not here, the sothe to say,
The place is voyde ther in he lay;
The sudary here se ye may
was on hym layde; 391
he is rysen and gone his way,
As he you sayde. 393

(66)

and shall be found in Galilee.

Secundus angelus. Euen as he saide so done has he,
he is rysen thrugh his pauste;
he shalbe fon in galale,
In flesshe and felt; 397
To his dyscypyls now weynd ye,
And thus thaym telt. 399

(67)

The Magdalene bids the others preach what they have heard.

*Maria Magdal*ene. My systers fre, sen it is so,
That he is resyn the deth thus fro,
As saide tilt vs thise angels two,
Oure lord and leche, 403
As ye haue hard where that ye go
Loke that ye preche. 405

(68)

Maria Iacobi. As we haue hard so shalt we say;
Mare, oure syster, haue good day!
*Maria Magd*alene. Now veray god, as he welt may,
Man most of myght, 409
he wysh you, systers, welt in youre way,
And rewle you right. 411

(69)

[Fol. 105, b.]

She again laments Christ's sufferings.

Alas, what shalt now worth on me?
My catyf hart wylt breke in thre
when that I thynk on that ilk bodye
how it was spylt; 415
Thrugh feete and hand*ys* nalyd was he
Withoutten gylt. 417

(70)

withoutten gylt then was he tayn,
That lufly lord, thay haue hym slayn,
And tryspas dyd he neuer nane,

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Ne yit no mys
It was my gylt he was fortayn,
And nothing his.

It was for her guilt He suffered, for none of His own.

(71)

how myght I, bot I lufyd that swete
That for me suffred woundys wete,
Sythen to be grafen vnder the grete,
Sich kyndnes kythe;
Ther is nothyng tiH that we mete
may make me blythe. [*The women retire, and the*

(72) *soldiers then wake.*]

primus Miles. Outt, alas! what shaH I say?
where is the cors that here in lay?
Secundus Miles. what alys the man? he is away
That we shuld tent!

The soldiers discover the disappearance of the body, and cry harrow!

primus Miles. Ryse vp and se.
Secundus miles. harrow! thefe! for ay
I cownte vs shent!

(73)

Tercius miles. what devyH alys you two
sich nose and cry thus forto may?
Secundus Miles. ffor he is gone.[1]
Tercius Miles. Alas, wha?
Secundus Miles. he that here lay.
Tercius Miles. harrow! deviH! how swa gat he away?

(74)

Quartus miles. what, is he thus-gatys from vs went,
The fals tratur that here was lentt,
That we truly to tent
had vndertane?
Certanly I teH vs shent
holly ilkane.

They fear they will be punished.

(75)

primus Miles. Alas, what shaH I do this day
Sen this tratur is won away?
And safely, syrs, I dar weH say
he rose alon.
Secundus Miles. wytt sir pilate of this enfray
we mon be slone.

[1] "go" is needed to ryme with "two."

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(76)

The second soldier himself saw Jesus go.

*Quart*us *Mil*es. wote ye weH he rose in dede?
*Secund*us *Mil*es. I sagh myself when that he yede.
*prim*us *Mil*es. when that he styrryd out of the steed
None couth it ken. 457
*Quart*us *Mil*es. Alas, hard hap was on my hede
emang aH men. 459

(77)

*Tercius Mil*es. ye, bot wyt *sir* pilate of this dede,
[Fol. 106, a. Sig. Q. 2.] That we were slepand when he yede,
we mon forfett, withoutten drede,
AH that we haue. 463

They think they must invent some lie

*Quart*us *Mil*es. we must make lees, for that is nede,
Oure self to saue. 465

(78)

*prim*us *Mil*es. That red I weH, so myght I go.
*Secund*us *Mil*es. And I assent therto also.

as that a thousand armed men stole the body.

*Tercius Mil*es. A thowsand shaH I assay, and mo,
weH armed ilkon, 469
Com and toke his cors vs fro,
had vs nere slone. 471

(79)

The fourth soldier is bold to tell Pilate what has really happened.

*Quart*us *mil*es. Nay, cert*ys*, I hold ther none so good
As say the sothe right as it stude,
how that he rose with mayn and mode,
And went his way; 475
To sir pilate, if he be wode,
Thus dar I say. 477

(80)

*prim*us *Mil*es. why, and dar thou to sir pilate go
with thise tythyng*ys*, and teH hym so?
*Secund*us *Mil*es. So red I that we do also,
we dy bot oones. 481
*Tercius Mil*es & *omnes*. Now he that wroght vs aH this wo
wo worth his bones! 483

(81)

*Quart*us *Mil*es. Go we sam, sir knyght*ys* heynH,
Sen we shaH to sir pilate weynd,
I trow that we shaH parte no freynd,

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Or that we pas. [*They come to Pilate.*] 487 The first soldier greets Pilate and the priests.
primus Miles. Now and I shall tell ilka word till ende,
right as it was. 489

(82)

Sir pilate, prynce withoutten peyr,
Sir Cayphas and Anna both in fere,
And all the lord*ys* aboute you there,
To neuen by name; 493
Mahowne you saue on syd*ys* sere
ffro syn and shame. 495

(83)

pilatus. ye ar welcom, oure knyght*ys* so keyn, Pilate asks for news.
A mekill myrth now may we meyn,
Bot tell vs som talkyng vs betwene,
How ye haue wroght. 499
primus Miles. Oure walkyng, lord, withoutten wene,
Is worth to noght. 501

(84)

Cayphas. To noght? alas, seasse of sich saw. They tell him the prophet is risen.
Secundus Miles. The prophete ihesu, that ye well knaw,
Is rysen, and went fro vs on raw,
with mayn and myght. 505
pilatus. Therfor the devill the all to-draw, He reproaches them.
vyle recrayd knyght! 507

(85)

what! combred coward*ys* I you call!
lett ye hym pas fro you all?
Tercius Miles. Sir, ther was none that durst do bot small They plead fright.
when that he yede. 511
Quartus Miles. we were so ferde we can downe fall,
And qwoke for drede. 513

(86) [Fol. 106, b.]

primus miles. we were so rad, euerilkon,
when that he put besyde the stone,
we quoke for ferd, and durst styr none,
And sore we were abast. 517
pilatus. whi, bot rose he bi hym self alone? Jesus rose by Himself alone.
Secundus miles. ye, lord, that be ye trast, 519

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(87)

There was a wondrous melody when He rose.

we hard neuer on euyn ne morne,
Nor yit oure faders vs beforne,
Sich melody, myd-day ne morne,
As was maide thore. 523
*vilat*us. Alas, then ar oure lawes forlorne
ffor eu*er* more! 525

(88)

Pilate asks the advice of Caiaphas.

A, devilh! what shalh now worth of this?
This warld farys with quantys;
I pray you, Cayphas, ye vs wys
Of this enfray. 529
Caiphas. Sir, and I couth oght by my clergys,
ffayn wold I say. 531

(89)

Annas counsels him to reward the soldiers, and make them tell another story.

Anna. To say the best for sothe I shalh;
It shalbe *pro*fett for vs alh,
yond knyght*ys* behovys thare word*ys* agane calh,
how he is myst; 535
we wold not, for thyng that myght befalh,
That no man wyst: 537

(90)

And therfor of youre curtessie
Gyf theym a rewarde for-thy.
pilatus. Of this counselh welh paide am I,
It shalbe thus. 541
Sir knyght*ys*, that ar of ded*ys* doghty,
Take tent tilh vs; 543

(91)

Pilate bids them say 10,000 men in good array stole the body from them.

herkyns now how ye shalh say,
where so ye go by nyght or day;
Ten thowsand[1] men of good aray
Cam you vntilh, 547
And thefyshly toke his cors you fray
Agans youre wilh. 549

(92)

loke ye say thus in euery land,
And therto on this couande
Ten thowsand pounds[2] haue in youre hande

[1] MS. XM[1]. [2] XM[1] li.

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To youre rewarde; 553 **He gives them £10,000 as their reward.**
And my frenship, I vnderstande,
Shall not be sparde; 555

(93)

Bot loke ye say as we haue kende.
primus miles. yis, sir, as mahowne me mende, **They promise compliance, and are dismissed.**
In ilk contree where so we lende
By nyght or day, 559
where so we go, where so we weynd,
Thus shall we say. 561

(94)

pilatus. The blyssyng of mahowne be with you nyght and day!
[*Pilate and the soldiers retire. Mary and Jesus advance.*]
Maria magdalene. Say me, garthynere, I the pray, [Fol. 107, a. Sig. Q. 3.]
If thou bare oght my lord away;
Tell me the sothe, say me not nay, **Mary Magdalene asks the Gardener if He knows where her Lord's body is?**
where that he lyys, 566
And I shall remeue hym if I may,
On any kyn wyse. 568

(95)

Ihesus. woman, why wepys thou? be styll!
whome sekys thou? say me thy wyll,
And nyk me not with nay. 571
Maria Magdalene. ffor my lord I lyke full yll;
The stede thou bare his body tyll
Tell me I the pray; 574
And I shall if I may / his body bere with me,
Vnto myn endyng day / the better shuld I be. 576

(96)

Ihesus. woman, woman, turn thi thoght!
wyt thou well I hyd hym noght,
Then bare hym nawre with me; 579
Go seke, loke if thou fynde hym oght.
Maria Magdalene. In fayth I haue hym soght, **She has sought but cannot find Him.**
Bot nawre he will fond be. 582

(97)

Ihesus. why, what was he to the / In sothfastnes to say?
Maria Magdalene. A! he was to me / no longer dwell I may.
Ihesus. Mary, thou sekys thy god, and that am I. 585 **Jesus reveals Himself.**

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(98)

Mary worships Jesus.

*Maria Magd*alene. Rabony, my lord so dere!
Now am I hole that thou art here,
Suffer me to negħ the nere,
And kys thi feete;
Myght I do so, so weħ me were,
ffor thou art swete.

(99)

He bids her not to touch Him, but to bear His commands to His disciples.

*Ih*esus. Nay, mary, neghe thou not me,
ffor to my fader, teħ I the,
yit stevynd I noght;
Teħ my brethere I shaħ be
Before theym aħ in trynyte
whose wiħ that I haue wroght.
To peasse now ar thay boght / that prysond were in pyne,
wherfor thou thank in thoght / god, thi lord and myne

(100)

Mary thou shaħ weynde me fro,
Myn erand shaħ thou grathly go,
In no fowndyng thou faħ;
To my dyscypyls *say* thou so,
That wilsom ar and lappyd in wo,
That I thaym socoure shaħ.
By name pet*er* thou caħ / and say that I shaħ be
Before hym and theym aħ / my self in galyle.

(101)

Mary promises obedience, and rejoices at having seen the Lord.

*Maria Magd*alene. lord, I shaħ make my vyage
to teħ theym hastely;
ffro thay here that message
thay wiħ be aħ mery.

[Fol. 107, b.]

This lord was slayn, alas for-thy,
ffalsly spylt, noman wyst why,
whore he dyd mys;
Bot with hym spake I bodely,
ffor-thi *com*men is my blys.

(102)

Mi blys is *com*men, my care is gone,
That lufly haue I mett alone;
I am as blyth in bloode and bone

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As euer was wight'; 620 **He is risen that was slain.**
Now is he resyn that ere was slone,
Mi hart is light'. 622

(103)

I am as light as leyfe on tre,
ffor ioyfuł sight that I can se,
ffor weł I wote that it was he
My lord ihesu; 626
he that betrayde that fre
sore may he rew. 628

(104)

To galyle now wiłł I fare, **She will go to Galilee and release the disciples from care.**
And his dyscyples cach̄ from care;
I wote that thay wiłł mowrne no mare,
Commyn is thare blys; 632
That worthi childe that mary bare
he amende youre mys. 634

Explicit resurreccio domini.

XXVII.

Peregrini.[1]

[2 *nine-line stanzas, no* 4 aaaab cccb, *no.* 30 ababc dddc; 5 *eight-line,* abababab; 6 *seven-line, nos.* 39, 59 abab cdc, *the rest* ababc bc; 40 *six-line,* aaab ab; 6 *four-line,* abab; 1 *couplet.*]

[*Dramatis Personae:*

Cleophas *Lucas* *Jesus.*]

Cleophas. (1)

Almyghty god, ihesu! ihesu **Cleophas laments for Jesus.**
That' borne was of a madyn fre,
Thou was a lord and prophete trew,
whyls thou had lyfe on lyfe to be 4
Emangys thise men;
yłł was thou ded, so wo is me
that I it ken! 7

[1] "fysher pagent" is written underneath the title in a later hand.

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(2)

Why was man so blind as to slay his Lord?

I ken it weⱡ that thou was slayn
Oonly for me and aⱡ mankynde;
Therto thise Iues were fuⱡ bayn.
Alas! why was thou, man, so blynde
Thi lord to slo?
On hym why wold thou haue no mynde,
bot bett hym blo?

(3)

[Fol. 108, a. Sig. Q. 4.]

Blo thou bett hym bare / his brest thou maide aⱡ blak,
his woundes aⱡ wete thay ware / Alas, withoutten lak!

(4)

Luke laments the death of man's physician.

Lucas. That lord, alas, that leche / that was so meke and mylde,
So weⱡ that couth vs preche / with syn was neuer fylde;
he was fuⱡ bayn to preche / vs aⱡ from warkes wylde,
his ded it wiⱡ me drech, / ffor thay hym so begylde
This day;
Alas, why dyd thay so
To tug hym to and fro?
ffrom hym wold thay not go
To his lyfe was away.

(5)

They recall how Jesus was tortured by the Jews.

Cleophas. Thise cursyd Iues, euer worth thaym wo!
Oure lord, oure master, to ded gart go,
Aⱡ sakles thay gart hym slo
Apon the rode,
And forto bete his body blo
Thay thoght fuⱡ good.

(6)

Lucas. Thou says fuⱡ sothe, thay dyd hym payn,
And therto were thay euer fayn.
Thay wold no leyf or he was slayn
And done to ded;
ffor-thi we mowrne with mode and mayn,
with rufuⱡ red.

(7)

Cleophas. yee, rufully may we it rew,
ffor hym that was so good and trew,
That thrugh the falshede of a Iew

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was thus betrayd ; 41 Their own sorrow is ever fresh.
Therfor oure sorow is euer new,
Oure ioy is layd. 43

(8)

Lucas, Cert*ys*, it was a wonder thyng They marvel at the unbelief of the Jews,
That thay wold for no tokynyng,
Ne yit for his techyng,
Trast in that trew ; 47
Thay myght haue sene in his doyng
ffuH great vertu. 49

(9)

Cleophas. ffor aH that thay to hym can say and the meekness of Jesus.
he answard neuer witH yee, ne nay,
Bot as a lam meke was he ay,
ffor aH thare threte ; 53
he spake neu*er*, by nyght' ne day,
No wordes greatte. 55

(10)

Lucas. AH if he wor withoutten plight,
Vnto the ded yit thay hym dight ;
If he had neuer so mekiH myght
he suffred aH ; 59 He stood still as stone in wall.
he stud as stiH, that bright,
As stone in waH. 61

(11)

Cleophas. Alas, for doyH ! what was thare skyH How could the Jews slay Him ?
That precyous lord so forto spiH ?
And he seruyd neuer none yH
In worde, ne dede ; 65
Bot prayd for theym his fader tiH
To ded when that he yede. 67

(12)

Lucas. When I thynk on his passyon, [Fol. 108, b.]
And on his moder how she can swoyn, The remembrance of His mother's sorrow makes them ready to die.
To dy nere am I bowne,
ffor sorow I sagH hir make ; 71
Vnder the crosse when she feH downe,
ffor hir son sake. 73

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(13)

The blows of the Jews made His body blue.

Cleophas. Me thynk my hart is fulł of wo
when I sagh̄ hym to ded go;
Th[e] wekyd Iues thay were so thro
To wyrk hym wogh̄e,
his fare body thay maide fulł blo
with̄ strokes enoghe.

(14)

When He asked for drink they gave Him vinegar and gall.

Lucas. Me thynk my hart droppys ał in bloode
when I sagh̄ hym hyng on the roode,
And askyd a drynk, with̄ fulł mylde mode,
Right than in hy;
Aseł and gał, that was not' good,
Thay broght hym then truly.

(15)

No man ever suffered half as much.

Cleophas. was neuer man in no-kyns steede
That suffred half so greatt' mysdede
As he, to ded or that he yede,
Ne yit the care;
ffor-thi fulł carefulł is my red
where soeu*er* I fare.

(16)

Lucas. where so I fare he is my mynde,
Bot when I thynk on hym so kynde,
how sore gyltles that he was pyynde
Apon a tre,
Vnethes may I hold' my mynde,
So sore myslyk*ys* me.

hic venit ih̄esus in apparatu peregrini.

(17)

Jesus asks why they walk so sorrowfully?

Ihesus. Pylgrymes, whi make ye this mone,
And walk so rufully by the way?
haue ye youre gates vngrathly gone?
Or what you alys to me ye say.

(18)

what wordes ar you two emange,
That ye here so sadly gang?
To here theym eft' fulł sore I lang,

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here of yow two;
It semys ye ar in sorow strang,
here as ye go.

He desires to know what are they talking of?

(19)

Cleophas. what way, for shame, man, has thou tayn
That thou wote not of this affray?
Thow art a man by the alane,
Thow may not pleasse me to my pay.

Cleophas asks how it is He has not heard of this affray?

(20)

*Ih*esus. I pray you, if it be youre wiłł,
Those Wordys ye wold reherse me tyłł;
ye ar all heuy and lyk*ys* yłł
here in this way;
If ye wiłł now shew me youre [wyll]
I wold you pray.

[Fol. 109, a.]

Jesus asks them to tell Him.

(21)

Lucas. Art thou a pilgreme thi self alone,
walkand in contry bi thyn oone,
And wote not what is co*mm*en and gone
within few dayes?
Me thynk thou shuld make mone,
And wepe here in thi wayes.

Luke cannot believe He has not heard.

(22)

*Ih*esus. whi, what is done can ye me say
In this land this ylk day?
Is ther fallen any affray
In land awre whare?
If ye can, me telł I you pray,
Or that I farthere fare.

Jesus again asks to be told.

(23)

Cleophas. why, knowys thou not what thyng is done
here at Ier*usal*em thus sone,
Thrugh wykyd Iues, withoutten hone,
And noght lang syn?
flor the trewe pr*o*phete make we this mone,
And for his pyne.

They tell Him they are mourning the death of a prophet, Jesus of 'Nazarene'

(24)

Lucas. yee for ihesu of nazarene,
That was a pr*o*phete true and clene,
In word, in wark, fułł meke, I w[illegible]ne,

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They found Him ever true.

And that fonde we; 139
And so has he fulꝫ long bene,
As mot I the, 141

(25)

To god and to the people batꝫ;
Therfor thise daies he has takyn skatꝫ,
Vnto the ded, withoutten hagh,
The Jews put Him to death, Thise Iues hym dight; 145
ffor-thi for hym thus walk we wratꝫ
By day and nyght. 147

(26)

Cleophas. Thise wykyd Iues trayed hym witꝫ gyle
To thare higꝫ preest*ys* within a whyle,
And to thare prynces thay can hym fyle,
withoutten drede; 151
crucifying Him a mile hence. Apon a crosse, noght hens a myle,
To ded he yede. 153

(27)

They expect Him to come again to life, *Lucas.* we trowyd that it was he truly
his awne lyfe agane shuld by,
As it is told in *pro*phecy
Of Crist*ys* doyng; 157
And, cert*ys*, thay wilꝫ neuer ly
ffor nokyns thyng. 159

(28)

ffro he was of the crosse tayn
but know not whether He be risen or no. he was layde fulꝫ sone agane
In a graue, vnder a stane,
And that we saw; 163
[Fol. 109, b.] wheder he be rysen and gane
yit we ne knaw. 165

(29)

Jesus will expound the prophets to them. *Ih*esus. Pilgremes, in speche ye ar fulꝫ awtꝫ,
That shalꝫ I weꝫ declare you why,
ye haue it hart, and that is rawtꝫ,
ye can no bett*er* stand therby, 169
Thyng that ye here;
And *pro*phetys told it openly
On good manere. 172

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(30)

Thay saide a childe there shuld be borne
To by mankynde combryd in care;
Thus saide dauid here beforne
And othere prophetys wyse of lare,
And danieℍ;
Som saide he ded shuld be,
And ly in erth̄ by dayes thre,
And sithen, thrugh̄ his pauste,
Ryse vp in flesh̄ and feℍ.

It was foretold that He should lie three days in earth and rise by His power.

(31)

Cleophas. Now, sir, for sothe, as god me saue,
women has flayed vs in oure thoght;
Thay saide that thay were at his graue,
And in that sted thay faunde hym noght,
Bot saide a light
Com downe with̄ angels, and vp hym broght
Ther in thare sight.

The disciples tell of the report of the women,

(32)

we wold not trow theym for nothyng,
If thay were ther in the mornyng,
we saide thay knew not his rysyng
when it shuld be;
Bot som of vs, without dwellyng,
wentt̄ theder to se.

of how they distrusted it

(33)

Lucas. yee, som of vs, sir, haue beyn thare,
And faunde it as the women saide,[1]
Out of that sted that cors was fare,
And also the graue stone put besyde,
we se with̄ ee;
The teres outt of myn ees can glyde,
ffor doyℍ I dre.

but found it was true.

(34)

Ihesus. ye foyles, ye ar not stabyℍ!
where is youre witt, I say?
wilsom of hart ye ar vnabyℍ
And outt of the right way,

Jesus reproaches them.

[1] assonance to "besyde," "glyde."

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Jesus knew that Judas should betray Him.

ffor to trow it is no fabyłł
that at is fallen this same day.
he wyst, when he sat at his tabiłł,
that Iudas shuld hym sone betray. 209

(35)

Did not the prophets foretell His death and resurrection?

Me thynk you ałł vntrist to trow,
both̄ in mode and mayn,
Ałł that the p*ro*phet*ys* told to you
before, it is no trane. 213

[Fol. 110, a]

Told' not thay what' wyse and how
That cryst' shuld suffre payn?
And so to his paske bow
To entre tiłł his ioy agane. 217

(36)

Take tent to moyses and othere mo,
that were p*ro*phet*ys* trew and good;
Thay saide ih*esus* to ded' shuld go,
And pynde be on roode; 221
Thrugh̄ the Iues be maide fułł blo,
his wound*ys* rynyng on red blode;
Sithen shuld he ryse and furth̄ go
before, right as he yode. 225

(37)

Christ must needs suffer thus, and then enter into bliss.

Crist' behovid to suffre this,
fforsothe, right as I say,
And sithen enter into his blys
vnto his fader for ay, 229
Euer to won with̄ hym and his,
where eu*er* is gam and play;
Of that myrth̄ shałł he neuer mys
ffro he weynde hens away. 233

(38)

Cleophas thanks Jesus for His words

Cleophas. Now, sir, we thank it' fułł oft sythes,
the co*m*myng of you heder;
To vs so kyndly kythes
the p*ro*phecy ałł to geder. 237

(39)

*Ih*esus. By leyff now, sirs, for I must weynde,
ffor I haue far of my iornay.
lucas. Now, sir, we pray you, as oure freynde,

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AH nyght' to abyde for charite,
And take youre r[est];
At morne more prest then may ye be
to go fuH prest.

(40)

Cleophas. Sir, we you pray, for god*ys* sake,
This nyght penance with vs to take,
With sich chere as we can make,
And that we pray;
we may no farthere walk ne wake,
Gone is the day.

(41)

Lucas. DweH with vs, sir, if ye myght,
ffor now it' [1] waxes to the nyght,
The day is gone that was so bright,
No far thou shaH;
Mete and drynk, sir, we you hight
ffor thi good tale.

(42)

*Ih*esus. I thank you both, for sothe, in fere,
At this tyme I ne may dweH here,
I haue to walk in wayes sere,
where I haue hight;
I may not be, withoutten were,
With you aH nyght.

(43)

Cleophas. Now, as myght I lyf in qwarte,
At this tyme wiH we not parte,
Bot if that thou can more of arte
Or yit of lare;
Vnto this cyte, with good harte,
Now let vs fare.

(44)

Lucas. Thou art' a pilgreme, as we ar,
This nyght shaH thou fare as we fare,
Be it les or be it' mare
Thou shaH assay;
Then to-morne thou make the yare
To weynde thi Way.

[1] MS. ia.

Luke prays Him to stay with them this night,

promising Him meat and drink for His good tale.

Jesus says He may not rest with them.

They entreat Him.

[Fol. 110, b.]

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(45)

Jesus consents to abide awhile.

*Ih*esus. ffreyndys, forto fulfiłł youre wiłł
I wiłł abyde with̄ you awhyle.
Cleophas. Sir, ye ar welcom, as is skyłł,
To sich̄ as we haue, bi sant gyle. 278

(46)

Lucas. Now ar we here at this towne,
I red that we go sytt vs downe,

They invite Him to sit down and eat.

And forto sowpe we make vs bowne,
Now of oure fode; 282
we haue enogh̄, sir, bi my crowne,
Of god*ys* goode. 284

Tunc parent mensam.

(47)

Cleophas. lo, here a borde and clothe laide,
And breed tł theron, ałł redy graide;
Sit we downe, we shalbe paide,
And make good chere; 288
It is bot penaunce, as we saide,
That we haue here. 290

Tunc recumbent & sedebit ihesus in medio eorum, tunc benedicet ihesus panem & franget in tribus partibus, & postea euanebit ab oculis eorum; & dicet lucas,

(48)

They are amazed at His sudden disappearance in breaking bread.

Lucas. wemmow! where is this man becom,
Right here that sat betwix vs two?
he brake the breed and laide vs som;
how myght he hens now fro vs go 294
At his awne lyst?
It was oure lorde, I trow right so,
And we not wyst. 297

(49)

Cleophas. When went he hens, whedir, and how,
What I ne wote in warld so wyde,
ffor had I wyten, I make a vowe,
he shuld haue byden, what so betyde; 301

(50)

Bot it were ih*esus* that with̄ vs was,
Selcowth̄ me thynke, the sothe to say,

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Thus preualy from vs to pas,
I wist neuer when he went away.
we were fuⁿ blynde, euer alas!
I teⁿ vs now begylde for ay,
ffor specⁿ and bewte that he has
Man myght hym knaw this day.

They hold themselves beguiled for not having recognised Him.

(51)

Lucas. A, dere god, whatˢ may this be?
Rightˢ now was he here by me;
Now is this greatt vanyte,
he is away;
We ar begylyd, by my lewte,
So may we say.

[Fol. 111, a.]

(52)

Cleophas. where was oure hart, where was oure thoght,
So far on gate as he vs broght,
knawlege of hym that we had noght
In aⁿ that tyme?
So was he lyke, bi hym me wroght,
Tiⁿ oon pylgryme.

He was so like to a pilgrim.

(53)

Lucas. Dere god, why coudⁿ we hym not knawe?
so openly aⁿ on a raw
The tayles that he can tiⁿ vs shaw,
By oone and oon;
And now from vs within a thraw
Thus sone is gone.

(54)

Cleophas. I had no knawlege it was he,
Bot for he brake this brede in thre,
And delt it here to the and me
Withⁿ his awne hande;
When he passydˢ hence we myght not se,
here syttande.

(55)

Lucas. Wee ar to blame, yee, veramente,
That we toke no better tente
whils we bi the way wente

They blame themselves for not taking more heed.

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Wit̄ hym that stownd̄; 337
knowlege of hym we myght haue hentt,
Syttyng on grownd̄. 339

(56)

They knew Him as soon as He took the bread and brake it.

Cleophas. ffro he toke breede fuł weł I wyst,
And brake it here wit̄ his awne fyste,
And laide it vs at his awne lyst,
As we it hent; 343
I knew hym then, and sone it kyst
wit̄ good̄ intente. 345

(57)

Lucas. That' we hym knew wist he weł enogh̄,
Therfor ał sone he hym wit̄-drogh̄,
ffro he saw that we hym knogh̄,
wit̄ in this sted; 349
I haue ferly what way and how
Away that he shuld glyde.[1] 351

(58)

Cleophas. Alas, we war fuł myrk in thoght,
bot we were both̄ fuł wił of red̄;
Man, for shame whi held̄ thou noght
when he on borde brake vs this breede? 355

(59)

he soght the prophecy more and les
And told it vs right in this sted̄,
how that he hym self was
Wit̄ wykid Iues broght to ded̄, 359
And more;
we wił go seke that kyng
That suffred woundes sore. 362

(60)

They will go to Jerusalem and tell the brethren.

lucas. Ryse, go we hence fro this place,
To Ierusalem take we the pace,
And teł oure brethere ał the case,
I red right thus; 366
ffrom ded̄ to lyfe when that he rase
he apperyd til̄ vs. 368

[1] assonance to "ɼted."

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(61)

Cleophas. At Ier*usa*lem I vnderstande, [Fol. 111, b.]
Ther hope I that they be dwelland,
In that countre and in that land
We shall theym mete.
Weynd we furth, I dar warand,
Right in the strete.

(62)

lucas. let vs not tary les ne mare, They will be sure to meet them there.
Bot on oure feete fast lett vs fare;
I hope we shall be cachid fro care
ffull sone, Iwys;
That blyssid childe that marie bare
Grauntt you his blys.

Expliciunt pere*grini.*

XXVIII.

Thomas Indie.[1]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Maria Magdalene.	*Quartus Apostolus.*	*Octavus Apostolus.*
Paulus.	*Quintus Apostolus.*	*Novenus Apostolus.*
Petrus.	*Sextus Apostolus.*	*Decimus Apostolus.*
Tercius Apostolus.	*Septimus Apostolus.*	*Thomas Apostolus.*

[10 *six-line stanzas*, aab aab; 72 *four-line no.* 5, abab, *the rest* (*with central rymes*), aaaa; *and* 1 *triplet, with central rymes, no.* 14.]

*Maria Magd*alene. (1)

HAyll brether! and god be here! Mary Magdalene brings news of Christ's Resurrection.
I bryng to amende youre chere,
Trist' ye it' and knawe;
he is rysen, the soth to say,
I met hym goyng bi the way,
he bad me tell it you.

(2)

petrus. Do way, woman, thou carpys wast!
It is som spirite, or els som gast;
Othere was it noght;

[1] This Play was originally entitled "Resurreccio do*mini*," the title being written in large letters with red ink as usual; the alteration to "Thomas Indie" is in small letters and black ink.

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Peter cannot believe a dead man has risen to life.

we may trow on nokyns wyse
That ded man may to lyfe ryse;
This then is oure thoght.

(3)

Paul recalls Jesus' sufferings.

paulus. It may be sothe for mans mede,
The Iues maide hym grymly blede
Thrugh feete, hand*ys*, and syde;
With nayles on rode thay dyd hym hang,

Mary must be wrong.

wherfor, woman, thou says wrang,
As myght I blys abide.

(4)

Mary bids them put away their heresy. She saw and spake with Jesus.

*Maria Magd*alene. Do way youre threpyng! ar ye wode?
I sagh hym that dyed on roode,
And with hym spake with mowth;
[Fol. 112, a.] Therfor you both, red I,
putt away your heresy,
Tryst it stedfast and cowth.

(5)

Peter reproves her.

petrus. Do way, woman! let be thi fare,
ffor shame and also syn!
If we make neu*er* sich care
his lyfe may we not wyn.

(6)

Paul tells her 'there is no trust in woman's saw.'

paulus. And it is wretyn in oure law
'Ther is no trust in womans saw,
No trust faith to belefe;
ffor with thare quayntyse and thare gyle
Can thay lagh̄e and wepe som while,
And yit nothyng theym grefe.'

(7)

Women are like apples in hoard, fair to look on, rotten at the core.

In oure bookes thus fynde we wretyn,
Alh manere of men weh it wyttyn,
Of women on this wyse;
Tih an appyh she is lyke—
Withoutten faih ther is none slyke—
In horde ther it lyse,

(8)

Bot if a man assay it wittely,
It is fuh roten inwardly
At the colke within;

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Wherfor in woman is no laghe,
ffor she is withoutten aghe,
As crist me lowse of syn.

They are irresponsible creatures.

(9)

Therfor trast we not trystely,
Bot if we sagh it witterly
Then wold we trastly trow;
In womans saw affy we noght,
ffor thay ar fekilh in word and thoght,
This make I myne avowe.

We will believe when we see, but not on a woman's word.

(10)

*Maria magda*lene. As be I lowsid of my care,
It is as trew as ye stand thare,
By hym that is my brothere.
petrus. I dar lay my heede to wed,
Or that we go vntilh oure bed
That we shalh here anothere.

Mary protests the truth of her story.

(11)

paulus. If it be sothe that we here say,
Or this be *th*e thrid day [1]
The sothe then mon we se.
*Maria magda*lene. Bot it be sothe to trow,
As ye mon here, els pray I you
ffor fals that ye hold me.

(12)

petrus. Waloway! my lefe deres / [2] there I stand in this sted,
sich sorow my hart sheres / for rewth I can no red;
sen that mawdleyn witnes beres / that ih*esus* rose from ded,
Myn ees has letten salt teres / on erthe to se ym trede.

Peter begins a lamentation for Jesus.

(13)

Bot alas! that euer I woke / that carefulh catyf nyght,
When I for care and cold qwoke / by a fyre burnyng fulh bright,
When I my lord ih*esu* forsoke / ffor drede of womans myght;
A rightwys dome I wilh me loke / that I tyne not that semely sight,

Alas that he denied Him.

[Fol. 112, b.]

[1] The words "be the" have been inserted in the MS. at a later date.
[2] The bars at all the central rymes are not in the MS.

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(14)

He had vowed faithfulness, and yet denied knowledge of his Master.

Bot euer alas! what was I wode! / myght noman be abarstir;
I saide if he nede be-stode / to hym shuld none be trastir;
I saide I knew not that good / creature my master. 75

(15)

Alas that they all forsook Him.

Alas! that we fro the fled / that we ne had with the gane; [1]
When thou with Iues was sted / with the was dwelland nane,[1]
Bot forsoke the that vs fed / for we wold not be tayn;
we were as prysoners sore adred / with Iues forto be slayn. 79

(16)

Paul prays that they may see Him.

paulus. Now ihesu, for thi lyfe swete / who hath thus mastryd the?
That in the breede that we eytt / thi self gyffen wold be;
And sythen thrugh handys and feytt / be nalyd on a tre;
Grauntt vs grace that we may yit / thi light in manhede se. 83

Tunc venit ihesus *et cantat "pax vobis et non tardabit, hec est dies quam fecit dominus."*

(17)

The third and fourth apostles give thanks for the appearance of Jesus.

Tercius apostolus. This is the day that god maide / all be we glad and blythe,
The holy gost before vs glad / ffull softly on his sithe;
Red clothyng apon he had / and blys to vs can kith;
softly on the erthe he trade / ffulle myldly [he did] [2] lythe. 87

(18)

Quartus apostolus. This dede thrugh god is done / thus in all oure sighte.
Mighty god, true kyng in trone / Whose son in marye light,
send vs, lord, thi blissid bone / As thou art god of myght,
Sothly to se hym sone / and haue of hym a sight. 91

Iterum venit ihesus, & *cantat, "pax vobis & non tardabit."*

[1] MS. gone, none.

[2] Originally "vs."

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(19)

Quintus apostolus. Who so commys in godd*is* name / ay blissid mot he be! — The fifth apostle desires to see Jesus in the body in which He died.
Mightfuⁿ god shelde vs fro shame / In thi mod*er* name marie; 93
Thise wykid Iues wiⁿ vs blame / Thou grauntt vs for to se
The self body and the same / the whicⁿ that died on tre.

(20)

Ihesus. peasse emang*ys* you euer ichon! / it is I, drede you noght, — Jesus appears, and bids them grope and feel His flesh and bone.
That was wonte wiⁿ you to gone / and dere wiⁿ ded you boght. 97
Grope and fele flesⁿ and bone / and fourme of man weⁿ wroght;
Sicⁿ thyng has goost none / loke whed*er* ye knawe me oghtᵗ. 99

(21)

[Fol. 113, a. Sig. R. 1.]

My rysyng fro dede to lyfe / shaⁿ no man agane moytt; — Let them behold His wounds, by which men shall be healed of sin.
Behold my woundes fyfe / thrugⁿ hand*ys*, syde, and foytt;
To ded can luf me dryfe / and styrryd my hart roytt.
Of syn who wiⁿ hym shryfe / thyes wound*ys* shalbe his boytt. 103

(22)

ffor oon so swete a thyng / my self so lefe had wroght, — He did battle for man's soul, and forgat not love.
Man sawⁿ, my dere derlyng / to bateⁿ was I broght;
ffor it thay can me dyng / to bryng out of my thoght,
On roode can thay me hyng / yit luf forgate I noght. 107

(23)

luf makys me, as ye may se / strenkyllidᵈ wiⁿ blood so red; — Love caused His death and resurrection. It is sweeter than mead.
luf gars me haue hart so fre / it opyns euery sted;
luf so fre so dampnyd me / it drofe me to the ded;
luf rasidᵈ me thrug his pauste / it is swetter then med. 111

(24)

wytterly, man, to the I cry / thou yeme my fader fere, — Let not men slay their souls, which He has bought so dearly.
Thyn awne sawⁿ kepe cleynly / whyls thou art wardan here;
slo it not wiⁿ thi body / synnyng in synnes sere, 114
On me and it thou haue mercy / for I haue boght it dere.

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(25)

Jesus asks the apostles for some meat.

Mi dere freynd*ys*, now may ye se / for soth̄ that [it] is I
That dyed apon the roode tre / and sythen rose bodely;
That it all̄-gat*ys* sothfast be / ye shall̄ se hastely;
Of youre mett gif ye me / sich̄ as ye haue redy. 119

*parat*ur *mensa*, & *offerat* vi^{us} *apostolus fauum mellis & piscem*, *dicendo*.

(26)

The sixth apostle gives Him roasted fish and honeycomb.

*sext*us *apostol*us. lord, lo here a rostid fish̄ / and a comb of hony
laide full̄ fare in a dish̄ / and full̄ honestly;
here is none othere mett bot this / in all̄ oure company,
Bot well̄ is vs that we haue this / to thi lykyng only. 123

(27)

Jesus asks His Father to bless the meat.

*Ih*esus. Mi dere fader of heuen / that maide me borne to be
Of a madyn withoutten steven / and sithen to die on tre,
ffrom ded to lif at set stevyn / rasid me thurgh̄ thi paustee,
with̄ the wordys that I shall̄ neven / this mette thou blis thurgh̄ me. 127

(28)

He blesses it [Fol. 118, b.] in the name of the Trinity,

In the fader name and the son / and the holy gast,
Thre persons to knaw and com / in oone godhede stedfast;
I gif this mett my benyson / thurgh̄ word*ys* of mygh̄t*ys* mast; 130
Now will̄ I ette, as I was won / my manhede eft to tast

(29)

and bids the apostles eat also.

My dere freyndys lay hand till̄ / eytt*ys* for charite;
I ette at my fader will̄ / at my will̄ ette now ye.
That I ette is to fulfill̄ / that writen is of me
In moyses law, for it is skyll̄ / ffulfillyd that it be. 135

(30)

He reminds them how He had foretold His own death and resurrection.

Myn ye nogh̄t that I you told̄ / in certan tyme and sted̄,
When I gaf myself to wold̄ / to you in fourme of bred̄,
That my body shuld be sold̄ / my bloode be spylt so red;
This [co]rs gravyn ded̄ and cold̄ / the thrid day ryse fro ded̄? 139

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(31)

youre hartes was fulfillyd with̄ drede / whyls I haue fro you bene;
The rysyng of my manhede / vnethes wold̄ ye weyn;
Of trouth now may ye spede / thorow stedfast word*ys* and cleyn.
leyf freynd*ys*, trow now the dede / that ye with̄ ees haue sene. 143

Let them believe what they have seen with their eyes.

(32)

ye haue forthynkyng and shame / for youre dysseferance,
I forgif you the blame / in me now haue affyance;
The folk that ar̄ with̄ syn lame / preche theym to repentance,
fforgif syn in my name / enioyne theym to penance. 147

He forgives them and bids them preach repentance to sinners,

(33)

The grace of the holy gost to wyn / resaue here at me;

hic respirat in eos.

The which̄ shaH̄ neuer blyn. / I gif you here pauste;
whom in erth̄ ye lowse of syn / in heuen lowsyd shaH̄ be,
And whom in erth̄e ye bynd ther-in / In heuen bonden be he. 151

giving them power to bind and loose.

hic discedet ab eis.

(34)

Septimus apostolus. Ihesu crist in trynyte / Ihesu to cry and caH̄,
That borne was of a madyn fre / thou saue vs synfuH̄ aH̄!
ffor vs hanged apon a tre / drank aseH̄ and gaH̄,
Thi seruand*ys* saue fro vanyte / In wanhope that we not faH̄. 155

The seventh apostle cries on Jesus to save them from vanity and despair.

(35)

Octauus apostolus. Brethere, be we stabyH̄ of thoght̄ / wanhope put we away,
Of mysbelefe that we be noght̄ / for we may safly say
he that mankynde on rood boght / fro dede rose the thryd day;
we se the wound*ys* in hym was wroght / aH̄ blody yit were thay. 159

The eighth exhorts to stability of thought.

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(36)

The ninth apostle recalls Christ's prophecies and their fulfilment.

*Nouen*us *apostolus*. he told vs fyrst' he shuld' be tayn /
And for mans syn shuld dy,
Be ded and beryd vnder a stayn / and after ryse vp bodely;
Now is he quyk fro grafe gan [1] / he cam and stode vs by,
[Fol. 114, a. Sig. R. 2.] And lete vs se ilkan [1] / the Wound*ys* of his body. 163

(37)

The tenth, exults in Christ's triumph over death. Only Thomas has not seen Him.

*Decim*us *apostolus*. Deth that is so kene / ih*es*u ouer comen has,
As he vs told, yit may we mene / fro ded how he shuld' pas;
Ih*es*u stode witnes betwene / that' with hym dwelland' was,
All his dyscyples has hym sene / safe oonly thomas. 167

(38)

Thomas comes on lamenting the sufferings and death of Christ.

Thomas. If that I prowde as pacok go, / my hart is full of care;
If any sorow myght a man slo / my hart in sond*er* it share;
Mi life wyrkys me all this wo / of blys I am full bare,
yit wold I nawthere freynde ne fo / wyst how wo me ware. 171

(39)

Ih*es*u, my lyfe so good / ther none myght better be,
None wysere man then bett*er* food / nor none kyndere then he;
The Iues haue nalyd his cors on rood / nalyd with nales thre,
And' with a spere thay spylt his blood / great sorow it was to se. 175

(40)

To se the stremes of blood ryn / well more then doyll it was,
sich great payn for mans syn / sich doyllfull ded' he has;
I haue lyfid withoutten wyn / sen he to ded can pas,
ffor he was fare of cheke and chyn / for doyll of ded' alas!

hic pergit ad discipulos.

[1] MS. gon, ilkon.

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(41)

Myghty god for to dyscryfe / that neu*er* dyed, ne shall, — Thomas greets the other disciples. Peter tells him of the Resurrection.
wo and wandreth from you dryfe / that ye not therin fall.
petrus. he the saue with woundys fyfe / his son ihesu to call, 182
That rose from deth to lyfe / and shewyd hym till vs all.

(42)

Thomas. whannow, peter! art thou mad? / on lyfe who was hym lyke! — Thomas thinks Peter mad, and reminds him how he forsook Christ.
ffor his deth I am not glad / for sorow my hart will breke,
That with the Iues he was so stad / to ded they can hym wreke;
Thou hym forsoke, so was thou rad / when they to the can speke. 187

(43)

paulus. let be, leyf brothere thomas / and turne thi thoght belyfe, — Paul tells of Christ's appearance to them.
ffor the thryd day ihesus rase / fleshly fro ded to lyfe;
Till vs all he cam a pase / and shewyd his woundys fyfe,
And lyfyng man, and etten hase / hony takyn of a hyfe.

(44)

Thomas. Let be for shame! apartly / ffantom dyssauys the! — [Fol. 114, b.] Thomas thinks them deceived.
ye sagh hym not bodely / his gost it mygh*t* well be,
fforto glad youre hartes sory / in youre aduersyte; 194
he luffyd vs well and faythfully / therfor sloes sorow me.

(45)

Tercius apostolus. Thou wote, thomas / and sothe it was, and oft has thou hard say, — A third apostle recalls the miracle of Jonah.
how a fysh swalod ionas / thre dayes therin he lay;
yit gaf god hym myght to pas / whyk man to wyn away;
Myght not god that sich myght has / rase his son apon the thryd day? 199

(46)

Thomas. Man, if thou can vnderstand / cryst saide his self, mynnys me,
That all lokyn was in his hande / all oone was god and he!

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The fourth, fifth, and sixth apostles try to convince Thomas of the reality of Christ's appearance.

The son wax marke, aH men seand / when he dieđ on the tre,
Therfor am I fuH sore dredand / that who myght his boote be. 203

(47)

*Quart*us *a*postolus. The holy gost in marye light / and in hir madynhede
Godd*is* son she held and dight / and cled hym in manhede;
ffor luf he wentt as he had hight / to fight withoutten drede;
When He had finished the fight He skipped out of the body which clothed Him, when he had termynd that fight / he skypt outt of his wede. 207

(48)

Thomas. If he skypt outt of his clethyng / yit thou graunt*ys* his cors was deđ;
It was his cors that maide shewyng / vnto you in his sted;
fforto trow in youre carpyng / my hart is hevy as led;
his dede me bryng*ys* in great mowrneyng / and I with-outten red. 211

(49)

rescued the souls in hell, and rose again in His body. *Quint*us *a*postol*us*. The gost went to heH a pase / whils the cors lay slayn,
And broght the sawles from sathanas / for whicH he suffređ payn;
The thryd day right he gase / right vnto the cors agayn,
Mighty god and man he rase[1] / and therfor ar we fayn. 215

(50)

Thomas. AH sam to me ye flyte / youre resons fast ye shawe,
Bot teH me a skyH *per*fyte / any of you on raw; 217
when cryst cam you to vysyte / as ye teH me witH saw,
A whyk man from a spyryte / wherby coutH ye hym knaw?

(51)

*Sext*us *apostol*us. Thomas, vnto the anone / herto answere I wiH;
Man has botH fleshH and bone / hu, hyde, and hore thertiH;
sicH thyng has goost none / thomas, lo, here thi skyH;
Godd*is* son toke of mary flesh and bone / what nede were els thertiH? 223

[1] MS. rose.

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(52)

Thomas. Thou has answerd me ffuł Wele / and fuł skylfully, [Fol. 115. a. Sig. R. 3.]
Bot my hart is harde as stele / to trow in sich mastry ; Thomas asks if Christ bade any of the apostles feel His body.
Say, bad he any of you fele / the wound*ys* of his body,
fflesh or bone or ilka dele / to assay his body ? 227

(53)

*septim*us *ap*ostol*us*. yis, thomas, he bad vs se / and handiłł hym with hande, They tell him yes.
To loke whed*er* it were he / ih*es*u, man lyfand,
That dyed apon a tre / flesh and bone we fand, 230
his woundes had bene pyte / to towch that were bledand.

(54)

Thomas. Waloway ! ye can no good / youre resons ar defaced, He still thinks a ghost appeared to them.
ye ar as women rad for blood / and lightly oft solaced ;
It was a goost before you stod / lyke hym in blood betraced, 234
his cors that dyed on rood / for euer hath deth embraced.

(55)

*Octau*us *ap*ostol*us*. Cert*ys*, thomas, gretter care / mygħt no synfuł wight haue The eighth apostle tells him of Christ's appearance to the Magdalene.
Then she had, that wepyd so sare / the mawdleyn at his graue ;
ffor sorow and doył hir awne hare / of hir hede she rent and rafe, 238
Ih*es*u shewid hym tiłł hir thare / hir sorow of syn to safe.

(56)

Thomas. lo, sich foly with you is / wysemen that shuld be, Thomas still scoffs.
That thus a womans witnes trowys / better than that ye se !
In ałł youre skylles more and les / for mysfowndyng fayłł ye ; 242
Might I se ih*es*u gost and flesh / gropyng shuld not gab me.

(57)

*Nouen*us *ap*ostol*us*. lefe thomas, flyte no more / bot trow and turne thi red, The tenth apostle reminds him how Christ foretold His own resurrection.
Or els say vs when and whore / crist gabbyd in any sted ;
ffor he saide vs when thou was thore / when he hym gaf in bred, 246
That he shuld salfe ałł oure sore / quyk rysand fro ded.

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(58)

Thomas owns Christ's truthfulness, but will not believe He lives.

Thomas. he was fuⁿ sothfast in his sawes / that dar I hertly say,
And rightwys in aⁿ his lawes / whils that he lyfyd ay;
Bot sen he shuld thole hard thrawes / on tre whils that he lay,
Dede has determyd his dayes / his lyfe noght trow I may.

(59)

*Decim*us *apostolus.* Thyne hard hart thi sauⁿ wiⁿ dwyrd / Thomas, bot if thou blyn;
he has ded conquerd / and weshen vs aⁿ fro syn.
May nawder knyfe ne swerde / hym eft to ded wyn;
Godd*ys* myght in hym apperd / that neu*er* more shaⁿ blyn.

(60)

[Fol. 115, b.]

He appeared to them in spirit not in the body.

Thomas. That god I trow fuⁿ Wele / goostly to you light,
Bot bodely neuer a dele / ih*es*u that woundid wyght.
My hart is harde as stele / to trow in sicⁿ a myght,
Bot if I that wounde myght fele / that hym gaf longeus the knyght.

(61)

Peter tells him of Christ's appearance at Emmaus,

petrus. That wounde haue we sene, thomas / and so has mo then we;
Wiⁿ lucas and wiⁿ cleophas / he welke a day Iurnee;
Thare hartes that for hym sory was / wiⁿ *pro*phecy comforted he,
To Emaus casteⁿ can thai pas / ther hostyld thai aⁿ thre.

(62)

where He brake bread as though He had cut it with a knife.

Ih*es*u, goddi*s* son of heuen / at sopere satt betweyn;
Ther bred he brake as euen / as it cutt had beyn.
Thomas. Nothyng that ye may neuen / his rysyng gars me weyn,
If ye me told sicⁿ seuen / the more ye myght me teyn.

(63)

paulus. Thomas, brothere, turne thi thoghⁿt / and trust that I say the;
Ih*es*u so dere has boght / oure synnes apon a tree,
whicⁿ rysyng hathⁿ broghⁿt / adam and his meneyee.
Thomas. lett be youre fayr! shew it noght / that he efte quyk shuld be.

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(64)

Tercius apostolus. That must' thou nedelyng*ys* trew / if thou thi saull will saue,
ffor that we sa we dar avowe / ihesū rose quyk from graue.
Thomas. I haue you saide, and yit dos now / thise wordes to wast ye haue;
he shewid hym not to you / for mysfoundyng ye rafe.

Thomas still thinks the other apostles mistaken.

(65)

Qaurtus apostolus. ffor we say that we haue sene / thou hold*ys* vs wars then woode;
Ihesu lyfyng stod vs betwene / oure lord that with vs yode.
Thomas. I say ye wote neuer what ye mene / a goost before you stode;
ye wenyd that it had bene / the cors that died on roode.

(66)

Quintus apostolus. The cors that dyed on tre / was berid in a stone,[1]
The thurgh beside fande we / and in that graue cors was none;
his sudary ther myght we se / and he thens whik was gone.
Thomas. Noght, bot stolne is he / with Iues that hym haue slone.

They tell him of the empty grave.

(67)

Sextus apostolus. Cert*ys*, thomas, thou sais not right / thay wold hym not stele,
ffor thay gart kepe hym day and nyght / with knyght*ys* that they held lele;
he rose has we haue sene in sight / fro all the Iues fele.
Thomas. I lefe not bot if I myght / myself with hym dele.

The Jews would not have stolen the body, for they guarded the tomb.

(68)

septimus apostolus. He told vs tythyng*ys*, thomas / yit mynnys me,
That as Ionas thre dayes was / In a fysh in the see,
so shuld he be, and bene has / in erth by dayes thre,
pas fro ded, ryse, and rase / as he saide done has he.

[Fol. 116, a. Sig. R. 4.]
Christ had prophesied His rising, using Jonah as a type.

[1] The rymes of this stanza should be in *ane*: stane, nane, gane, slane.

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(69)

Thomas asks who could raise Christ from the dead.

Thomas. Cert*ys*, that worde I harde hym say / and so harde ye hym all,
Bot for nothyng trow I may / that it so shuld befall,
That he shuld ryse the thrid day / that dranke asell and gall:
sen he was god and ded lay / from ded who myght hym call?

(70)

The Father that sent Him raised Him.

*Octau*us *apostol*us. The fader that hym sent / rasid hym that was ded,
he comforth vs in mowrnyng lent / and counseld vs in red;
he bad vs trow with good intent / his rysyng in euery sted;
Thyne absens gars thi saull be shent / and mak*ys* the heuy as led.

(71)

But Thomas still disbelieves a bodily rising.

Thomas. Thou says soth, harde and heuy / am I to traw that ye me say;
Mi hardnes I trow skilfully / for he told vs thus ay,
That his fader was euer hym by / for all bot oon were thay;
That he rose bodely / for nothyng trow I may.

(72)

*Nouen*us *apostol*us. May thou not trow withoutten mo / for sothe, that it was he?
Thomas wherto shuld we say so? / then wenys thou fals we be.
Thomas. I wote youre hartes was full wo / and fownd with vanyte;
If ye swere all and ye were mo / I trow it not or that I se.

(73)

*Decim*us *apostol*us. Thomas, of errowre thou blyn / and till vs turne thi mode;
Trow his rysyng by dayes threyn / sen he died on the rode.

Nothing will convince him but to feel Christ's wounds.

Thomas. Noght bot I myght my fyng*er* wyn / in sted as nayle stode,
And his syde my hande put in / ther he shed his hart bloode.

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(74)

Ihesus. Brethere aH, be with you peasse! / leaffe stryfe that now is here! — Jesus appears and bids Thomas feel His side.
Thomas, of thyn errowre seasse / of sothe Witnes thou bere;
putt thi hande in my syde, no fres / ther longe*us* put his spere;
loke my rysyng be no les / let no wan-hope the dere.

(75)

Thomas. Mercy, ihesu, rew on me / my hande is blody of thi blode! — Thomas cries for mercy.
Mercy, ihesu, for I se / thi myght that I not vnderstode!
Mercy, ihesu, I pray the / that for aH synfuH died on roode!
Mercy, ihesu, of mercy fre / for thi goodnes that is so goode!

(76)

kest away my staf wiH I / and witH no wepyn gang; — [Fol. 116, b.]
Mercy wiH I caH and cry / ihesu that on roode hang; — He flings away his staff,
Rew on me, kyng of mercy / let me not cry thus lang!
Mercy, for the velany / thou tholyd on Iues witH wrang.

(77)

Mi hat wiH I kest away / my mantiH sone onone, — hat, and mantle,
vnto the poore help it may / for richere knawe I none.
Mercy wiH I abyde, and pray / to the iHesu, alone;
My synfuH dede I rew ay / to the make I my mone.

(78)

Mercy, ihesu, lorde swete / for thi fyfe wound*ys* so sare,[1]
Thou suffred thrugH hand*ys* and feete / thi semely side a spere it share;
Mercy, ihesu, lord, yit / for thi mod*er* that the bare!
Mercy, for the teres thou grett / when thou rasid lazare!

(79)

Mi gyrdiH gay and purs of sylk / and cote away thou shaH; — gay girdle, silk purse, and coat, that he may sooner come to Christ's mercy.
whils I am werere of swylke / the longere m*ercy* may I caH.
Ihesu, that soke the madyns mylk / ware noght bot clothes of paH,
Thi close so can thai fro the pyke / on roode thay left the smaH.

[1] MS. sore.

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(80)

Thomas cries for forgiveness.

Mercy, ihesu, honoure of man / mercy, ihesu, mans socoure!
Mercy, ihesu, rew thi leman / mans sauȝl, thou boght fuȝl soure!
Mercy, ihesu, that may and can / forgif syn and be socoure!
Mercy, ihesu, as thou vs wan / forgif and gif thi man honoure. 339

(81)

Jesus foretells the general resurrection,

Ihesus. None myght bryng the in that wytt / for oght that thay myght say,
To trow that I myght flytt / fro ded to lyfe to wyn away;
My sauȝl and my cors haue knytt / a knott that last shaȝl ay; 342
Thus shaȝl I rase, weȝl thou wytt / ilk man on domesday.

(82)

when the faithless shall be damned, and the faithful and almsgivers have heaven as their reward.

Who so hath not trowid right / to heȝl I shaȝl theym lede,
Ther euer more is dark as nyght / and greatt paynes to drede;
Those that trow in my myght / and luf weȝl almus dede,
Thai shaȝl shyne as son bright / and heuen haue to thare mede. 347

(83)

He promises Thomas heaven for his tears and repentance.

That blys, thomas, I the hete / that is in heuen cytee,
ffor I se the sore grete / of the I haue pytee;
Thomas, for thi teres wete / thi syn forgiffen be,
Thus shaȝl synfuȝl thare synnes bete / that sore haue grefyd me. 351

(84)

But blessed are they who have not seen and yet believe.

Thomas, for thou felys me / and my woundes bare,
Mi risyng is trowed in the / and so was it not are;
Aȝl that it trowes and not se / and dos after my lare,
Euer blissid mot thay be / and heuen be theym yare! 355

Explicit Thomas Indie.

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XXIX.

Ascencio Domini, et cetera.

[1 *thirteen-line stanza, no.* 57, ababb, cbcd, eeed : 6 *twelve-line, no.* 1 abab cbcb dcdc, *nos.* 6-10 ababb, cbcb, dcd ; 1 *nine-line, no.* 58, aaaab, cccb ; 16 *eight-line, nos.* 17-20, aaab cccb, 45-48 aaab aaab, *no.* 49, abab caca, *nos.* 50 and 64 abab, acac, *nos.* 61, 65-8 abab abab ; 1 *seven-line, no.* 16 aab cccb ; 5 *six-line, nos.* 11-13, 15, aa, bb, cc, *no.* 14, aaaa, bb ; 37 *four-line, no.* 32 aa bb, *the rest* ab ab.]

[*Dramatis Personae :*

Thomas.	*Ihesus.*	*Maria.*
Iohannes Apostolus.	*Andreas.*	*Matheus.*
Symon.	*Jacobus.*	*Angeli* 1 & 2 *etc.*]
Petrus.	*Philippus.*	

Thomas. (1)

Thomas, John, Simon and Peter, express their faith and expectation.

BRethere aH, that now here bene,
fforgett' my lorde yit may I noght ;
I wote not what it' may mene,
Bot more I Weyn ther wiH be wroght.
Iohannes apostolus. My lord' ihesus wiH wyrk his wiH,
pleatt we neuer agans his thoght,
ffor vs ne wyrkes, as it is skyH,
his hand-warke that he has wroght.
symon. Apon his wordes wiH I ryst
that he his self saide vs vntiH,
As stedfastly on hym to tryst,
Mystrust we neuer for goode ne iH.

(2)

petrus. In heuen and erthe his myght may be,
his wytt and his wiH also ;
The holy gost, brethere, ment he,
thus wiH he neuer fro vs go.

(3)

ffourty dayes now drawes nere
sen his resurreccyon complete ;
Afore that wiH he appere,
thus sodanly not lefe vs yett.

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(4)

They will abide in Bethany to await what may befall.

In bethany here let vs abyde,
We knaw not yit what may befaⁿ;
peraventur' it may betyde,
he shaⁿ fuⁿ weⁿ comforthⁿ vs aⁿ.

(5)

[Fol. 117, b.] Jesus appears and gives them peace.

*Ih*esus. peasse now, my dere freyndys!
peasse be withⁿ you euer and ay!
ffor it aⁿ wrang*ys* amendys;
peasse brethere, sam I say!

(6)

He bids them be of good cheer. He must go from them, but will send the Holy Spirit to comfort them.

Brethere, in hartes be nothyng heuy
what tyme that I from you am gone,
I must go from you sone, in hy,
bot neue*r* the les make ye no mone;
ffor I shaⁿ send to you anone
the holy gost, to comforthⁿ you,
you to wysⁿ in euery wone
I shaⁿ you teⁿ what-wyse and how.
It shalbe for youre prow
that I thus-gat*ys* shaⁿ do;
It has been saide or now
My fader must I to.

(7)

withⁿ hym must I abide and dweⁿ,
ffor so it is his wiⁿ;
ffor youre comforthⁿ thus I you teⁿ,
be ye stedfast for good or iⁿ.

Let them abide His return on this hill.

Abide me here right on this hiⁿ
to that I com to you agane,
this forwarde must I ned*ys* fulfiⁿ,
I wiⁿ no long*er* fro you lane;
And therfor loke that ye be bayn,
and also trew and stedfast,
ffor who soeue*r* you oght frayn
when that I am past.

hic recedit.

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(8)

petrus. ffull heuy in hart now may we be
that we oure master sall forgo,
Bot neuer the les yit saide he
he wold not dwell full lang vs fro.
What wonder is if we be wo,
thus sodanly shall oure master mys,
And masters on lyfe haue we no mo
that in this warld shuld vs wys.
he will pas furth to blys,
and leyfe vs here behynde,
No meruell now it is
if we mowrne now in oure mynde.

Peter, Andrew, and Thomas think on the words of Jesus, but cannot help mourning His departure.

(9)

Andreas. In oure mynde mowrne we may,
as men that masyd ar and mad,
And yit also, it is no nay,
we may be blythe and glad,
Because of tythyngys that we had,
that his self can vs say;
he bad be blythe and noght adrad,
ffor he wold not be long away.
Bot yit both nyght and day
oure hartes may be full sore,
As me thynk, by my fay,
ffor wordes he saide lang ore.

(10)

Thomas. lang ore he saide, full openly,
that he must nedys fro vs twyn,
And to his fader go in hy,
to Ioy of heuen that neuer shall blyn;
Therfor we mowrne, both more and myn,
And mery also yit may we be;
he bad vs all, both outt and in,
be glad and blythe in ich degre,
And saide that com shuld he
to comforth vs kyndly;
Bot yit heuy ar we
to we hym se truly.

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(11)

[Fol. 118, a.] *Iacobus.* With ee wold we hym se / oure saveoure crist, goddys son,

James and Philip mourn also, though they remember Jesus' promises.

That dyed apon a tre / yit trewe I that we mon[1]:
Now god graunt vs that boyn / that with his bloode vs boght,
To se hym in his throne / as he maide all of noght;[1]
his will now has he wroght / and gone from vs away,
As he noght of vs roght / and therfor mowrne we may.

(12)

philippus. We may mowrne, no meruell why / for we oure master thus shall mys,
That shall go fro vs sodanly / and we ne wote what cause is,[1]
Neuer the les the sothe is this / he saide that he shuld com agane
To bryng vs all to blys / therof may we be fane.[1]
That commyng will vs mych gane / and oure saules all saue,
And put vs fro that payn / that we were lyke to haue.

(13)

Jesus appears and comforts them.

Ihesus. herkyns to me now, euer ichon / and here what I will say,
ffor I must nedys fro you gone / for thus my fader will allway,[1]
And therfor peasse be with you ay / where so ye dwell in wone,
And to saue you fro all fray / my peasse be with you blood and bone.[1]
I lefe it you bi oon and oone / noght as the warld here dos,
It shalbe true as any stone / to defende you fro youre foos.

(14)

If they love Him, they will be glad that He is going to His Father.

let not youre hartes be heuy / drede not for any kyns thyng,
ye haue harde me say full playnly / I go, and to you am I commyng.
If ye luf me, for-thi / ye shuld be glad of this doyng,
ffor I go full securly / to my fader, heuyns kyng;[1]
The which, without lesyng / is mekill more then I,
Therfor be ye thus trowyng / when all is endid fully.

[1] The end-ryme of this couplet is the centre-ryme of the next couplet.

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(15)

ye haue bene of mysbilefe / hard of harte and also of wiłł; He reproaches them for their unbelief,
To theym that my rysyng can prefe / no credence wold ye
gif theym tiłł;[1] 114
Mary mawdlayn saide you tiłł / that I was rysyn, bot ye
ne wold
hir trow for good or iłł / the trouth̄ ałł if she told.[1]
sich̄ harmes in hartes ye hold / and vnstedfast ye ar,
ye trowid no man of mold / witnes of my rysyng that bare;

(16)

Therfor ye shałł go tech̄ / in ałł this warld so wyde, and bids them
And to ałł the people preche / Who baptym wiłł abyde, [Fol. 118, b.]
And trowe truly 121 preach throughout the world.
Mi deth̄e and rysyng, Those that believe shall be saved,
and also myn vpstevynyng,
And also myn agane-co*m*myng,
thay shalbe saue suerly. 125

(17)

And Who trowys not this and those that believe not, damned.
That now rehersyd is,
he shalbe dampned, Iwys,
ffor veniance and for wreke. 129 The faithful shall cast out devils, speak with new tongues,
Tokyns, for sothe, shałł bene
Of those that trow, withoutten weyn;
Devyls shałł thay kest out cleyn,
And with new tong*ys* speke. 133

(18)

Serpentes shałł thay put away, be proof against serpents and poison, and heal the sick.
And venym*us* drynk, bi nyght and day,
Shałł not noy theym, as I say;
And where thay lay on hand*ys* 137
Of seke men far and nere,
Thay shalbe hole, with̄outten dere,
Of ałł sekenes and sorowes sere,
Euer in alkyn land*ys*. 141

[1] The end-ryme of this quartlet or couplet is the centre-ryme of the next couplet.

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(19)

Jesus bids the Apostles abide in Jerusalem for His Father's promise.

And therfor now I byd that ye
Go not from ierosolyme,
Bot abide the behest of my fader fre
In land ay whore,
That ye haue hard here of me;
ffor Iohñ baptist', dere in degre,
In wat*er* forsoth baptysid me
Now here before;

(20)

They are to baptize men in every land, in the Holy Spirit.

And ye certan in euery coste
shaⱡ baptise in the holy goost,
Thrug vertue of hym that is the moost
lord god of myght,
within few dayes now folowyng;
And herof meruеⱡ ye nothyng,
ffor this shalbe his awne wyrkyng,
shewyd in youre sight.

& recedit ab eis.

(21)

Peter, Andrew, and James renew their mourning. They are in fear of the Jews.

petrus. ffarlee may we fownde and fare
for myssyng of oure mast*er* ihesus;
Oure hart*ys* may sygh̄ and be fuⱡ sare,
thise Iues w*ith* wreke thay waten vs.

(22)

Vs to tray and teyn
ar thay abowte bi nyght and day;
ffor ihesu that is so seldom sene,
as masid men mowrne we may.

(23)

[Fol. 119, a.] *Andreas.* Mowrnyng makys vs masid and maᵭ,
as men that lyff in drede;
ffuⱡ comforthles ar we staᵭ
for myssyng of hym that vs shuldᵭ lede.

(24)

Iacobus. Thise Iues that folow thare faythles wiⱡ,
and demed oure mast*er* to be ded,
Wit̄ mayn and mode they wold hym spiⱡ,
if thay wist how, in towne or sted.

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(25)

Iohannes. let keep vs fro thare carpyng kene,
and com bot lytyħ in thare sight;
Oure mast*er* wiħ com when we leest weyn,
he wiħ vs rewle and red fuħ right.

John has faith in Jesus' coming.

(26)

Thomas. Of this carpyng now no more,
It drawes nygħ the tyme of day;
At oure mette I wold we wore,
he sende vs socowre that best may.

(27)

Maria. socowre sone he wiħ you sende,
If ye truly in hym wiħ traw;
youre mone mekely wiħ he amende,
My brethere dere, this may ye knawe.

Mary speaks of the faithfulness of her Son.

(28)

The hestys hygħly that he me hight
he has fulfillid in worde and dede;
he gabbyd neu*er* bi day nor nyght,
ffor-thi, dere brethere, haue no drede.

(29)

*Mathe*us. Cert*ys*, lady, thou says fuħ wele;
he wiħ vs amende, for so he may;
we haue fon sotħe euerilka dele
Aħ that euer we hard hym say.

(30)

*Ihe*sus. peter, and ye my derlyng*ys* dere,
As masid men me thynk ye ar;
holly to you I haue shewyd here
To bryng youre hartys from care;

Jesus appears and exhorts them again.

(31)

In care youre hart*ys* ar cast,
And in youre trowtħ not trew;
In hardnes youre hart*ys* ar fast,
As men that no wytt knew.

(32)

sende was I for youre sake / fro my fader dere,
fflesħ and blode to take / of a madyn so clere;
sythen to me ye soght / and holly felowid me,
Of wonders that I haue wroght / som haue I letten you se.

[Fol. 119, b.]

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(33)

He recalls His mighty works,

The dombe, the blynde as any stone,
I helyd ther I cam by,
The dede I rasid anone,
Thrugh my myght truly;

(34)

And othere wark*ys*, that wonderfuH wore,
I wroght wisely befor you aH;
My payn, my passion, I told before,
holly thrug outt as it shuld faH;

(35)

contrasts Mary's faith with their doubts,

Mi rysyng on the thryd day,
As ye bi tokyns many oone haue sene;
youre trouth truly had bene away
had not my blissid mod*er* bene.

(36)

In hir it restyd aH this tyde,
youre ded*ys* ye ow greatly to shame;
here may ye se my wound*ys* wyde,
how that I boght you out of blame.

(37)

and reminds John that she is entrusted to his care.

Bot, Iohn, thynk when I hang on rud
That I betoke the mary mylde;
kepe hir yit with stabuH mode,
she is thi mod*er* and thou hir childe.

(38)

loke thou hir luf, and be hir freynde,
and abide with hir in weH and wo,
ffor to my fad*er* now wiH I weynde,
thar none of you ask whed*er* I go.

(39)

Philip asks to be shown the Father.

*philipp*us. lord, if it be thi wiH,
shew vs thi fader we the pray;
we have bene with the in good and iH,
and sagh hym neu*er* nyght ne day.

(40)

Jesus answers, He who sees Me, sees the Father

*Ih*esus. philipp, that man that may se me
he seys my fader fuH of myght;
Trowys thou not he dwellys in me
and I in hym if thou trow right?

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(41)

In his howse ar dyuerse place,
I go to ordan for you now;
ye shaⱡ aⱡ be fulfillyd witⱨ grace,
the holy goost I shaⱡ sende you.

He promises them the Holy Spirit,

(42)

[Fol. 120, a.]

he shaⱡ you in youre hartys wyse
In worde and dede, as I you say;
Witⱨ aⱡ my hart I you blys—
My moder, my brethere, haue aⱡ good day!

Tunc vadit ad ascendendum.

(43)

ffader of heuen, with good intent,
I pray the here me specyally;
ffrom heuen tiⱡ ertⱨ thou me sent
Thi name to preche and claryfy.

prays to the Father,

(44)

thi witⱡ haue I done, aⱡ and som,
In erthe wiⱡ I no longere be;
Opyn the clowdes, for now I com
In ioy and blys to dweⱡ witⱨ the.

and bids the clouds open to receive Him.

& sic ascendit, cantantibus angelis "Ascendo ad patrem meum."

(45)

primus angelus. ye men of galylee,
wherfor merueⱡ ye?
hevyn behold and se
how iⱨ*esus* vp can weynde
vnto his fader fre,
where he sytt*ys* in maieste,
Witⱨ hym ay for to be
In blys withoutten ende.

Angels proclaim His ascension,

(46)

And as ye sagⱨ hym sty
Into heuen on hy,
In fleshⱨ and feⱡ in his body
ffrom erthe now here,

and foretell His return to judge the world.

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Right so shaⱡ he, securly,
Com downe agane truly,
with his woundys blody,
To deme you aⱡ in fere.

(47)

He is God Almighty,

secundus angelus, Meruelⱡ haue no wight,
No wonder of this sight,
ffor it is thrugh his myght,
That aⱡ thyng may.
What so he wiⱡ by day or nyght,
In heⱡ, medyⱡ-erth, and on hight,
Or yit in derknes or in light,
withoutten any nay;

(48)

ffor he is god aⱡ-weldand,
heuen and heⱡ, both se and sand,
wod and water, fowⱡ, fysh and land,
Aⱡ is at his wiⱡ;
he hald*ys* aⱡ thyng in his hand
that in this warld is lyfand,
Then ned*ys* ye nogⱡt be meruelland.
*prim*us *angelus*. And for this skyⱡ,

(49)

[Fol. 120, b.]

and shall come again in judgment.

Ryght as he from you dyd weynde
so com agane he shaⱡ,
In the same manere at last ende,
To deme both greatt and smaⱡ.
secundus angelus. Who so his byddyng wiⱡ obey,
And thare mys amende,
With hym shaⱡ haue blys on hy,
And won ther withoutten ende.

(50)

And who that wyrk amys,
And theym amende wiⱡ neuer,
shaⱡ neuer com in heuen blys,
Bot to heⱡ banyshed for euer.

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Maria. A selcouth sight yonder now is,
Behold now, I you pray!
A clowde has borne my chylde to blys,
Mi blyssyng bere he euer and ay!

Mary calls on her ascended Son.

(51)

Bot, son, thynk on thi moder dere,
That thou has laft emang*ys* thi foes!
swete son, lett me not dwell here,
let me go with the where thou goes.

(52)

Bot, Iohn, on the is all my trast,
I pray the forsake me noght.
Iohannes. lefe marye, be noght abast,
ffor thi will shall ay be wroght.

She bids John not to forsake her. He comforts her.

(53)

here may we se and full well knaw
That he is god most of myght;
In hym is good, we trawe,
holly to serue hym day and nyght.

(54)

petrus. A meruellous sight is yone,
That he thus sone is taken vs fro;
fro his fomen is he gone
with outten help of othere mo.

The disciples marvel at the ascension of Jesus.

(55)

[Fol. 121, a. Sig. S. 1.]

Matheus. Where is ihesus, oure master dere,
that here with vs spake right now?
Iacobus. A wonderfull sight, men may se here,
my brethere dere, how thynk you?

(56)

Thomas. we thynk it wonder all,
that oure master shuld thus go;
After his help I red we call,
That we may haue som tokyn hym fro.

(57)

Bartholomeus. A more meruell men neuer saw
then now is sene vs here emang;
ffrom erth till heuen a man be draw
With myrth of angell sang.

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ffrom vs, me thynk, he is fuł lang,[1]
and yit longere I trow he wiłł;
Alas! my hart it is so strang[1]
that I ne may now wepe my fiłł
Anone. 334

Alone and suddenly Jesus ascended from them.

A wonder sight it was to se
When he stevyd vp so sodanly
To his fader in maieste,
By his self alone. 338

(58)

Matheus. Alon, for sotħe, vp he went / into heuen tiłł his fader,
And noman wyst what he ment / nor how he dyd of no manere,
so sodanly he was vp hent / in flesħ and feł fro ertħ vp here;
he saide his fader for hym sent / that maide vs ałł to be in dwere
This nygħt; 343
Neuer the les fuł weł wote we
As that he wiłł so must it be,
ffor ałł thyng is in his pauste,
And that is right. 347

(59)

Mary blesses her Child.

Maria. Ałł myghty god, how may this be?
a clowde has borne my childe to blys;
Now bot that I wote wheder is he,
my hart wold breke, weł wote I this. 351

(60)

his stevynyng vp to blys in hy,
it is the sourc of ałł my Ioyes;
Mi blyssyng, barne, light on thi body!
let neuer thi moder be spylt witħ Iues. 355

May He save her from the Jews.

(61)

Take me to the, my son so heynd,
and let me neuer witħ Iues be lorne;
help, for my son luf, Ioħn, son kynde,
for ferde that I with Iues be torne. 359

For His sake John must help her.

[1] MS. long, strong.

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Mi flesh it quak*ys* as lefe on lynde,
to shontt the showres sharper then thorne;
help me, Iohn, if thou be kynde,
my son myssyng mak*ys* me to mowrne. 363

She is trembling like a leaf.

(62)

Iohannes. youre seruande, lady, he me maide,
and bad me kepe you ay to qweme;
Blythe were I, lady, myght I the glad,
and with my myght I shall the yeme. 367

John comforts her.

(63)

Therfor be ferd for nokyn thyng
for oght that Iues wold do you to;
I shall be bayn at youre byddyng,
as my lorde bad, your seruande lo! 371

He will be at her bidding.

(64) [Fol. 121, b.]

Maria. Glad am I, Iohn, Whils I haue the;
more comforth bot my son can I none craue;
so covers thou my care, and carpys vnto me,
whils I the se, euer am I safe. 375

Mary feels safe with him.

Was none, safe my son, more trusty to me,
therfor his grace sall neu*er* fro the go;
he shall the qwyte, that died on a tre,
well mend*ys* thou my mode, when I am in wo. 379

Her Son will requite him.

(65)

simon. let hy vs fro this hill, and to the towne weynde,
for fere of the Iues, that spit*us* ar & prowde;
With oure dere lady, I red that we weynd,
and pray till hir dere son, here apon lowde. 383
To hir buxum*ly* I red that we bende,
syn hir dere son fro vs is gone in a clowde,
And hertely in hast haylse we that heynde,
To oure master is she moder, semely in shrowde. 387

Simon proposes to go to the town for fear of the Jews. They must show reverence to Mary as their Master's mother.

(66)

A, marie so mylde, the myssid we haue;
Was neu*er* madyn so menskfull here apon molde
As thou art, and moder cleyne, bot this wold we craue,
If this were ihesu, thi son, that Iudas has sold, 391

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He asks if He who ascended was her Son Jesus, whom Judas sold.

Shew vs the sothe, vs all may it saue;
we pray the, dere lady, layn that thou nold,
Bot spell vs oure spyryng, or els mon we rafe,
Bot thou witterly vs wysh, so fayn wyt we wold. 395

(67)

Mary proclaims that He who was born of her bosom, was God and Man, and bids them teach this.

Maria. peter, andrew, Iohn, and Iamys the gent,
Symon, Iude, and bartilmew the bold,
And all my brethere dere, that ar on this bent,
Take tent to my tayll, till that I haue told 399
Of my dere son, what I haue mentt,
That hens is hevyd to his awne hold;
he taght you the trouthe, or he to heuen went;
he was borne of my bosom as his self wold. 403

(68)

he is god and man that stevynd into heuen;
preche thus to the pepyll that most ar in price.
Sek*ys* to thare savyng, ye apostilles eleven,
To the Iues of Ier*usal*em as youre way lyse, 407
say to the cyte as I can here neuen,
tell the wark*ys* of my son warly and wyse;
Byd theym be stedfast & lysten yo*ur* steuen,
or els be thay dampned as men full of vyce. 411

* * * * *

Here is a gap of 12 leaves, in the MS., from Sig. *s.* 1. to sig. *t.* 6.

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XXX.

[Iudicium.]

[42 nine-line stanzas; aaaab, cccb; 23 eight-line, ab, ab, ab, ab; 2 six-line, *no.* 63, ababab, *no.* 2 aab, ccb; 9 four-line, aaaa,[1] *no.* 65, ab ab; 5 couplets and 2 lines of Latin.]

[Incomplete.]

[*Dramatis Personæ.*

Primus Malus.	*Primus Demon.*	*Primus Bonus.*
Secundus Malus.	*Secundus Demon.*	*Secundus Bonus.*
Tercius Malus.	*Tutiuillus.*	*Tercius Bonus.*
Quartus Malus.	*Jesus.*	*Quartus Bonus.*]
Primus Angelus.		

[*Secundus Malus.*] (1) [Fol. 122, a.]

Secundus Malus laments. The horn has sounded that calls to Judgment.

ffull darfe has bene oure deede / for thi commen is oure care;
This day to take oure mede / for nothyng may we spare.
Alas, I harde that horne / that callys vs to the dome,
All that euer were borne / thider behofys theym com.
May nathere lande ne se / vs fro this dome hide,
ffor ferde fayn wold I fle / bot I must nedys abide;
Alas, I stande great aghe / to loke on that Iustyce,
Ther may no man of lagh / help with no quantyce.
vokettys ten or twelfe / may none help at this nede,
Bot ilk man for his self / shall answere for his dede.

No lawyer nor advocate may save men by quibbles. Each must answer for himself.

(2)

Alas, that I was borne!
I se now me beforne,
That lord with Woundys fyfe;
how may I on hym loke,
That falsly hym forsoke,
When I led synfull lyfe?

(3)

Tercius malus. Alas, carefull catyfys may we ryse,
sore may we wryng oure handys and wepe;
ffor cursid and sore covytyse
dampnyd be we in hell full depe.

[1] The *aaaa* lines have central rymes markt here by bars / not in the MS.

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Tercius Malus bemoans his wicked works.

Roght we neu*er* of god*ys* seruyce,
his co*m*maundement*ys* wold we not kepe,
Bot oft tymes maide we sacrifice
to sathanas when othere can slepe.

(4)

Alas! now wakyns aH oure were,
oure wykyd Wark*ys* can we not hide,
Bot on oure bak*ys* we must theym bere,
that wiH vs soroo on ilka syde.
Oure dedys this day wiH do vs dere,
Oure domysman here we must abide,
And feynd*ys*, that wiH vs felly fere,
thare pray to haue vs for thare pride.

(5)

All that ear has heard or heart thought, mouth spoken or eye seen, is now brought before them.

Brymly before vs be thai broght,
oure ded*ys* that shaH dam vs bidene;
That eyre has harde, or harte thoght,
that mowthe has spokyn, or ee sene,
That foote has gone, or hande wroght,
in any tyme that we may mene;
ffuH dere this day now bees it boght.
alas! vnborne then had I bene!

(6)

Quartus Malus has heard the horn. Would he were unborn!

*Quart*us *malus*. Alas, I am forlorne! / a spytus blast here blawes!
I harde weH bi yonde horne / I wote wherto it drawes;
I wold I were vnborne / alas! that this day dawes!
Now mon be dampnyd this morne / my warkys, my ded*ys*, my sawes.

(7)

His wickedness is known, and may not be hid.

Now bees my curstnes kyd / alas! I may not layn
AH that eu*er* I dyd / it bees put vp fuH playn.
That I wold fayn were hyd / my synfuH word*ys* and vayn,
ffuH new now mon be rekynyd / vp to me agayn.

(8)

[Fol. 122, b.]

He would fain flee.

Alas! fayn wold I fle / for ded*ys* that I haue done,
Bot that may now not be / I must abyde my boyn;
I trowed neuer to have sene this dredfuH day thus soyn;
Alas! what shaH I say When he sitt*ys* in his trone?

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(9)

To se his Woundys bledande / this is a dulfull case;
Alas! how shall I stand / or loke hym in the face?
So curtes I hym fand / that gaf me life so lang a space;
Mi care is all commandd / alas! where was my grace?

How shall he look on Christ's face?

(10)

Alas! catyffys vnkynde / where on was oure thoght?
Alas! where on was oure mynde / so wykyd warkys we
Wroght?
To se how he Was pynde / how dere oure luf he boght,
Alas! we were full blynde / now ar we wars then noght.

(11)

Alas! my couetyse / myn yll will, and myn Ire!
Mi neghbur to dispise / most was my desyre;
I demyd euer at my deuyse / me thoght I had no peyre,
With my self sore may I grise / now am quyt my hyre.

Alas for his covetousness, and all his sins.

(12)

Where I was wonte to go / and haue my Wordys at will,
Now am I set full thro / and fayn to hold me still;
I went both to and fro / me thoght I did neuer ill,
Mi neghburs for to slo / or hurt withoutten skill.

(13)

Wo worth euer the fader / that gate me to be borne!
That euer he lete me stir / bot that I had bene forlorne;
Warid be my moder / and warid be the morne
That I was borne of hir / alas, for shame and skorne!

Cursed be father and mother, and the day he was born!

(14)

primus angelus, cum gladio.

stand not togeder, parte in two!
all sam shall ye not be in blys;
Oure lorde of heuen will it be so,
for many of you has done amys;
On his right hand ye good shall go,
the way till heuen he shall you wys;
ye wykid saules ye weynd hym fro,
on his left hande as none of his.

The first angel parts the good from the bad.

(15)

Ihesus. The tyme is commen, I will make ende,
my fader of heuen will it so be,
Therfor till erthe now will I weynde,
my self to sytt in maieste.

Jesus takes His way to earth.

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He comes, in His body, to deal judgment.

To dele my dome I will discende,
this body with I bere with me,
how it was dight mans mys to amende
all mans kynde ther shall it se. 88

(16)

[Fol. 123, a.] *primus demon*. Oute, haro, out, out! / harkyn to this horne,

The first demon has heard the horn:

I was neuer in dowte / or now at this morne;
So sturdy a showte / sen that I was borne
hard I neuer here abowte / in ernyst ne in skorne,
A wonder! 93
I was bonde full fast

at the sound of it his bonds broke asunder.

In yrens for to last,
Bot my bandys thai brast
And shoke all in sonder. 97

(17)

The second demon shook for dread;

secundus demon. I shoterd and shoke / I herd sich a rerd,
When I harde it I qwote / for all that I lerd,
Bot to swere on a boke / I durst not aperd;
I durst not loke / for all medill-erd,
full payll; 102

but all his grinning helped nothing.

Bot gyrned and gnast,
my force did I frast,
Bot I wroght all wast,
It myght not auayll. 106

(18)

They tell each other of their fright.

primus demon. It was like to a trumpe / it had sich a sownde;
I fell on a lumpe / for ferd that I swounde.
secundus demon. There I stode on my stumpe / I stakerd that stownde,
There chachid I the crumpe / yit held I my grounde
halfe nome. 111

Their gear must be got ready, for they are like to have war. Doomsday is come, and the souls have fled from hell.

primus demon. Make redy oure gere,
we ar like to haue were,
ffor now dar I swere
That domysday is comme; 115

(19)

ffor all oure saules ar wente / and none ar in hell.
secundus demon. Bot we go we ar shente / let vs not dwell,

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It sitt*ys* you to tente / in this mat*er* to meƕ,
As a pere in a parlamente / what case so befeƕ;
It is nedefuƕ
That ye tente to youre awne,
What draght so be drawne,
If the courte be knawen
the Iuge is right dredfuƕ.

The second demon tells the first that he must get to the Court, like a peer to Parliament.

(20)

*prim*us *demon.* ffor to stand thus tome / thou gars me grete.
*secund*us *demon.* let vs go to this dome / vp watlyn strete.
*prim*us *demon.* I had leuer go to rome / yei thryse, on my fete,
Then forto grefe yonde grome / or with hym forto mete;
ffor wysely
he spekys on trete,
his paustee is grete,
bot begyn he to threte
he lok*ys* fuƕ grisly.

Up Watling Street will be the way, but they would rather make three pilgrimages to Rome.

(21)

Bot fast take oure rentals / hy, let vs go hence!
ffor as this fals / the great sentence.
*secund*us *demon.* Thai ar here in my dals / fast stand We to fence,
Agans thise dampnyd sauls / Without repentence,
And Iust.
*prim*us *demon.* how so the gam crokys,
Examyn oure bokys.
*secund*us *demon.* here is a bag fuƕ, lokys,
of pride and of lust,

They must take their books with [Fol. 128, b.] them, to give evidence against the damned souls.

(22)

Of Wraggers and wrears / a bag fuƕ of brefes,
Of carpars and cryars / of mychers and thefes,
Of lurdans and lyars / that no man lefys,
Of flytars, of flyars / and renderars of reffys;
This can I,
Of alkyn astates
that go bi the gatys,
Of poore pride, that god hat*ys*,
Twenty so many.

They have bags full of all kinds of sinners.

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(23)

The first demon asks if there is anger in their bill; if so, his fellow shall have a drink.

primus demon. peasse, I pray the, be stiłł / I lagħe that I kynke,
Is ogħt Ire in thi biłł / and then shałł thou drynke.
secundus demon. sir, so mekiłł iłł wiłł / that thai wold synke

There is anger and treachery too.

Thare foes in a fyere stiłł / bot not ałł that I thynke
dar I say, 156
Bot before hym he prase hym,
behynde he mys-sase hym,
Thus dowbiłł he mase hym,
thus do thai today. 160

(24)

Is there anything recorded against the feminine gender?

primus demon. has thou ogħt Writen there / of the femynyn gendere?
secundus demon. yei, mo then I may bere / of rolles forto render;

More rolls full than he can carry.

Thai ar sharp as a spere / if thai seme bot slender;
Thai ar euer in were / if thai be tender,
yłł fetyld; 165
she that is most meke,
When she semys fułł seke,
she can rase vp a reke
if she be wełł nettyld. 169

(25)

The second demon is praised as a good servant, and bids his master hurry.

primus demon. Thou art the best hyne / that euer cam beside vs.
secundus demon. yei, bot go we, master myne / yit wold I we hyde vs;
Thai haue blowen lang syne / thai wiłł not abide vs;
We may lightly tyne / and then wiłł ye chide vs
Togeder. 174
primus demon. Make redy oure tolys.
ffor we dele with no folys.
secundus demon. sir, ałł clerk*ys* of oure scolys
ar bowne furtħ theder; 178

(26)

Had Doomsday been delayed, they must have built hell bigger.

Bot, sir, I tełł you before / had domysday oght tarid
We must haue biggid hełł more / the warld is so warid.

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primus demon. Now gett we dowbiłł store / of bodys myscarid
To the soules where thai wore / both̄ sam to be harrid.
secundus demon. Thise rolles 183
Ar of bakbytars,
And fals quest-dytars,
I had no help of writars
bot thise two dalles.[1] 187

The first demon thinks of the bodies and souls to be harried.

[Fol. 124, a.]

(27)

ffaithe and trowth̄, maffay / has no fete to stande;
The poore pepyłł must pay / if oght be in hande,
The drede of god is away / and lawe out of lande.
primus demon'. By that wist I that domysday / was nere hande
In seson. 192
secundus demon'. Sir, it is saide in old sawes—
the longere that day dawes—
'Wars pepiłł wars lawes.'
primus demon'. I lagh̄ at thi reson; 196

Faith and truth are weak, and the fear of God perished.

The proverb tells us that people and laws ever grow worse.

(28)

Alle this was token / domysday to drede;
ffułł oft was it spokyn / fułł few take hede;
Bot now shałł we be wrokyn / of thare falshede,
ffor now bese vnlokyn / many dern dede
In Ire; 201
Ałł thare synnes shałł be knawen,[2]
Othere mens, then thare awne.
Secundus demon. Bot if this draght be wełł drawen
don is in the myre. 205

All this was a sign of judgment.

If their draught be not well drawn, "Dun is in the mire."

(29)

Tutivillus. Whi spir ye not, sir / no questyons?
I am oone of youre ordir / and oone of youre sons;
I stande at my tristur / when othere men shones.
primus demon'. Now thou art myn awne querestur / I wote where thou wonnes;

Tutivillus accosts them, and is greeted as the first devil's own officer.

[1] The ryme needs "dolles."

[2] MS. knowen.

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Tutivillus has been tollsman and registrar for the devil, and is now master lollard.

do tell me.
Tutiuillus. I was youre chefe tollare,
And sithen courte rollar,
Now am I master lollar,
And of sich men I mell me.

(30)

He has sometimes brought in more than ten thousand souls in an hour.

I haue broght to youre hande / of saules, dar I say,
Mo than ten thowsand [1] / in an howre of a day;
som at ayll-howse I fande / and som of ferray,
som cursid, som bande / som yei, som nay;
so many
Thus broght I on blure,
thus did I my cure.
primus demon. Thou art the best sawgeoure
that euer had I any.

(31)

He has hunted them till he is tired.

Tutiuillus. here a roll of ragman / of the rownde tabill,
Of breffes in my bag, man / of synnes dampnabill;
vnethes may I wag, man / for wery in youre stabill
Whils I set my stag, man. /
secundus demon. abide, ye ar abill
To take wage;

[Fol. 124, b.]

Thou can of cowrte thew,

The demons compliment him.

Bot lay downe the dewe
ffor thou will be a shrew,
be thou com at age.

(32)

He tells of the fools who dress finely, and leave their children breadless.

Tutiuillus. here I be gesse / of many nyce hoket,
Of care and of curstnes / hethyng and hoket,
Gay gere and witles / his hode set on koket,
As prowde as pennyles / his slefe has no poket,
ffull redles;
With thare hemmyd shoyn,
All this must be done,
Bot syre is out at hye noyn
And his barnes bredeles.

(33)

A horne and a duch ax / his slefe must be flekyt,
A syde hede and a fare fax / his gowne must be spekytt,

[1] MS. XMl.

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Thus toke I youre tax / thus ar my book*ys* blekyt.
*prim*us *demon*. Thou art best on thi wax / that eu*er* was clekyt,
or knawen;[1]
with wordes wiłł thou fiłł vs,
bot telł thi name tiłł vs.
Tutiuillus. Mi name is tutiuillus,
my horne is blawen;
ffragmina verbor*um* / tutiullus colligit hor*um*,
Belzabub algor*um* / belial beliu*m* dolior*um*.

He tells the demons his name, Tutivillus, and talks gibberish in Latin.

(34)

*secund*us *demon*. What, I se thou can of gramory / and som what of arte;
had I bot a p*enn*y / on the wołd I warte.
Tutiuillus. Of femellys a quantite / here fynde I parte.
*prim*us *demon*. Tutiuillus, let se / godd*ys* forbot thou sparte!
Tutiuillus. so Ioly
Ilka las in a lande
like a lady nerehande,
So fresh and so plesande,
makys men to foly.

He finds plenty of women here.

(35)

If she be neu*er* so fowłł a dowde / with hir kełłes and hir pynnes,
The shrew hir self can shrowde / both hir chekys and hir chynnes;
she can make it fułł prowde / with iapes and with gynnes,
hir hede as hy as a clowde / bot no shame of hir synnes
Thai fele;

They can disguise their ugliness,

When she is thus paynt,
she mak*ys* it so quaynte,
She look*ys* like a saynt,
And wars then the deyle.

and make themselves up to look like saints, though worse than the devil.

(36)

she is hornyd like a kowe / . . . . . fon syn,
The cuker hyng*ys* so side now / furrid with a cat skyn,
Ałł thise ar for you / thai ar com*m*en of youre kyn.
*Secund*us *demon*. Now, the best body art thou / that euer cam here in.

[Fol. 125, a. Sig. V. 1.]

[1] MS. knowen.

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It is fashionable for them to break their wedlock.

Tutiuillus. An vsage,
swilk dar I vndertake,
mak*ys* theym breke thare wedlake,
And lif in syn for hir sake,
And breke thare awne spowsage.

(37)

More than a thousand false swearers shall come to hell,

yit a poynt haue I fon / I teⱡ you before,
That fals swerars shaⱡ hid*er* com / mo then a thowsand[1] skore;
In sweryng thai grefe god*ys* son / and pyne hym more and more,
Therfor mon thai with vs won / in heⱡ for euer more.
I say thus,

raisers of false taxes and gatherers of green wax.

That rasers of the fals tax,
And gederars of greyn wax,
Diabolus est mendax
Et pater eius.

(38)

He must not forget the new fashion of padding the shoulders with moss and flock.

yit a poynte of the new gett / to teⱡ wiⱡ I not blyn,
Of prankyd gownes & shulders vp set / mos & flokk*ys* sewyd wyth in;
To vse sich gise thai wiⱡ not let / thai say it is no syn,
Bot on sich pilus I me set / and clap thaym cheke and chyn,
no nay.

dauid in his sawtere says thus,
That to heⱡ shaⱡ thai trus,
Cu*m* suis adinuenc*ioni*bus,
for onys and for ay.

(39)

"Kirk-chaterers" and lovers of simony he drags to hell out of the churches.

yit of thise kyrkchaterars / here ar a menee,
Of barganars and okerars / and lufars of symonee,
Of runkers and rowners / god cast*ys* thaym out, trulee,
ffrom his temple aⱡ sich mysdoers / I cach thaym then to me ffuⱡ soyn;
ffor writen I wote it is
In the gospeⱡ, withoutten mys,
Et eam fecist*is*
Speluncam latronu*m*.

[1] MS. M[l].

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(40)

yit of the synnes seven [1] / som thyng speciaƚƚ
now nately to neven / that renys ouer aƚƚ;
Thise ladd*ys* thai leven / as lord*ys* riaƚƚ,
At ee to be even / picturde in paƚƚ
As kyng*ys*;
May he dug hym a doket,
A kodpese like a pokett,
hym thynke it no hoket
his tayƚƚ when he Wryng*ys*.

Something special must be said too of the seven deadly sins.

(41)

his luddokkys thai lowke / like walk-mylne clogg*ys*,
his hede is like a stowke / hurlyd as hogg*ys*,
A woƚƚ blawen bowke / thise frygg*ys* as frogg*ys*,
This Ielian Iowke / dryfys he no dogg*ys*
To felter;
Bot with youre yolow lokkys,
ffor aƚƚ youre many mokk*ys*,
ye shaƚƚ clym on heƚƚ crokk*ys*
With a halpeny heltere.

(42)

And neƚƚ With hir nyfyls / of crisp and of sylke, [Fol. 125, b.]
Tent weƚƚ youre twyfyls / youre nek abowte as mylke;
Witƚ youre bendys and youre bridyls / of sathan, the whilke
sir sathanas Idyls / you for tha ilke
This giƚƚ knaue;
It is open behynde,
before is it pynde,
Bewar of the West wynde
youre smok lest it wafe.

(43)

Of Ire and of enuy / fynde I herto,
Of couetyse and glotony / and many other mo;
Thai caƚƚ and thai cry / go we now, go!
I dy nere for dry / and ther syt thai so

Anger, envy, covetousness, gluttony.

[1] MS. vij.

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AH nyght; 336
With hawvell and Iawvell,
syngyng of lawvell,
Thise ar howndys of hell,
That is thare right. 340

(44)

Sloth that makes the sluggard wish the clerk hanged when the bells ring to church.

In slewthe then thai syn / goddys warkys thai not Wyrke;
To belke thai begyn / and spew that is irke;
his hede must be holdyn / ther in the myrke,
Then deffys hym with dyn / the bellys of the kyrke,
When thai clatter; 345
he wishys the clerke hanged[1]
ffor that he rang it,
Bot thar hym not lang it,
What commys ther after. 349

(45)

Harlots, whores, and bawds,

And ye Ianettys of the stewys / and lychoures on lofte,
youre baill now brewys / avowtrees full ofte,
youre gam now grewys / I shall you set softe,
youre sorow enewes / com to my crofte
AH ye; 354
AH harlottys and horres,
And bawdys that procures,
To bryng thaym to lures,
Welcom to my see! 358

(46)

liars, scolds, extortioners, usurers, backbiters, are all welcome to hell.

ye lurdans and lyars / mychers and thefes,
fflytars and flyars / that all men reprefes,
Spolars, extorcyonars / Welcom, my lefes!
ffals Iurars and vsurars / to symony that clevys,
To tell; 363
hasardars and dysars,
ffals dedys forgars,
Slanderars, bakbytars,
All vnto hell. 367

(47)

[Fol. 126, s. Sig. V. 2.]

The increase of the wicked made the first demon think the end was nigh.

primus demon. When I harde many swilke / many spytus and fell,
And few good of ilke / I had merueH,
I trowd it drew nere the prik. /

[1] The ryme needs "hangit."

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Secundus demon. sir, a worde of counsell;
saules cam so thyk / now late vnto hell
As euer;
Oure porter at hell yate
Is haldyn so strate,
vp erly and downe late,
he rystys neuer.

Of late souls have so crowded to hell, that the porter has been hard worked.

(48)

primus demon. Thou art pereles of tho / that euer yit knew I,
when I Will may I go / if thou be by;
Go we now, We two. /
Secundus demon. syr, I am redy.
primus demon. Take oure rolles also, / ye knawe the cause Why;
do com
And tent well this day.
Secundus demon. sir, as well as I may.
Primus Demon. Qui vero mala
In ignem eternum.

The two demons make their way to the Judgment Hall, with their rolls

(49)

Ihesus. Ilka creatoure take tente
What bodworde I shall you bryng,
This wykyd warld away is wente,
and I am commyn as crownyd kyng;
Mi fader of heuen has me downe sente,
to deme youre dedys and make endyng;
Commen is the day of Iugemente,
of sorrow may euery synfull syng.

Jesus announces His advent as King come to judgment.

(50)

The day is commen of catyfnes,
all those to care that ar vncleyn,
The day of batell and bitternes,
full long abiden has it beyn;
The day of drede to more and les,
of Ioy, of tremlyng, and of teyn,
Ilka wight that wikyd is
may say, alas this day is seyn!

The day is come, a day of dread and joy.

Tunc expandit manus suas & ostendit eis Wlnera sua.

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(51)

He shows the wounds by which He bought bliss for men.

here may ye se my Woundys wide
that I suffred for youre mysdede,
Thrugh harte, hede, fote, hande and syde,
not for my gilte bot for youre nede.
Behald both bak, body, and syde,
how dere I boght youre broder-hede,
Thise bitter paynes I wold abide,
to by you blys thus wold I blede.

(52)

He recalls the scourging, the cross, the crown of thorns, the spear that pierced Him,

Mi body was skowrgid withoutten skill,
also ther full throly was I threttt;
On crosse thai hang me on a hill,
blo and blody thus was I bett;
With crowne of thorne thrastyn full ill,
A spere vnto my harte thai sett;
Mi harte blode sparid thai not to spill.
man, for thi luf wold I not lett.

(53)

the contumely of the Jews and His own patience.

The Iues spytt on me spitusly,
thai sparid me no more then a thefe;
When thai me smote I stud stilly,
agans thaym did I nokyns grefe.
Beholde, mankynde, this ilk am I,
that for the suffred sich myschefe,
Thus was I dight for thi foly,
man, loke thi luf was me full lefe.

(54)

[Fol. 126, b.]

All this He suffered for man; what has man suffered for Him?

Thus was I dight thi sorow to slake;
man, thus behovid the borud to be;
In all my wo toke I no wrake,
my will it was for luf of the.
Man, for sorow aght the to qwake,
this dredfull day this sight to se;
All this suffred I for thi sake.
say, man, What suffred thou for me?

Tunc vertens se ad bonos, dicit illis.

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(55)

Mi blissid barnes on my right hande,
youre dome this day thar ye not drede,
ffor aH youre ioy is now commande,
youre life in likyng shaH ye lede.
Commes to the kyngdom ay lastand,
That you is dight for youre good dede,
ffuH blithe may ye be there ye stand,
ffor mekiH in heuen bees youre mede.

The good are summoned to bliss.

(56)

When I was hungre ye me fed,
To slek my thrist ye war fuH fre;
When I was clothles ye me cled,
ye Wold no sorowe on me se;
In hard prison When I was sted
On my penance ye had pyte;
ffuH seke when I was broght in bed,
kyndly ye cam to comforth me.

They have fed Him when He was hungry slaked His thirst, clothed Him, visited Him in prison and sickness,

(57)

When I was wiH and weriest
ye harberd me fuH esely,
ffuH glad then were ye of youre gest,
Ye plenyd my pouerte fuH pitusly;
Belife ye broght me of the best,
And maide my bed there I shuld ly,
Therfor in heuen shaH be youre rest,
In ioy and blys to beld me by.

given Him shelter and sympathy;

therefore they shall rest with Him in heaven.

(58)

primus bonus. lord, When had thou so mekiH nede?
hungre or thrusty, how myght it be?
Secundus bonus. When was oure harte fre the to feede?
In prison When myght We the se?
Tercius bonus. When was thou seke, or wantyd wede?
To harbowre the when helpid we?
Quartus bonus. When had thou nede of oure fordede?
when did we aH this dede to the?

When did they thus succour Him? the good ask.

[Fol. 127, a. Sig. V. 3.]

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(59)

Jesus tells them they succoured Him in helping the needy.

Ihesus. Mi blissid barnes, I shaⱡ you say
what tyme this dede was to me done;
When any that nede had nyght or day,
Askyd you help and had it sone;
youre fre harte saide theym neu*er* nay,
Erly ne late, myd-day ne noyn,
As ofte-sithes as thai wolde pray,
Thai thurte bot aske and haue thare boyn.

Tunc dicet malis.

(60)

He casts forth the wicked to dwell for ever in dole.

ye cursid catyfs of kames kyn,
That neu*er* me comforthid in my care,
Now I and ye for euer shaⱡ twyn,
In doyⱡ to dweⱡ for euer mare;
youre bitt*er* bayles shaⱡ neu*er* blyn
That ye shaⱡ thole when ye com thare,
Thus haue ye seruyd for youre syn,
ffor derfe ded*ys* ye haue doyn are.

(61)

They chased Him from their gate when He had need of food;

When I had myster of mete and drynke,
Catyfs, ye chaste me from youre yate;
when ye were set as syres on bynke
I stode ther oute wery and Wate,
yit none of you Wold on me thynke,
To haue pite on my poore astate;
Therfor to heⱡ I shaⱡ you synke,
Weⱡ ar ye worthy to go that gate.

(62)

would not look how He fared in prison; drove Him with blows from their doors.

When I was seke and soryest
ye viset me noght, for I was poore;
In prison fast when I was fest
wold none of you loke how I foore;
When I wist neuer where to rest
Witⱨ dynt*ys* ye drofe me from youre doore,
Bot euer to pride then were ye prest,
Mi flesh, my bloode, ye oft for-swore.

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(63) [Fol. 127, b.]

Clothles, When that I was cold,
That nerehande for you yode I nakyd,
Mi myschefe sagh ye many folde,
Was none of you my sorowe slakyd;
Bot euer forsoke me, yong and olde,
Therfor shall ye now be forsakyd.

As they forsook Him, so shall they now be forsaken.

(64)

primus malus. lorde, when had thou, that all has,
hunger or thriste, sen thou god is [1]?
When was that thou in prison was?
When was thou nakyd or harberles?
Secundus malus. When myght we se the seke, alas!
and kyd the all this vnkyndnes?
iijus malus. When was we let the helples pas?
When dyd ye the this wikydnes?

When, they ask, have they shown Him this unkindness?

(65)

iiijus malus. Alas, for doyll this day!
alas, that euer I it abode!
Now am I dampned for ay,
this dome may I not avoyde.

(One begins his lament, ere he hears the answer.)

(66)

Ihesus. Catyfs, alas, ofte as it betyde
that nedefull ought askyd in my name,
ye harde thaym noght, youre eeres was hid,
youre help to thaym was not at hame;
To me was that vnkyndnes kyd,
therfor ye bere this bitter blame,
To the lest of myne when ye ought dyd,
to me ye dyd the self and same.

Jesus tells them the unkindness they showed to the needy was shown to Him.

Tunc dicet bonis.

(67)

Mi chosyn childer, commes to me!
With me to dwell now shall ye weynde,
Ther ioy and blys euer shall be,
youre life in lykyng for to leynde.

He summons the good to dwell with Him in bliss.

Tunc dicet malis.

[1] Originally 'es,' no doubt.

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The wicked are doomed to hell.

ye warid Wight*ys*, from me ye fle,
In hell to dwell withoutten ende!
Ther shall ye noght bot sorow se,
And sit bi sathanas the feynde. 531

(68)

The devils begin to drive them.

primus demon. Do now furthe go,[1] / trus, go we hyne!
vnto endles wo / ay-lastand pyne;
Nay, tary not so / we get ado syne.
secundus demon. hyte hyder warde, ho / harry ruskyne!
War oute! 536
The meyn shall ye nebyll,
And I shall syng the trebill,
A revant the devill
Till all this hole rowte. 540

(69)

They may curse the day they were born.

[Fol. 128, a. Sig. V. 4.]

Tutiuillus. youre lyfes ar lorne / and commen is youre care;
ye may ban ye were borne / the bodes you bare,
And youre faders beforne / so cursid ye ar.
primus demon. ye may wary the morne / and day that ye ware
Of youre moder 545
ffirst borne forto be,
ffor the wo ye mon dre.
Secundus demon. Ilkone of you mon se
sorow of oder. 549

(70)

Where now are their gold, their retinue, and their finery?

Where is the gold and the good / that ye gederd togedir?
The mery menee that yode / hid*er* and thedir?
Tutiuillus. Gay gyrdyls, iaggid hode / prankyd gownes, whedir?
haue ye wit or ye wode / ye broght not hider
Bot sorowe, 554
And youre synnes in youre nekkys.
primus demon. I beshrew thaym that rekkys!
he comes to late that bekkys
youre bodyes to borow. 558

[1] MS. go furthe.

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(71)

Secundus demon. Sir, I Wold cut thaym a skawte / and make theym be knawne;
Thay were sturdy and hawte / great boste haue thai blawne;
youre pride and youre pransawte / What wiH it gawne?
ye tolde ilk mans defawte / and forgate youre awne.
Tutiuillus. moreouer
Thare neghburs thai demyd,
Thaym self as it semyd,
Bot now ar thai flemyd
ffrom sayntys to recouer.

They were sturdy and proud, finding faults in others and forgetting their own.

(72)

primus demon. Thar neghburs thai towchid / With wordys fuH iH,
The warst ay thai sowchid / and had no skiH.
secundus demon. The pennys thai powchid / and held thaym stiH;
The negons thai mowchid / and had no wiH
ffor hart fare;
Bot riche and iH-dedy,
Gederand and gredy,
sore napand and nedy
youre godys forto spare.

They upbraided their neighbours, were pouchers of pence, gluttonous and greedy.

(73)

Tutiuillus. ffor aH that ye spard / and dyd extorcyon,
ffor youre childer ye card / youre heyre and youre son,
Now is aH in oureward / youre yeres ar ron,
It is commen in vowgard / youre dame malison,
To bynde it;
ye set bi no cursyng,
Ne no sich smaH thyng.
primus demon. No, bot prase at the partyng,
ffor now mon ye fynde it.

The wealth they laid up for their children is now in the devil's keeping.

(74)

youre leyfys and youre females / ye brake youre wedlake; [Fol. 128, b.]
TeH me now what it vales / aH that mery lake?
se so falsly it falys. /
secundus demon. syr, I dar vndertake
Thai wiH teH no tales / bot se so thai quake

They broke their wedlock. What avails their merriment now?

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Now they are quaking and dumb.

ffor moton ;
he that to that gam gose,
Now namely on old tose.
Tutiuillus. Thou held vp the lose,
That had I forgotten.

(75)

primus demon. sir, I trow thai be dom / somtyme were full melland ;
Will ye se how thai glom. /
They shall dwell in pitch and tar, with no respite.

secundus demon. thou art ay telland;
Now shall thai haue rom / in pyk aud tar euer dwelland,
Of thare sorow no some / bot ay to be yelland
In oure fostre.
Tutiuillus. By youre lefe may We mefe you?
primus demon. showe furth, I shrew you!
Secundus demon. yit to-nyght shall I shew you
A mese of ill ostre.

(76)

Tutiuillus. Of thise cursid forsworne / and all that here leyndys,
Blaw, wolfys-hede and oute-horne / now namely my freyndys.
primus demon. Illa haill were ye borne / youre awne shame you sheyndys,
That shall ye fynde or to morne. /
The devils carry them off, with threats.

secundus demon. com now with feyndys
To youre angre ;
youre dedys you dam ;
Com, go we now sam,
It is commen youre gam,
Com, tary no langer.

(77)

primus bonus. We loue the, lorde, in alkyn thyng,
That for thyne awne has ordand thus,
That we may haue now oure dwellyng
In heuen blis giffen vnto vs.

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Therfor fulꝫ boldly may we syng
On oure way as we trus;
Make we alꝫ myrthꝫ and louyng
Withꝫ te deum laudamus.

The righteous give thanks to God.

Explicit Iudicium.

XXXI.

Incipit Lazarus.

[47 couplets; 4 ten-line stanzas, *aaaa*[1] *bbbc bc;* 1 nine-line (no. 11), *aaaa bbc bc;* 7 eight-line, four *ab ab ab ab*, two *abab bcbc*, one *ab ab ba ba;* 3 six-line, *aaab ab;* 1 five-line, *aab ab.*] [Fol. 129, a.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Jesus.	*Johannes.*	*Martha.*	*Lazarus.*]
Petrus.	*Thomas.*	*Maria.*	

(1)

Ihesus. Commes now, brethere, and go Withꝫ me;
We Will pas furthꝫ vntilꝫ Iude,
To betany wilꝫ we Weynde,[2]
To vyset lazare that is oure freynde.[2]
Gladly I wolꝺ we with hym speke,
I telꝫ you sothely he is seke.

Jesus proposes to go to Bethany to visit Lazarus, who is ill.

petrus. I redꝺ not thatꝰ ye thider go,
The Iues halden you for thare fo;
I red ye com not in that stede,
ffor if ye do then be ye dede.

Peter, John, and Thomas dissuade Him for fear of the Jews.

Iohannes. Master, trist thou [not] on the Iue,
ffor many day sen thou thaym knewe,
And last tyme that we were thore
We wenyd tilꝫ haue bene dedꝺ therfor.
Thomas. When we were last in thatꝰ contre,
This othere day, bothꝫ thou and we,

[1] The *aaaa* lines have central rymes markt here with bars (not in the MS).

[2] These lines are transposed in the MS., and the letters *a* and *b* are placed opposite them in the margin to indicate their proper order.

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We wenyd that thou ther shuld haue bene slayn;
Wiłł thou now go thid*er* agane?

Jesus tells them Lazarus is fallen asleep; they must go to make that knight awake.

*Ih*esus. herkyn, breder, and takys kepe;
lazarè oure freynde is fallyn on slepe;
The way tiłł hym now wiłł we take,
To styr that knyght and gar hym wake.

If he sleep he will mend, Peter thinks.

petrus. Sir, me thynke it were the best
To let hym slepe and take his rest;
And kepe that no man com hym hend,
ffor if he slepe then mon he mend.

*Ih*esus. I say to you, With outten fayłł,
No kepyng may tiłł hym avaiłł,
[Fol. 129, b.] Ne slepe may stand hym in no stede,

Jesus tells them plainly Lazarus is dead.

I say you sekerly he is dede;
Therfor I say you now at last
leyfe this speche and go we fast.

Thomas says the disciples will share Jesus' peril and go with Him.

Thomas. Sir, What so euer ye bid vs do
We assent vs weł ther to;
I hope to god ye shałł not fynde
None of vs shałł lefe behynde;
ffor any pareł that may befałł
Weynde we With oure master ałł.

Martha tells Jesus Lazarus is dead.

Martha. help me, lorde, and gif me red!
lazare my broder now is dede,
That was to the both lefe and dere;
he had not dyed had thou bene here.

He shall rise and live again, Jesus says.

*Ih*esus. Martha, martha, thou may be fayn,
Thi brothere shałł rise and lif agayn.

Martha. lorde, I wote that he shałł ryse
And com before the good iustyce;

Yes, at Doomsday, Martha answers.

ffor at the dredfułł day of dome
There mon ye kepe hym at his come,
To loke What dome ye Wiłł hym gif;
Then mon he rise, then mon he lyf.

Jesus says, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

*Ih*esus. I Warne you, both man and wyfe,
That I am rysyng, and I am life;
And Whoso truly trowys in me,
That I was euer and ay shałł be,
Oone thyng I shałł hym gif,
Though he be dede yit shałł he lif.

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say thou, Woman, trowys thou this?
Martha. yee, for sothe, my lorde of blys,
Ellys were I greatly to mysprase,
ffor aH is sothe-fast that thou says.
*Ih*esus. Go teH thi sister mawdlayn
That I com, ye may be fayn. [*Martha goes to Mary.*]
Martha. Sister, lefe this sorowful bande,
Oure lorde com*m*ys here at hand,
And his apostyls with hym also.
Maria. A, for god*ys* luf let me go!
Blissid be he that sende me grace,
That I may se the in this place.
lorde, mekiH sorow may men se
Of my sister here and me;
We ar heuy as any lede,
ffor our broder that thus is dede.
had thou bene here and on hym sene,
dede for sothe had he not bene.
*Ih*esus. hider to you com*m*en we ar
To make you comforth of youre care,
Bot loke no fayntyse ne no slawth
Bryng you oute of stedfast trawthe,
Then shaH I hold you that I saide.
lo, where haue ye his body laide?
Maria. lorde, if it be thi WiH,
I hope be this he sauers iH,
ffor it is now the ferth[1] day gone
sen he Was laide vnder yonde stone.
*Ih*esus. I told the right now ther thou stode
that thi trawth shuld ay be goode,
And if thou may that fulfiH
AH bees done right at thi wiH.

Martha believes,

and is bidden to fetch her sister Magdalene.

[Fol. 130, a.]

Mary tells Jesus of their sorrow.

Jesus is come to comfort them.

He asks where the body is laid.

Et lacrimatus est ihesus, dicens.

(2)

ffader, I pray the that thou rase
lazare that was thi hyne,
And bryng hym oute of his mysese
And oute of heH pyne.

Jesus prays to the Father for Lazarus.

[1] MS. iiij.

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Let his days be increased.

When I the pray thou says aⱡ wayse
Mi wiⱡ is sicⱨ as thyne,
Therfor Wiⱡ we now eke his dayse,
To me thou wiⱡ inclyne.

(3)

He bids Lazarus come forth, and be stripped of his grave-clothes.

Com furthⱨ, lazare, and stand vs by,
In erthⱨ shaⱡ thou no langere ly;
Take and lawse hym foote and hande,
And from his throte take the bande,
And the sudary take hym fro,
And aⱡ that gere, and let hym go.

(4)

Lazarus gives thanks to Jesus, for raising him from hell.

lazarus. lorde, that aⱡ thyng maide of noght,
louyng be to thee,
That sich Wonder here has Wroght,
Gretter may none be.
When I was dede to heⱡ I soght,
And thou, thrughⱨ thi pauste,
Rasid me vp and thens me broght,
Behold and ye may se.

(5)

Not the mightiest on earth, king or knight, can escape death.

Ther is none so styf on stede,
Ne none so prowde in prese,
Ne none so dughty in his dede,
Ne none so dere on deese,
No kyng, no knyght, no Wight in wede,
ffrom dede haue maide hym seese,
Ne fleshⱨ he was wonte to fede,
It shaⱡ be Wormes mese.

(6)

youre dede is Wormes coke,
youre myrroure here ye loke,
And let me be youre boke,
youre sampiⱡ take by me;
ffro dede you cleke in cloke,
sichⱨ shaⱡ ye aⱡ be.

(7)

[Fol. 180, b.] Ilkon in sichⱨ aray / With dede thai shaⱡ be dighⱨt,
And closid colde in clay / Whed*er* he be kyng or knyght

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ffor aⱡ his garmentes gay / that semely were in sight,
his flesh shaⱡ frete away / With many a wofuⱡ wight.
Then wofully sich wightys
Shaⱡ gnawe thise gay knyghtys,
Thare lunges and thare lightys,
Thare harte shaⱡ frete in sonder;
Thise masters most of myghtys
Thus shaⱡ thai be broght vnder.

For all their gay clothes, their flesh shall be eaten away.

(8)

Vnder the erthe ye shaⱡ / thus carefully then cowche;
The royfe of youre haⱡ / youre nakyd nose shaⱡ towche;
Nawther greatⁿ ne smaⱡ / To you wiⱡ knele ne crowche;
A shete shaⱡ be youre paⱡ / sich todys shaⱡ be youre nowche;
Todys shaⱡ you dere,
ffeyndys wiⱡ you fere,
youre flesh that fare was here
Thus rufully shaⱡ rote;
In stede of fare colore
sich band*ys* shaⱡ bynde youre throte.

They shall have such a hall that their naked nose shall touch the roof, for covering a sheet and toads for jewels.

(9)

youre rud that was so red / youre lyre the lylly lyke,
Then shaⱡ be wan as led / and stynke as dog in dyke;
Wormes shaⱡ in you brede / as bees dos in the byke,
And ees out of youre hede / Thus-gate shaⱡ paddok*ys* pyke;
To pike you ar preste
Many vncomly beest,
Thus thai shaⱡ make a feste
Of youre flesh and of youre blode.
ffor you then sorows leste
The moste has of youre goode.

They shall stink like dead dogs, worms shall breed in them, toads pick out their eyes.

(10)

youre good*ys* ye shaⱡ forsake / If ye be neuer so lothe,
And nothing With you take / Bot sich a wyndyng clothe;
youre Wife sorow shaⱡ slake / youre chylder also both,
vnnes youre mynnyng make / If ye be neuer so wrothe;
Thai myn you with nothyng
That may be youre helpyng,

They may take nothing with them but their winding sheet.

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Wife and children will forget them and pay for no masses for their souls.

Nawther in mes syngyng,
Ne yit with almus dede;
Therfor in youre leuyng
Be wise and take good hede. 164

(11)

Take hede for you to dele / Whils ye ar on life,
Trust neuer freynd*ys* frele[1] / Nawthere of childe then wife;
[Fol. 131, a.] ffor sectures ar not lele / Then for youre good WitH stryfe;
Trust not friend, wife, or child; executors are always unfaithful. To by youre saules hele / There may no man thaym shrife. 168
To shrife no man thaym may,
After youre endyng day,
youre sauH for to glad;
youre sectures witH swere nay,
And say ye aght more then ye had. 173

(12)

Let them amend while they may. Amende the, man, Whils thou may,
let neu*er* no myrthe fordo thi mynde;
Thynke thou on the dredefuH day
When god shaH deme aH mankynde. 177
Thynke thou farys as dothe the wynde;
This warlde is wast & witH away;
Man, haue this in thi mynde,
And amende the Whils that thou may. 181

(13)

When they are dead it will be too late; no wealth may save them then. Amende the, man, whils thou art here,
Agane thou go an othere gate;
When thou art dede and laide on bere,
Wyt thou weH thou bees to late; 185
ffor if aH the goode that eu*er* thou gate
Were delt for the after thi day,
In heuen it wolde not mende thi state,
fforthi amende the Whils thou may. 189

(14)

The rich man's wealth belongs to God, If thou be right ryaH in rente,
As is the stede standyng in staH,
In thi harte knowe and thynke[2]
That thai ar godd*ys* good*ys* aH. 193

[1] These words, "Trust neuer freynd*ys* frele," are hardly legible.
[2] The assonance wants "thenke."

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he myght haue maide the poore and smaH
As he that beggys fro day to day;
  Wit thou weH acountys gif thou shaH,
Therfore amende the whils thou may.

(15)

And if I myght with you dweH
  To teH you aH my tyme,
ffuH mekiH cowthe I teH
  That I haue harde and sene,
Of many a great merueH,
  sich as ye wolde not wene,
In the paynes of heH
  There as I haue bene.

(16)

Bene I haue in wo,
Therfor kepe you ther fro;
Whilst ye lif do so
  If ye wiH dweH with hym
That can gar you thus go,
  And hele you lith and lym.

(17)

he is a lorde of grace,
Vmthynke you in this case,
  And pray hym, fuH of myght,
he kepe you in this place
  And haue you in his sight.

Amen.

Explicit Lazarus.

and must be accounted for.

Lazarus has heard and seen many a marvel.

Let them be warned by his sufferings,

and pray to the gracious Lord for protection.

(XXXII.)

Suspencio Iude.[1]

[Incomplete; 16 six-line stanzas, *aaab ab.*] [Fol. 131, b.]

(1)

[*Judas.*] Alas, alas, & walaway!
waryd & cursyd I have beyn ay;

Judas laments.

[1] This poem is added in a more modern hand than the others, apparently about the commencement of the sixteenth century.

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I slew my father, & syn by-lay
My moder der;
And falsly, aftur, I can betray
Myn awn mayster.

(2)

His father's name was Reuben, his mother's Sibaria.

My fathers name was ruben, right;
Sibaria my mod*er* hight;
Als he her knew apon a nyght
AH fleshle,

When he was begotten his mother dreamed that there lay in her side a lump of sin which should destroy all Jewry.

In her sleyp she se a sighte,
A great ferle.

(3)

her thoght ther lay her syd w*ith*-in
A lothly lumpe of fleshly syn,
Of the which distruccion schuld begyn
Of aH Iury;
That Cursyd Glott of Camys kyn,
fforsoth, was I.

(4)

Dreyd of that sight mad her awake,
& aH hir body did tremyH & qwake;
her thoght hir hert did all to-brake—
No wond*er* was—
the first[e] word my mod*er* spake
was alas, alas!

(5)

She told his father her dream,

Alas, alas! sche cryed faste,
w*ith* that, on weping owt sche braste:
My father wakyd at the laste,
& her afranyd;
Sche told hym how she was agaste,
& nothyng laynyd.

(6)

and he resolved that if a child were born he should be destroyed.

my father bad, "let be thy woo!
my Cowncel is, if hit be soo,
A child be gettyn betwixt hus too,
Dogh*ter* or son,
lett hit neu*er* on erth[e] go,
Bot be fordon.

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(7)

bettur hit is fordon) to be
then hit fordo both the & me;
ffor in a while then schaH we se,
& fuH weH knaw,
wheder *that* swevyns be vanite
or on) to traw."

They would soon know if dreams were vain or true.

(8)

The tyme was comyn *that* I was borne,
os my moder sayd beforn;
Alas, *that* I had beyn forlorn
With-In hir syd!
for ther then spronge a schrewid thorn)
That spred fuH wyd.

Judas was born.

(9)

for I was born *with* owtyn *grace*,
Thay me namyd & Callyd Iudas;
The father of the child ay hays
Great petye;
He myght not thoyle afor his face
My deth to se.

His father would not have him killed in his sight,

(10)

My ded to se then myght he noght;
A lytyH lep he gart be wroght,
& ther I was in bed [i-]broght
& bondon faste;
To the salt se then thay soght,
& In me Caste.

but had him cast into the sea.

(11)

The wawes rosse, the wynd[e] blew;
That I was Cursyd fuH well *tha*i knew;
The storme vnto the yle me threw,
That lytill botte;
And of that land my to-name drew,
Iudas skariott.

The waves and wind rose, and the storm threw him on the isle whence he was called Iscariot.

(12)

Thor os wrekke in sand I lay,
The qweyn Com passyng *ther* away,
With hir madyns to sport & play;

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The queen found him there as she came to play with her maidens,

And prevaly
A child she fond in slyk aray,
& had ferly. 72

(13)

Neuer-the-lesse sche was well payd,
And on hir lap[pe] sche me layd;
Sche me kissid & with me playd,
ffor I was fayre;
" A child god hays me send," sche sayd,
" to be myn ayre." 78

and passed him off on the king as her own son.

(14)

Sche mad me be to norice done,
And fosterd as her awn[e] sone,
And told the kyng that sche had gone
All the yer with child;
And with fayr wordys, as wemen Con,
sche hym begild. 84

The king made a feast.

(15)

Then the kyng gart mak a fest
To all the land [right] of the best,
ffor that he had gettyn a gest,
A swetly thyng,
When he wer ded & broght to rest,
that myght be kyng. 90

Two years afterwards the queen bore a fair son.

(16)

Sone aftur with in yer[e]s too,
In the land hit befell soo,
The qweyn hir selff with child Can goo;
A son sche bayr;
A fayrer child from tope to too
Man neuer se ayre. 96

* * * * * *

FINIS HUIUS [*in a later hand.*]

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GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

ABARSTIR, 340/73, more abashed, ashamed: for Abaistir.
Abast, 43/90, abashed, frightened, ashamed.
Abate, 233/157, humble (oneself).
Abite, 18/323, pay for, expiate.
Abone, 27/146, above.
Aby, 125/272, pay for: *see* Abite.
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Affy, 312/192, trust.
Afranyd, 394/28, questioned.
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Aght, 13/150, possessions; 15/210, 289/324; eight (*also* eighth); 18/314, owed.
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Balk, 118/49, ridge in a field.
Baly, 247/146, jurisdiction.
Ban, 11/59, curse.
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Bard, 32/328, barred, shut up.
Barett, 196/31, strife, debate, trouble.
Barme, 69/166, bosom.
Barnes, 32/308, children.
Barne-teme, 54/74, brood of children.
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Bayle, 23/26, hell-fire; Bayll, 32/311, destruction, misfortune: *see* Baill.
Bayles, 20/405, bailiffs.
Bayn, 20/397, quickly; 32/308, ready, obedient.
Be, 182/43, by the time that.
Bedeyn, 15/222, at once, at the same time.
Beete, 57/23, amend, heal.
Behete, 36/430, promised.
Belamy, 84/188, fair friend.
Belife, 10/37; Belyf, 83/156, quickly.
Belke, 378/342, belch.
Bemys, 62/199, trumpets.
Benste, 118/55, benedicite.
Bent, 120/142, field.
Benyson, 49/6, blessing.
Bere, 66/79, bear, carry; 129/405, noise.

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Besele, 30/240, busily, earnestly.
Beshers, 78/1, fair sirs; Bewshere, 174/273, fair sir.
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Beyde, 66/78, command, proclaim.
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Ble, 163/109, colour, complexion.
Blekyt, 375/244, blacked.
Blo, 35/413, blue-black, livid.
Blome, 60/130, bloom, flower.
Blowre, 74/307, blisters (?)
Blowys, 81/94, talk, proclaim, publish.
Blure, 374/220, destruction (?), damnation.
Blyn, 18/324, stop, cease: *see* Blan.
Bob, 139/718, bunch.
Bodworde, 69/145, 195/27, message.
Bollars, 291/374, drunkards.
Bolne, 237/281, swell.
Bon, 240/390, bound.
Bondon, 59/102, disposition, discretion.
Bone, 72/240, petition, boon: *see* Boyne.
Boote, 346/203, remedy, redress: *see* Boyte.
Borghe, 277/608, pledge, surety: *see* Borow.
Borod, 221/554, ransomed, saved.
Boroo, 184/100, ransom, save.
Borow, 29/204, pledge, security.
Borud, 380/427, ransomed, saved: *see* Borod.
Bowke, 377/316, belly, paunch.
Bowne, 44/129, prepared.
Bowrde, 115/482, jest.
Bowrdend, 188/56, jesting.
Boyne, 14/183, petition, prayer: *see* Bone.
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Bragance, 117/34, bragging, boasting.
Brall, 167/31, brawl, cry out.
Brand, 78/5, sword.
Brast, 31/264, burst.
Brayde, 225/664, stratagem, deceit; Brayde, of, 105/153, are like, resemble.
Brede, 2/20, breadth.
Brefe, 151/342, letter, official document.
Breme, 237/290, fierce, furious.
Bren, 14/180, burn.
Brend, 11/73, Brent; burnt.
Brere, 282/91; Brerys, 15/202, briars, thorns.
Bressed, 256/371, bruised.
Brestyn, 276/589, burst, *p.p.*
Brith, 166/3, birth.
Brodell, 150/315, wretch.
Browes, 21/417, broth, stew.
Browke, 14/186, use.
Brude, 124/237, offspring, children (?)
Bruet, 50/24, broth.
Brymly, 368/33, fiercely.
Bryssyng, 204/9, bruising, breaking: *see* Bressed, Bursyd.
Bryst, 136/629, burst.
Bun, 4/66, bound.
Bursyd, 161/34, bruised.
Busk, 167/31, prepare; 167/35, set out, depart.
Bustus, 235/213, rough, boisterous, clumsy.
Buxom, 96/336, obedient.
By, 126/330, pay for: *see* Aby, Abite.
Byched, 289/325, cursed.
Bydeyn, 22/157, at once: *see* Bedeyr.
Byg, 22/182, build.
Bygyng, 19/91, building.
Byke, 31/147, hive.
Byll-hagers, 102/57, men who hack with bills.
Bynke, 30/484, bench.
Byr, 3/371, rush.
Byrdyng, 96/345, playing, jesting (*see* 95/302), supposed adultery; or is it 'little bird,' child (?)

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Byrkyn, 168/63, break.

Can, 2/338, know.
Carls, 70/205, rustics.
Carpe, 4/115, talk.
Casbald, 255/351, a term of reproach.
Catyfdam, 184/101, caitifdom, the devil, hell.
Catyfnes, 266/271, wickedness.
Cautelys, 208/144, tricks.
Cele, 134/558, happiness: *see* Ceyll.
Cely, 214/323, good, innocent.
Certis, 46/191, certainly.
Ceyll, 133/523, bliss, happiness.
Charge, 8/404, load, prepare.
Charys, 126/304, pieces of work, jobs.
Chase, 59/85, chose.
Chefe, 123/398, succeed.
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Ches, 31/281; Chese, 27/129, rows (*see* Chess in Dict.).
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Clekyt, 375/245, hatched (?)
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Cleryfy, 80/65, proclaim, preach, tell.
Cloke, 390/123, claw (?)
Cloute, 33/353, patch, mend.
Cloysse, 247/125, clothes.
Clyfe, 95/308, cliff (?)
Clynke, 262/135, clench.
Clyppys, 390/124, eclipse.
Cod, 101/22, bag, pillow.
Coke, 390/119, cook.
Cokkers, 291/374, fighters.
Cokys, 239/355, cocks.
Colke, 338/43, core.
Colknyfys, 102/57, cabbage-knives.
Combred, 285/189, 321/508, encumbered, entangled (?)
Conandly, 189/104, wisely, suitably.
Condyth, 155/482, conduct.
Copyn, Kyng, 233/166, King Empty-skein (?)
Coth, 35/417, disease.
Couandys (better Conandys), 222/586, covenants, agreements.
Couth, 269/373, known, familiar.
Couth, 66/68; Cowth, 37/473, could.
Cowche, 115/478, lie down.
Cowll, 241/405, swelling, weal.
Cowrs, 286/225, course, way.
Coyle, 21/425; Coyll, 34/389, pottage (should be cayll); 5/136 coal.
Crate, 242/427, decrepit man (?)
Craw, 18/311, crow.
Croft, 239/355, field.
Cronyng, 281/67, crooning, moaning.
Crop, 115/470, top, head.
Crumpe, 370/110, cramp.
Cryb, 107/208, put in a crib (?)
Cuker, 375/270, coker, kind of half-boot or gaiter.
Cutt, 273/508, lot (draw lots).

Dall, 139/733, hand; Dalles, 373/187; Dals, 371/136, hands.
Dam, 249/186; 236/248, condemn.
Dampnabill, 234/198, deserving of condemnation.
Dang, 314/274, beat.
Dangere, 71/225, control, dominion.
Dare, 163/83, lie hid.
Darfe, 367/1, hard, heavy.
Dase, 32/314, am dazed, stupefied, bewildered.
Daunche, 181/509, fastidious (?)
Daw, 30/247, (?) melancholy, sluggard.
Dawes, 196/55; Dayes, 55/108, dawns.
Dayde, 234/185, brought to trial (at an appointed day) (?)
Daynteth, 294/55, dignity, importance.
Dede, 7/203, death.
Dedir, 32/314 (Yorkshire 'dither'), shiver, tremble.
Deese, 390/114, daïs.
Des, 5/121; Desse, 286/231; Deese, 390/114; Dese, 245/64; daïs, throne.
Defend, 86/6, forbid.
Defly, 119/109, deafly.
Deill, 16/247, bit, morsel.
Dele, 13/137, share, divide.
Delf, 66/79, delve, dig.
Delfe, 276/575, grave.
Deme, 4/113, judge.
Dere, 32/317, harm, injury.
Derfe, 382/481, hard, cruel.
Derly, 117/389, grievously.
Dern, 373/200, secret, hidden.
Dernly, 168/69, secretly, quietly.

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Determyd, 348/251, ended.
Devere, 32/319, duty.
Dewe, 374/230, list (of fools).
Deyde, 66/80, deeds, work.
Deyle, 15/213; Deyll, 15/205, share, give: *see* Dele *and* Deill.
Deyle, 375/268, devil.
Distance, 24/57, disagreement, dispute.
Dit, 17/280; Dytt, 233/178, shut, stopped.
Ditizance doutance, 171/171.
Doket, 377/310, (?) rag, clout, or (?) little tail.
Dold, 31/266, dulled, grown dull.
Dom, 207/109, doom, sentence.
Done, 92/228, place, put.
Donnyng, 10/32, dun mare (?), cp. 'Dun is in the myre.'
Dos, 19/360, dost, puttest.
Dote, 31/265, foolish person, dotard.
Dotty-pols, 173/231, crazy-heads.
Dowde, 375/260, slut.
Dowse, 124/246, harlot.
Doyll, 34/390, dole, portion; 74/302, grief, mourning.
Doyn, 382/481, done.
Doyse, 4/110, dost.
Drake, 312/221, dragon.
Dray, 57/14, draw, withdraw.
Dre, 118/65, endure.
Drech, 326/20, harass, afflict.
Drely, 108/245, long, deeply.
Dres, 30/238, direct one's course, go; 245/65, prepare, order, direct.
Drogh, 6/155, drew, betook himself.
Duch ax, 374/242, Dutch axe.
Dug, 377/310 cut (?)
Dughtyest, 175/294, doughtiest.
Dulfull, 7/203, dolefull.
Dustardys, 285/10, dastards, stupid persons.
Dwere, 364/342, perplexity.
Dwill, 12/89, devil.
Dwillis, 11/63, devil's.
Dwyrd, 348/252, destroy (?)
Dyght, 39/543, prepared, disposed.
Dyke, 66/79, ditch.
Dyll, 163/80, render dull, assuage.
Dyllydowne, 135/609, pet, darling.
Dyng, 77/410, beat, strike.
Dyntand, 280/54, riding.
Dysars, 291/373, dicers.
Dyscry, 243/8; Dyscryfe, 345/180, describe.
Dysseferance, 343/144, separation, dissension.
Dytt, 233/178, stopt.

Edder, 86/25, serpent.
Eft, 30/241, afterwards, again.
Eld, 62/189, age.
Eme, 51/59, uncle.
Emell, 65/34, among.
Encense, *v.t.* 172/198, incense.
Encheson, 44/133, occasion, cause.
Endoost, 196/48, protected.
Endorde, 107/234, glazed, gilded.
Enfray, 308/71, affray.
Enys, 225/661, once.
Ernes, 150/303, earnest.
Eschele, 55/115, troop.
Ethe, 232/141, easily.
Everychon, 41/43, each or every one.
Examynyng, *sb.* 235/235, examination.
Excusyng, *sb.* 94/294.

Faed, 269/363, withered.
Fageyng, 287/252, flattery.
Fames, 92/213, makes known.
Fand, 69/164, found.
Fang, 30/245, take hold of, take.
Fare, 10/32, on, pull.
Farenes, 235/217, fairness, justice.
Farly, 56/3, wonderfully.
Farlys, 294/53, wonders.
Farne, 149/271, fared, got on: *see* Fowre.
Farne, 133/533, laboured, borne a child.
Fature, 71/226, traitor, deceiver, impostor.
Faund, 47/219, found.
Fawchon, 288/274, falchion.
Fawte, 229/55, default, want.
Fax, 374/243, hair.
Fayn, 45/175, joyful.
Fayntyse, 389/77, cowardice, languor.
Fayre, 18/308, go, fare.
Featte, 287/252, doings
Fee, 11/76, property, 'corn or cattle'; 66/62, cattle.
Feere, 7/209, companion.
Feft, 136/620, endowed.
Feld, 13/122, field.
Fele, Felle, 65/43, many; 141/24, knock down; 156/515, mountain; 170/142, cruel, fierce.
Fell, 331/181, skin.

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Felly, 368/31, terribly.
Felter, 377/318, join together (?)
Fend, 10/38, forbid.
Fenyng, 250/224, feigning.
Fenys, 205/22, feign.
Ferd, 13/145, afraid; 18/338, fear.
Fere (in), 20/383, in company, together.
Fere, 368/31, terrify.
Ferly, 14/156, wonder, marvel.
Ferray, 374/217, plundering.
Fersly, 77/405, fiercely (?)
Ferys, 230/64, companions: *see* Fere.
Fest, 109/280, settle, fix.
Feste, 251/244, fastened.
Feiyld, 372/165, made ready.
Feyll, 294/53, many.
Feyr, 191/161, companion: *see* Fere.
Ffarlee, 358/158, wonderfully: *see* Farly.
Ffelterd, 102/65, joined together, interwoven.
Ffermes, 101/30, rents due to landlord.
Fill (half my fill), 21/427.
Flay, 34/380, put to flight, frighten.
Flekyt, 374/242, spotted.
Fleme, 84/188, banish, put to flight.
Flemyd, 235/234, banisht, condemned: *see* Fleme.
Flett, 29/223, flat, floor; 36/436, floated.
Flone, 110/324, dart: *see* Thoner-flone, lightning.
Floo, 26/115, flow.
Flume, 197/72, river.
Flyt, 17/303; 29/223, flee, shift; 73/284, flee from, avoid.
Flyte, 17/293, quarrel.
Flyx, 182/30, flux, diarrhœa.
Foche, 71/221, fetch.
Fode, 96/365; 268/343, offspring: *see* Foode.
Foine, 268/343, product, treasure.
Fon, 274/526, am bewildered.
Fon, 47/218, found; 96/353, fool.
Fon, 239/360, seize, take.
Fone, 26/99, few.
Foode, 91/178, offspring, child; 196/39, young man.
Foore, 122/196, fared.
For, 19/354, because.
Forbot, 102/38, forbidding.
Force, 19/374, power, strength; 'no force,' no matter.
Fordo, 26/114, ruin, destroy.
For-fare, 234/317, destroy.
Forfett, 230/62, transgressed; 242/425, offence, penalty (?)
Forgangere, 195/28, foregoer.
Forgeyn, 49/285, forgiven.
For-rakyd, 124/256, overdone with walking.
Fors, 65/32, might, power.
Forshapyn, 136/619, transformed.
Forspokyn, 136/613, enchanted.
Forth, 52/24, carry out, execute.
For-thi, 10/45, For-thy, 270/405, therefore.
Forthynk, 94/299; 24/354, repent, be sorry.
Forthynkyng, 343/144, repentance.
Forwakyd, 124/253, exhausted with watching.
Forward, 289/322, agreement, promise.
Foryeldys, 121/171, requites.
Fostre, 386/599, care, protection.
Fott, 20/392, fetch.
Found, 41/53; Fownde, 358/158, prove, try, seek.
Fow[n]dyng, 219/497, temptation.
Fowre, 74/305, fared.
Foyde, 139/720, child, offspring: *see* Foode.
Foyll, 225/678, fool; 5/137, foal.
Foyn, 177/381, thrust.
Foyne, 125/281, few: *see* Fone.
Foyte, 263/182, foot, 12 inches.
Frast, 28/183; 41/53, inquire of, try.
Fray, 175/317, attack, alarm, fright; 312/198, from.
Frayes, 65/42, affrays, rows.
Frayn, 91/185, question, ask.
Fre, *sb.* 32/310, free, noble, liberal being, God.
Freke, 289/322, warrior, man.
Frele, 392/166, frail.
Frely, 49/277; 139/720; 196/39, noble.
Fres, 351/314; Frese, 34/391, fear.
Fresh: as fresh as an eel, 127/356.
Frog, 289/311, frock, Christ's gown.
Froskis, 73/284, frogs.
Fry, 25/66, children, descendants.
Fryggys, 377/316, animals, beings (?)
Fun, 65/43, found
Fylyd, 90/159, defiled, copulated with.
Fynd, 94/272, put, clothe.
Fyrth, 156/515, forest.
Fytt, 59/104, song, stanza.

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Gab, 347/243, deceive.
Gad, 13/149, go quickly to and fro.
Gadlyng, 80/84, fellow.
Gam, 3/84, pleasure, sport.
Ganstand, 44/128, withstand, oppose.
Garn, 32/298, yarn.
Garray, 76/377, armed force; 134/564, commotion, row.
Gars, 10/44, causes.
Gart, 43/104, made.
Garthynere, 323/563, gardener.
Gate, 52/29, going, path.
Gawdis, 65/41, tricks, habits.
Gaytt-door, 126/328, street door.
Gedlyngis, 10/14, fellows: *see* Gadlyng.
Geld, 89/134, barren.
Gent, 366/396, gentle, well-born.
Gere, 30/245, gear, tools.
Ges, *sb.* 15/231, guess.
Gessen, 74/315, Goshen.
Get, 46/188, offspring, progeny.
Gett, 376/287, mode, fashion.
Geyn, 203/270, given.
Glase, 241/418, gloss, polishing.
Glase, 126/316, chance, risk.
Glom, 386/596, frown, are gloomy.
Glope, 174/264, surprise.
Glose, 129/413, falsehood.
Gnast, 170/157, gnash, be troubled.
Goderhayll! 107/226, good luck!
Gog, 10/44, God.
Gome, 203/269, man.
Goonys, 183/47, yawn.
Grade, 257/404; Graide, 234/286, prepared.
Grafen, 316/350, buried.
Grales, 172/205, gradual, part of the Mass.
Grame, 25/89, anger.
Gramercy, 98/20, many thanks.
Gramery, 108/242, grammar, learning.
Grankys, 183/45, groan.
Granser, 204/12, grandsire.
Grath, 37/482, (?) favour, readiness.
Grauyng, 157/557, burial.
Grayd, 300/227, prepared: *see* Grade.
Grayth, 55/103, prepare.
Graythly, 207/95, readily.
Grefyd, 217/432, grieved.
Greme, 54/73, anger, harm: *see* Grame.
Gresys, 8/238, herbs, plants.
Grete, 50/38, weeping, to weep; 316/350, grit, stone.
Grew, 274/531, Greek.
Grewys, 378/352, turns to horror (?)
Grith, 166/4, peace, security: *see* Gyrth.
Grofen, 74/326, grown (?)
Groflyngis, 46/203, groveling, face downwards.
Grome, 371/128, groom, boy.
Gropyng, 347/243, feeling, handling.
Groved, 15/199, grew.
Growne, 114/432, snout (?)
Groyf, 196/54, grow (?)
Gruch, 198/104, grudge, murmur.
Grufe, 37/463, grow (?)
Gryle, 163/99, shrilly, keenly.
Grymly, 338/14, cruelly, terribly.
Gryse, 48/254, feel horror, shudder.
Gryssed, 106/189, grassed, covered with grass.
Gryth, 226/707, peace, security: *see* Gyrth.
Gyll, 243/11, guile.
Gyn, 26/128, contrivance, engine.
Gyrd, 136/622, strike, cut.
Gyrth, 80/54, peace, security: *see* Gryth.
Gyse, 127/341, plan (?)

Had I wyst, 119/93, had I known, before I played the fool.
Hafles, 180/484, unhurt (?)
Haft, 187/52, affairs, business.
Hafyng, 191/175, possessions, property.
Hagh, 330/144, consideration.
Hak, 131/476, go on, behave, make uproar (?)
Halsid, 294/56, embraced, fondled.
Hamyd, 117/15, crippled, lamed.
Handband, 50/33, covenanted portion.
Hap, 130/434, wrap up.
Har (to-har), 297/142, harry, drag.
Har, 234/210, hinge.
Harbar, 124/245; Harbor, 297/139, lodging, dwelling.
Hardely, 19/463, boldly, certainly.
Harll, 256/358, drag.
Harlottis, 10/22, rascals.
Harnes, 128/392, brains.
Harnes, 43/118, equipment.
Haro! 17/275, help!
Harrer, 11/55, quicker.
Harsto, 297/136; Harstow, 20/386, hearest thou.
Hast, 238/318, asked, ordered: *see* Ast.
Hat, 10/15, is called.
Hathennes, 79/26, heathendom.

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Hatters, 133/543, confound it!
Hawvell, 378/337, noise, jabber (?). Apparently mere gibberish, like the rime-word *lawvell*.
Haylse, 365/386, salute.
Haytt, 123/227, hot.
He, 37/469, high.
Hek, 126/305, hatch, wicket-gate.
Hekis, 10/47, hay-racks (?)
Held, 181/6, eld, old age.
Helme, 35/420, rudder.
Hend, 388/25, near.
Hend, 9/262, hand.
Hent, 35/420, take, seize.
Here, 12/100, here is.
Heris, 7/198, hear thou.
Het, 46/190, promised; Hetis, 51/52, promises; Hete, 352/348, promise.
Hething, 281/86, scorn, contempt.
Hevyd, 366/401, lifted.
Heyle, 87/45, healing, salvation.
Heynd, 62/174, gracious.
Heytt, 73/298, promised: *see* Het.
Hien, 193/216, hence.
Hight, 3/71, (be) called; 24/46, promised.
Ho, 35/411, cry ho! stop.
Hogh, 317/371, high, (?) read 'hegh.'
Hoill, 9/7, hole.
Hoket, 374/233, 234; 377/312, ridicule (?), or (?) difficulty, obstacle.
Holard, 177/358, debauchee.
Holgh, 18/310, empty, hollow.
Homely, 294/56, familiarly.
Hone, 13/133, delay.
Hore, 104/132, hair (?), sheep.
Hostyld, 348/263, lodged.
Hote, 53/46, promise, vow.
Houer, 75/363, tarry.
Hoylle, 34/388, whole, contented.
Hoyne, 32/80, delay: *see* Hone.
Hoyse, 21/436, hose.
Hu, 346/221, hue (?)
Hud, 288/283, hood.
Hufe, 37/461, delay.
Hullars, 291/373, lechers.
Hurlyd, 244/30, driven forcibly; 377/316, covered with bristles.
Hy, 10/43, hasten; *in hy*, in haste.
Hyght, 81/107, promise.
Hyghtynd, 90/68, set high, lifted up, exalted.
Hyne, 53/54, servant; 184/90, hence(?)
Hyrdis, 66/62, shepherds.
Hyte! 11/55, gee up! go on!

Ich, Icha, 4/106, each, every.
Ich, I, who be, 122/207.
Ichon, 26/112, each one.
Ilk, 62/183, same.
Ilka, 63/211, each, every.
Indoost, 242/421, flogged, loaded on the back.
Indytars, 205/24, inditers, writers.
Infude, 100/89, pour into, endow.
Ingroost, 202/250, engrossed, included, comprehended.
Innocent, *sb.* 177/388.
Inqueryd, 195/21, inquired of, asked.
Intraste (in traste), 299/182, trust in.
Irk, 182/43, weary, disinclined for exertion.
Irregulere, 237/306, out of rule, unjust.
Ist, 201/212, is it.

Janglis, 9/6; chatters; Jangyls, 13/134, chatterest.
Jape, 123/221, jest.
Jawvell, 378/337, wrangling = javel, chavel, jaw.
Jelian Jowke, 377/317, Gillian Clown (?)
Jourmontyng, 166/11, governor (?)
Jues, 65/35, Jews.

Keill, 32/300; Keyle, 26/118, cool, allay.
Kelles, 375/260, cauls, nets.
Kend, 11/72, taught; 62/193, known.
Kepe, 253/304, await, meet (?); 388/19, heed.
Kest, 266/255, cast, reckon up.
Knafe, 20/382; Knave, 134/554, boy, servant.
Knakt, 137/659, hit it off, sang.
Knap, 238/337, knock, strike.
Knop, 241/408, stud with knobs.
Knyt, 36/451, knit, closed.
Koket, 374/235, cock, aside.
Kon, 4/91, know.
Kun thank, 65/30, give thanks.
Kyd, 2/45; 266/272, made known, shown.
Kynd, 50/42, kindred, family.
Kynke, 372/152, double up, tie myself in a knot.
Kyppys, 134/557, seizes, snatches.
Kyth, 54/67, kith, kindred, native country.
Kythe, 54/95; 266/266, show.

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Laft, 261/105, have left, relinquished.
Laghe, 339/44, law.
Lak, 68/118; Lake, 115/465; 385/587, play, game.
Lakan, 124/242, plaything.
Lake, *sb.* 206/85, lack.
Lane, 334/48, hide; *see* Layn.
Langett, 29/224, strap, thong.
Langyd, 117/42, longed, wished.
Lap, 287/265, rag.
Lappyd, 116/4; Lapt, 128/368, wrapped up, involved.
Lare, 70/194, lore, learning.
Large, in, 189/90, at large, fully.
Late, 90/137, seek, inquire.
Lath, 298/165, hateful, hideous; *see* Layth.
Law, 67/81, low.
Lawd, 61/143, lay, unlearned.
Lawdys, 121/180, praises, part of the Matins Service.
Lawvell, 378/338, blasphemy (?)
Lay, Layse, 65/48, law, laws.
Layn, 45/169, hide, deny.
Layt, 192/180, seek, look for.
Layth, 87/63, hateful, hideous.
Laytt, 286/238, search (?)
Leasse, 6/158, falsehood.
Leche, 12/83, physician.
Lede, 287/265, man.
Leder, 31/289; Ledyr, 121/147, evil, bad.
Lefe, 11/65; Leif, 11/68, dear.
Lege, 192/181, alleges, quotes.
Leghe, 33/38, lie, falsehood.
Leif, 15/195, remain.
Leke, 5/129, leek.
Lele, 36/446, loyal.
Lely, 192/180, loyally.
Lelyst, 288/296, most loyal, fairest.
Lemman, 87/65, dear one (V. Mary).
Lemyd, 110/316, shone.
Lent, 96/352, remained.
Lenys, 13/118, lends.
Lep, 395/56, basket.
Lerd, 233/169, taught.
Lere, 45/159, teach.
Leryd, 72/239, learnt.
Les, 5/120; Lese, 7/194, falsehood: *see* Leasse.
Lese, 209/163, lose.
Lesyns, 206/67, lyings, falsehoods.
Letherly, 121/171, badly (cheap and nasty).
Letht, 232/142; lithe, mitigation.
Lett, 189/89, hinder, desist, stop; 259/33, thought, esteemed.
Letys, 260/56, thinks.
Leuer, 47/217, rather: *see* Leyffer.
Leuerd, 287/265, delivered, given.
Leueryng, 107/217, dish of liver (?): *see* Levyr.
Levyn, 33/346, lightning.
Levyr, 35/399, liver.
Lewde, 139/707, unlearned, lay.
Lewte, 41/50, loyalty.
Leyde, 24/48, people, nation; 4/82, lead.
Leyf, 5/126, dear: *see* Leif.
Leyfe, 4/111, leave, abandon; 85/234, pleased, willing.
Leyffer, were I, 42/84, I had rather.
Leyfys, 385/586, darlings, loves.
Leyn, 12/112, lean.
Leyn, 12/115, lend.
Leynd, 68/140, remain, linger.
Leynyd, 53/37, leaned, inclined.
Lig, 18/326, lie.
Lightness, 195/5, light.
Ligis, 15/220, lies: *see* Lig.
List, 11/59, pleases.
Lith, 2/26, light; 393/211, joint.
Lofe, 3/75, praise.
Lofyng, 12/103, praising, praise: *see* Lovyng.
Loghe, 281/86, laughed.
Lone, 203/271, loan.
Long, 35/399, lungs.
Longys, 3/81, belongs.
Lonys, 107/230, loins.
Looke, 123/219, look favourably on, save.
Loppys, 74/306, insects, fleas.
Lorne, 66/76, lost.
Lose, 250/202, praise, repute.
Losell, 72/242, scamp, worthless man.
Lote, 129/409, noise.
Loth, 208/126, loathsome, hateful, hideous: *see* Lath.
Lothes, 166/9, injuries.
Lottyn, 232/123, looking: *see* Sowreloten.
Louf, 42/56, love: *see* Luf.
Loutt, 280/49, bow the head: *see* Lowt.
Lovyng, 3/62, praise.
Lowde, and styll, 190/122, in all conditions.
Lowfes, 211/239, valuest.

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Lowfyd, 248/169, praised.
Lowked, 229/58, locked, closed.
Lowt, 21/434, bow the head.
Luddokys, 377/314, buttocks.
Luf, 21/434, love.
Lufe, 37/462, hand, palm.
Lufly, 3/72, lovely.
Lullay, syng, 130/442.
Lurdan, 72/239, lowt, lazy person.
Luskand, 227/750, hiding, sneaking.
Lyere, 269/362; face, countenance: *see* Lyre.
Lyght, 60/115, descend; 127/337, delivered (in childbirth); chepe, 16/236, 121/170, light, cheap bargain.
Lykance, 281/56, liking, pleasure.
Lykandly, 265/234, pleasantly.
Lykyng, 74/316, pleasure.
Lynage, 69/143, lineage.
Lynde, 97/368, lime-tree.
Lyre, 65/24, face, countenance: *see* Lyere.
Lyst, 65/24, pleasure, liking.
Lyte, 85/225; Lytt, 152/394, flaw, error.
Lythe, 340/87, go, travel.
Lytter, 158/590, bed.

Ma-fay! 275/564, my faith!
Make, 7/187, mate, wife; 21/442, match, equal.
Malison, 19/355, malediction, curse.
Malys, 179/453, bags, wallets.
Mangery, 214/343, feast.
Mangyng, 107/232, eating, meal.
Mar, 27/129, hinder.
Mare, 238/310, nightmare, goblin.
Marke, 182/33, dark, dim.
Maroo, 130/436, companion, mate.
Mase, 68/135, makes, does.
Masid, 358/165, 166; 359/195, mazed, dazed.
Mastre, 3/81; 65/34; 223/610, lordship, superiority.
Masyd, 220/510, dizzy, stupid.
Mawgre, 287/270, ill-will, displeasure.
Mawmentry, 260/78, idolatry.
May, 80/70, maiden; 223/610, make.
Mayll-easse, 132/485, discomfort, sickness.
Mayn, 163/101; 265/241, power, strength.
Maytt, 202/245, dejected, sorrowful.
Measse, 34/389, mess, dish.
Med, 341/111, mead, honey-drink.
Mede, 17/294, reward.
Medill-erd, 26/100, earth, world.
Medys, 2/31, midst.
Mekill, 16/237, much.
Mell, 24/44, speaks (of); 260/82, meddle.
Melland, 386/595, speaking, talking.
Mene, 141/37, indicate, point out.
Menee, Menye, 23/22, household, company.
Meng, 166/1, mingle; 271/437, disturb, trouble.
Menged, 41/31, disturbed, troubled; 314/270, mixed.
Menske, 82/140, dignify, honour.
Menskfull, 365/389, honourable.
Ment, 40/15, aimed at, aspired to; 45/174, signified, intended.
Menys, 225/688, bemoans.
Merely, 77/419, merrily.
Merkyd, 195/3, marked.
Mershall, 264/198, farrier.
Mes, 172/206, Mass.
Mese, 209/151, soothe.
Mesel, 16/264, leprous.
Mett, 115/484, measured.
Mevid, 39/542, moved.
Meyne, 12/111, mean, middling.
Meyne, Mene 12/113, complain, moan.
Mo, 6/163; Moo, 8/237, more.
Mode, 180/472, mind, mood.
Modee, 260/86, proud, courageous.
Mold, 243/3, earth, ground.
Mom, 70/188, mutter.
Mompyns, 107/210, teeth: 'monepynnes,' Lydgate.
Mon, 16/265, must.
Mop, 115/467; 139/724, bundle, baby.
Moren, 101/39, morning.
Mortase, 264/213; 267/304, mortice, notch for the Cross to rest in.
Mos, 376/288, moss, for padding folk's shoulders.
Mot, 16/254, must.
Mow, 261/99, grimace.
Mowchid, 385/571, preyed, pilfered (?)
Moyne, 195/6, moon.
Moyte, 213/298, discuss, moot.
Moytt, 271/430, plead.
Moyttys, 301/270, slippest, goest astray.
Muf, 70/188, speak indistinctly.
Muster, 298/177, punish (?)
Mychers, 258/12, pilferers.
Mydyng, 34/376, dunghill.

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Myld, *sb.* 94/281, gentle maiden, Mary.
Myn, 26/112, less; 39/551, remember.
Myn, 291/361, Mynnyng, 391/158, memory, remembrance.
Myr, 157/557, myrrh.
Myrk, 197/88, dark.
Mys, 39/551, suffering; 195/26, evil.
Mysfoundyng, 347/242, mistaken endeavour, mistake.
Mysprase, 389/59, blame.
Myssaes, 275/569, (?) discomforts.
Myster, 107/231, need, require.
Mytyng, 115/477, little one.

Napand, 385/575, napping, catching, griping.
Nar, 43/119; 124/246, nigh, nearer.
Nate, 260/62, use.
Nately, 121/158, quickly.
Nawder, 14/193, neither.
Nawre, 323/579, nowhere.
Nawther, 132/504, neither.
Ne, 297/118, nigh, near.
Neemly, 123/271, nimbly.
Nefe, 241/407, fist.
Negh, 7/201, go nigh, approach.
Negons, 385/571, misers.
Neld, 13/123, needle.
Nere-hand, 49/286, almost.
Nese, 132/488, nose (?)
Nesh, 133/545, soft, tender.
Neuen, 23/13, name, relate; 194/266, speak of.
Newys, 14/189, renews.
Nokyns, 246/99, no kind of.
Nold, 360/11, would not.
Nome, 370/111, numb, benumbed.
None, 32/317, noon.
Nonys, the, 133/527 = then onys, then once, the nonce.
Nores, 132/496; Norice, 396/79; Norysh, 262/141; nurse.
Nose, 9/11, noise.
Note, 31/264, occupation, business; 34/368, contention.
Novels, 38/508, news.
Nowche 391/138, brooch.
Noy, 39/532, Noah.
Noyes, 77/397, annoyances, hurts.
Noynyng, 281/65, noon-tide.
Noytis, 69/154; 110/306; 194/266, notes, things: *see* Note.
Nyfyls, 377/323, trivialities.
Nyghtertayll, 227/734, night-time.
Nyk, 323/571, deny.
Nyll, 106/198, will not.

O, 1/1, omega.
Oker, 191/163, usury.
Okerars, 376/297, usurers.
Oneths, 182/42, scarcely: *see* Unethes.
Onone, 4/99, anon, immediately.
Ons, 238/326; Onys, 29/207, once.
Oone-fold, 157/554, one.
Oost, 202/256, host, company.
Oostre, 32/329, hostelry, inn.
Or, 196/32, before.
Ordand, 26/119, ordain, make.
Ore, 355/76, before, ago; *see* Are.
Ostre, 386/603, entertainment.
Other-gatis, 13/121, otherwise.
Ouerlaide, 32/306, covered, flooded.
Ouertwhart, 102/48, athwart, across.
Out-horne, 232/139, hue and cry.
Owe, 91/178, owns.
Oy, Oyes, 21/416, hear, listen, oh yes! (call for silence).

Paddokys, 391/148, toads (or frogs).
Paide, 31/283; Payde, 80/61, satisfied
Pall, 223/613, royal robe.
Paramoure, 25/80, as a lover.
Parels, 170/136, perils (?)
Pask, 214/314, Passover.
Paustè, 41/32, power.
Pay, 76/373, satisfy, please; 175/326, beat.
Payde, 218/470, pleased.
Paynt, 117/28, painted, ornamented.
Peche, 202/239, impeach.
Pelt, 237/283, knock, thrust.
Pent, 246/100, belonged.
Perch, 251/233, pierce.
Perles, 243/5, peerless.
Permafay, 80/67, by my faith.
Pertly, 212/247, quickly, boldly.
Peruyce, 240/387, church-porch.
Peyre, 369/63, equal.
Pight, 269/364, doubt (?)
Pight, 285/188, fixed (?)
Pik, 26/127, pitch.
Pike-harnes, 10/37, plunderer of armour.
Pilus, 376/290, folk with padded shoulders.
Playn, 292/408; Plene, 189/99, full.
Plenyd, 381/453, complained, bemoaned.
Plete, 106/204; Pleyte, 287/248, plead.
Plight, 327/56; Plyght, 88/91, guilt.

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Ply, 281/58, bend.
Po, 117/37, peacock.
Poece, 172/204, poet's (not Boece, as in margin).
Pose, 113/423, catarrh, cold.
Powderd, 107/216, salted.
Poynt, 83/161, condition, danger.
Prankyd, 376/288, embroidered, bedecked.
Pransawte, 385/561, prancing, showing off.
Praty, 115/477, pretty.
Prayse, 212/257, appraise, value.
Prease, 65/19, crowd, throng: *see* Prese.
Prefe, 72/255, prove.
Prese, 253/313, crowd, throng.
Prest, 220/510, ready, prompt.
Preualy, 253/292, privately.
Preue, 151/338, private.
Preuatè, 80/125, privity, secret.
Propyce, 54/100, propitious.
Prouand, 10/45, provender, food.
Prow, 14/163, profit.
Purs-cuttars, 291/375, purse-cutters.
Purst, 107/209, put away.
Purvaye, 39/553, provide.
Purveance, 117/33, provision, equipment.
Pyk, 31/282, pitch.
Pynd, 33/332, pinned, confined.
Pynde, 47/220, pained, pnnished.
Pyne, 29/227, puuishment.
Pystyll, 119/100, epistle.

Quantyse, 66/65, skill, wisdom.
Quarrell, 19/367, square bolt of a cross-bow.
Quarte, 19/368, safety.
Quell, 66/65, kill.
Queme, 2/42, agreeable, pleasant.
Querestur, 373/209, chorister.
Quest-dytars, 373/185, inquest- or inquiry-holders.
Quest-mangers, 205/25, inquest- or inquiry-holders.
Quetstone, 230/80, whetstone.
Queyd, 82/117, bad 'un.
Qwantt, 135/593, clever, quaint.
Qweasse, 132/487, wheeze, breathe.
Qwelp, 113/425, whelp.
Qweme, 365/365, please.
Qwenes, 255/349, women.
Qweyn, 83/164, woman.
Qwite, 11/52, requite.

Rad, 121/175; 270/384, afraid.
Radly, 77/401; 168/65, readily, speedily.
Rafe, 21/423, raves; 270/384, rave.
Ragman (roll of), 374/224, document with seals.
Rake, 168/65, course, path; 198/119, wander, go,
Rake, 260/88, rack, torture.
Rap, 237/300, hit, knock.
Rase, 36/429, race, rush.
Rathly, 270/402, quickly, promptly.
Raunson, 269/354, ransom.
Raw, 119/109, row, line.
Rawth, 330/168, ruth, pity.
Rayd, 206/68, set in array, arranged.
Recrayd, 321/507, recreant.
Red, advice, plan.
Rede, 4/111, advice, counsel; 7/202, command.
Redles, 270/384, without counsel.
Reepe, 16/235, sheaf.
Refe, 245/65, rob, deprive of.
Rêffys, 371/146, thefts, spoil, plunder.
Refys, 266/269, robbest of.
Rehett, 171/161, rebuke.
Rek, 16/247, care thou, heed thou.
Reke, 372/168, smoke.
Rekyls, 148/237, incense.
Rekys, 5/129, care: *see* Rek.
Reme, 252/258, realm, kingdom.
Ren, 57/25, run, live.
Renabyll, 231/110, reasonable.
Renderars, 371/146, restorers.
Renk, 168/70, man, warrior.
Rentals, 371/134, rents (?)
Rerd, 26/101, sound, noise.
Res, 48/255; Resse, 273/481, race, rush.
Rese, 245/62, crowd.
Reue, 58/74, rob, plunder.
Rew, 63/224, rue, be merciful.
Rewyll, 222/585, order, line, row.
Reyde, 7/114, advise, counsel: *see* Rede.
Reyf, 83/174, deprive of, rob from: *see* Reue.
Reyll, 125/274, set about it.
Reynand, 26/111, running.
Ro, 30/237; 266/269, quiet, repose.
Roght, 78/11; 368/21, cared, recked.
Rok, 33/338, distaff.
Rok, 238/330, shake, agitate.
Rose, 12/95, praise, glorify.
Rost, cold, 21/421, cold roast meat.

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Roton, 107/221, rotten.
Route, 32/305, roaring noise.
Rowne, 82/118, whisper.
Rowte, 175/309, company.
Royse, 4/111, praise.
Roytt, 341/102, root.
Rud, 391/145, redness of complexion.
Rude, 271/440, rood, cross.
Rug, 248/148, rock, agitate, shake.
Runk, 82/118, whisper, talk.
Ruse, 229/33, rose, praise.
Rused, 273/492, praised, celebrated.
Ryfe, 13/153, tear, split.
Ryfe, 103/96, widely.
Ryffen, 13/141, torn,
Ryke, 103/92, realm.
Rynes, 230/82, runs.
Rype, 132/515, examine.
Ryst, 65/47, rising, insurrection.
Rytt, 198/109, disobedience (?)

Sadly, 206/60, firmly, seriously.
Sagh, 56/16, saying: *see* Sawe.
Sakles, 250/215, innocent.
Salys, 220/506, assails.
Sam, 22/445, together.
Samyne, 112/398, same.
Sangre, 113/430, song.
Santis, 40/555, saints.
Saunce, 103/112, without.
Sawe, 112/68; Sayes, *pl.* 55/107, saying, speech.
Say, 323/563, tell.
Sayll, 286/229, hall.
Sayne, 43/107, bless; Saynyd, 55/106, blessed.
Saynt, 123/209, show off (?)
Seasse, 6/182, seize, give possession, install.
Sectures, 392/167, executors.
Securly, 34/372, surely.
Sekir, 17/295; Sekyr, 8/249, sure.
Selcowth, 67/103, strange, wonderful.
Seme, 4/107, 112; Semys, 4/100, 104, suit, befit.
Sen, 212/259, since: *see* Sithen.
Seniors, 204/8.
Sere, 8/255, several, separate.
Sese, 4/114, cease.
Sew, 77/403, pursue.
Seyll, 32/301, happiness.
Seymland, 29/211, semblance, appearance.
Seyr, 8/239, various, separate: *see* Sere.
Share, 351/329, cut, pierced.
Shech, 205/52, speech, doctrine (?)
Shene, 143/99, beautiful.
Shent, 8/221, disgraced, destroyed.
Sheynd, 76/376, destroy.
Shog, 265/230, shake up and down.
Shon, 46/200, avoid, escape.
Shontt, 365/361, avoid, escape.
Shope, 14/174, shaped, made.
Shoterd, 370/98, shuddered.
Shoyn, 13/153, shoes; 269/361, shone.
Shrew, 19/341, curse.
Shrogys, 120/455, shrubs, brushwood.
Shyld, 99/71; Outt-shyld, outshelled (? L. *inanes*).
Shyre, 18/317, clear.
Sithe, 340/85, journey.
Sithen, 12/103, afterwards, since.
Sitt, 5/147, pain.
Skar, 237/301, cross, angry (?)
Skard, 124/289, scared, timid.
Skarthis, 105/160, fragments.
Skathe, 53/51, injury, loss.
Skaunce, 20/401; Skawnce, 239/353, joke, make-believe.
Skawde, 135/596, scold.
Skawte, 385/559, blow, thrust.
Skayll, 108/249, bowl, drinking-vessel.
Skelp, 32/323, blow.
Skete, 63/221, quickly.
Skill, 6/260, reason.
Skraw, 274/516, scroll.
Skryke, 30/232, screech.
Skyfte, 292/392, shift, trick.
Skyllys, 44/133, reasons: *see* Skill.
Slake, 249/189, loose, set free, humble.
Slape, 21/414, slippery, crafty.
Slefe, 117/28, sleeve.
Sleght, 169/121, scheme, trick: *see* Slyght.
Slegthe, 263/157, sleight, contrivance.
Slo, 19/371, slay.
Sloghe (of-sloghe, ?) 128/385 (?)
Slokyn, 138/677, quench.
Slyght, 27/137, skill (?), 130/433, trick, contrivance.
Slyk, 396/71, sleek, smooth.
Slyke, 30/233, such.
Slythys, 120/122, slides.
Smeke, 17/286, smoke.
Snek, 126/306, latch.
Snoke-horne, 80/80, sneaking fellow.
Soferand, 65/22, sovereign.
Sogh, 109/274, sow.
Sole, 34/391, hall.

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Somdele, 293/6, somewhat.
Sond, 122/202, messenger.
Sone, 63/221, soon.
Soriornyd, 300/237, sojourned.
Sory, 31/264, miserable.
Sotell, 67/83, subtle, clever.
Sothen, 107/224, sodden, boiled.
Sothfast, truthful.
Sothle, 38/496, truly.
Sow, 238/327, sound; 300/234, follow: *see* Sowys.
Sowde, 110/312, sounded.
Sowll, 105/152, sauce, relish.
Sowre-loten, 119/102; -lottyn, 232/123, sour-looking.
Sowys, 73/283, follows.
Soyne, 118/50, soon.
Spar, 26/128, shut, keep; 27/130, beam, spar; 213/294, spare, scanty.
Spart, 109/271, spare it (?)
Sparyd, 296/104, enclosed, shut up.
Spell, 113/412, speak.
Spence, 251/249, expense, cash.
Spill, 42/87, kill; 89/129, be destroyed.
Spir, 373/206, ask: *see* Spyr.
Spitus, 35/416, spiteful.
Spra, 154/449; Spray, 172/219, sprout, spring, rise.
Spreyte, 6/168, spirit.
Sprote, 17/290, sprout.
Spyll, 89/129, be destroyed.
Spyr, 47/226, ask, enquire.
Stad, 294/28, placed.
Stald, 234/202, installed, set.
Stall, 33/345, station.
Stangyng, 228/11, stinging.
Stanys, 10/47, stones.
Stard, 179/427, stared (?)
Stark, 31/268, stiff.
Starnes, 2/50, stars.
Sted, 7/206, stand, stop; 29/199, placed, situated.
Stede, 2/38, place.
Stegh, 53/37, ladder.
Stenen (or steuen, steven), 221/546, ascend: *see* Stevyd.
Stere, 235/350, move; 259/27, govern, control.
Stere-tre, 36/433, tiller.
Stersman, 293/259, pilot, guide.
Steven, 14/175, voice.
Stevyd, 364/336, ascended: *see* Stenen (*for* Steuen).
Stevynd, 324/594, ascended.
Stokyn, 299/205, fastened, shut up.
Stold, 39/525, fixed.
Stone-styll, 123/232; 125/280.
Store, 114/456, stock.
Stott, 133/518, bullock.
Stoure, 297/131, tumult, battle.
Stowke, 377/315, stook, pile of sheaves.
Stownd, 336/337, moment, time.
Stowndys, 313/254, fits of pain.
Stowre, 155/497, trouble, vexation.
Strayd, 180/481, strewed.
Strenkyllid, 341/108, sprinkled.
Strete, 52/7, road, way.
Strewyd, 62/194, scattered, destroyed.
Strut, 57/15, swelling, contention (?)
Stry, 176/348, hag.
Sty, 19/365, path, way; 361/262, ascend.
Stynt, 6/161, cease.
Stynyng, 156/525, rising, ascension.
Stythe, 54/96, strong.
Sudary, 318/390, napkin.
Sufferan, 6/173; Suffrane, 80/81, sovereign.
Swa, 155/486, so.
Swalchon, 155/473, scamp.
Swap, 247/136, stroke, cut.
Swayn, 60/124, countryman, labourer.
Swedyll, 130/432; 135/598, swaddle, wrap up.
Swelt, 133/525, become faint.
Swepys, 272/470, whips, scourges.
Swevyn, 128/384, dream, vision.
Swogh, 162/68, swoon; 226/718, soughing, sound.
Swongen, 272/470, beaten.
Swylke, 351/333, such.
Swyme, 10/27, dizziness.
Swynk, 29/195, labour, toil.
Swythe, 77/404, quickly.
Syb, 191/167, relative.
Sybre, 233/149, a term of abuse.[1]
Symnell, 292/389, sort of fine bread.
Syne, 30/228, afterwards.
Synthen, 190/113, since.
Sythes, 332/234, times.

Tabard, 177/357, short sleeveless coat.
Talent, 83/157, service, disposal.

1 The surname Sybry, Sibree is common in Yorkshire. Perhaps some malefactor of the name may have rendered it celebrated, so that it may have been half-jocularly put in here.—H. B.

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Tarid, 229/50, delayed (?)
Tase, 146/185, takes.
Tayll, 58/64, number.
Temporal (law), 237/292, secular.
Ten, 10/21, teeth.
Tend, 11/73, tenth, tithe.
Tendand, 245/89, attending.
Tent, 3/291; 371/221, attend; *take tent*, 1/211; 146/185, give attention; 3/478, tenth.
Tenys, 139/736, tennis.
Tethee, 28/186, tetchy, touchy, testy.
Teyn, 29/210, be vexed, injured; 123/218, vex, injure; 39/533, vexation, injury.
Teynd, 5/144, tenth: *see* Tend.
Teynfully, 167/56, cruelly.
Thame, 21/420, them.
Thar, 17/293; 43/117, is necessary.
Tharmes, 128/391, bowels, bellies, children.
Tharne, 149/272; Tharnys, 22/191, lack.
Thaym, 20/412, them: *see* Thame.
The, 32/328, prosper.
Thee, 54/90, thigh.
Ther, 282/106, must: *see* Thar.
Thew, 14/185; 374/229, morals, manners, service.
Tho, 30/228, them.
Thole, 126/306, bear, suffer.
Thoner-flone, 110/324, thunder-dart, lightning.
Thoyle, 395/53, suffer: *see* Thole.
Thrafe, 15/197, bundle, sheaf.
Thrall, 22/464, slave.
Thrang, 101/47, throng, company.
Thraw, 10/30, short space of time.
Thrawes, 348/250, throes.
Threpe, 121/168, contradict, argue.
Thro, 162/69, strongly, deeply; 328 76, bold, eager.
Throle, 291/357, boldly, severely.
Throng, 112/416, pressed together.
Thrug, 341/111, through.
Thryng, 173/240, throng, press.
Thurgh, 349/281, coffin.
Thurt, 301/256, needed [=*fallait*]: *see* Thar.
Thwang, 123/211, be flogged.
Thyrll, 251/234, pierce; Thyrlyd, 271/429, pierced.
Till, 61/151, to, unto.
To, 266/268, according to, in, after.
To, 60/152; 119/108; 270/385, till.
To-draw, 321/506, pull to pieces.
Tollare, 374/211, tax-gatherer.
Tome, 133/547, empty; 210/201, leisure.
Ton, 146/177, taken.
To-name, 395/65, surname.
To-tyre, 170/144, tear in pieces.
Toute, 3/63, fundament; 11/63, 64, arse.
Toyles, 257/406, tools.
Trace, 249/200, track.
Trade, 340/87, trod.
Trane, 95/330; Trayn, 163/93, trick, deceit, stratagem.
Trant, 173/235, trick.
Trast, 41/54, trusty.
Trattys, 178/394, trotts, old women.
Trauell, 13/152, labour.
Trauesses, 298/153, traverses, thwarts.
Traw, 12/115, trow, believe (*see* Trow); 58/77, true
Tray, 39/533, affliction, grief; 358/162, betray.
Trew as steele, 26/120.
Tristur, 373/208, tryst, station.
Trone, 1/9, throne.
Trow, 18/320, believe.
Trowage, 84/198, fealty, allegiance.
Trewth, 14/159, faith, belief.
Trus, 31/316, pack up; 61/152, go away, be off.
Trussell, 14/170, bundle.
Tup, 104/117, ram.
Twyfyls, 377/324, twirls, curls (?)
Twyk, 263/171, twitch.
Twyn, 18/325, 159/625, divide, separate.
Tyde, 22/470, time, season.
Tydely, 31/291, quickly.
Tyme, 10/26, befall, happen.
Tymely, *adv.* 133/524, early.
Tynde, 101/39, lost: *see* Tynt.
Tyne, 115/467, tiny.
Tyne, 36/441; 339/72, lose.
Tynt, 5/149, lost.
Tyre, 149/285, tear, fight: *see* To-tyre.
Tyte, 11/53; Tytt, 313/245, quickly.
Tythand, 55/113, 128, tidings.
Tythingis, 61/163; 320/479, tidings.
Tytter, 73/293, quicker, sooner: *see* Tyte.

Umbithynke, 5/123, bethink, meditate on.
Umshade, 89/128, shade around, overshadow.

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Umthynke, 303/318, meditate: *see* Umbithynke.
Unbayn, 291/356, unready, disobedient.
Unburnyd, 111/362.
Unbychid, 291/356, disorderly (?)
Unceyll, 100/3, unhappiness.
Unconand, 204/1, ignorant.
Undemyd, 235/230, unjudged.
Under-lowte, 221/552, inferiors, subjects.
Undughty, 291/368, unprofitable.
Unethes, 181/7; Unothes, 273/476, scarcely, hardly.
Unfylyd, 111/366, undefiled.
Ungayn (at), 20/379, inconveniently.
Ungrathly, 96/341, unsuitably.
Unheynde, 224/642, discourteous, rude man (Jesus).
Unnes, 391/158, scarcely: *see* Unethes.
Unquart, 99/72, render unsafe, harass.
Unrad, 285/214, imprudent.
Unrid, 24/40; Unryde, 100/11, cruel, enormous.
Unsoght, 26/97, unatoned for, irreconciled.
Untill, 21/426, unto.
Untrist, 332/210, untrusty.
Unweld, 182/5; Unwelde, 91/171, impotent.
Unwynly, 210/189, unpleasantly.
Unyth, 164/135, scarcely: *see* Unethes.
Upstevynyng, 357/123, ascension.
Utward, 244/31, outwardly.

Vales, 285/587, avails, is worth.
Vantege, 243/17, advantage.
Vanys, 4/111, vain, empty.
Vayll, 243/19, avail, gain.
Veray, 144/119, truly.
Veryose, 107/236, verjuice.
Vokettys, 367/9, advocates.
Vowgard, 385/580, (?) place of security.

Wafe, 21/430, wander (?)
Waght, 286/218; 290/329, a bad way.
Walk-mylne, 377/314, fulling mill.
Walteryng, 124/236, rolling about.
Wan, 13/139, won, acquired; 21/444, faint.
Wandreth, 24/40, misfortune.
Wane, 102/62, waggon.
Wanhope, 220/507, despair.
Wap, 223/593, wrap; 289/314, blow; 'at a wap,' in a moment.
War, 43/113, aware; 10/25, 29, an exclamation, a hunter's cry.
Wardan, 341/113, keeper, guardian.
Wared, 50/14; Waris, 50/14, cursed, curses: *see* Warrie.
Warkand, 52/8, aching.
Warldis, 13/150, world's, wordly.
Warloo, 137/640; Warlow, 71/232, sorcerer, traitor, devil.
Warly, 366/409, warily (or wary) (?)
Warpyd, 271/413, cast.
Warrie, 6/156, curse.
Wars, 16/250, worse.
Warte, 375/252, spend it.
Wary, 29/208, curse: *see* Warrie.
Waryson, 79/44, treasure, reward.
Wast, 95/332, waste, void.
Wat, 10/14, man.
Wate, 382/485, wet.
Wate, 36/444, know; Wayte, 118/75, knows: *see* Wote.
Wate, 213/283, tricked.
Waten, 358/161, watch.
Wathe, 37/486, hunting, prey.
Waue, 231/103, move to and fro.
Wawghes, 36/426, waves.
Wayrd, 300/238, ward, guardianship.
We! 11/53; 3/147, an exclamation.
Wed, 339/56, pledge.
Wede, 139/731, garments; 162/47, be mad, rage.
Weders, 36/451, storms.
Wedyng, 119/92, wedding, marrying (the evils of).
Weft, 21/435, weft, woven stuff: "Ill-spun weft ay comes foul out."
Weld, 44/126, wield, rule; Weldand, 38/494, wielding, ruling.
Welke, 348/261, walked.
Welland, 75/344, boiling, bubbling.
Welner, 128/387, well-near, almost.
Welthly, 6/185, happy, delightful.
Wem, 87/37, spot, stain.
Wemay! 13/148, an exclamation, Oh! by God! *see* We!
Wemles 221/541, spotless.
Wemo! 15/198; Wemmow! 334/291, Oh! by God! *see* We! Wemey!
Wend, 8/250, thought, supposed.
Wene, 83/165, believe, suppose: *see* Weyn.
Wenyand, 15/226, waning of the moon, unlucky time.
Wenys, 13/149, thinkest.

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Were, 41/22, doubt; 69/151, defend, save.
Weyn, *vb.* 20/387, believe, suppose; *sb.* 67/108; 221/553, doubt.
Weynd, 13/132, go.
Wha? 319/439, who?
Whake, 62/182, quake, tremble.
Whannow, 345/184, what now.
Whartfull, 52/29, safe and sound.
Whaynt, 208/144, quaint, clever.
Wheme, 58/62, please.
Whik, 134/548; Whyk, 236/265, living.
Whyr, 104/117, be quiet.
Whystyll, wett hyr, 119/103, drunk beer, &c.
Whyte, 125/294, requite, suffer for it.
Wight, 252/264, nimbly; *see* Wyghtly.
Wilsom, 324/604, bewildered.
Wish, 142/72, guide, direct.
Wist, 43/89, knew.
Wit, 43/96, know.
Wite, *vb.* 18/322, blame.
Wittely, 338/41, wisely.
Wode, 19/350, mad: *see* Wood.
Wogh, 39/533, evil, harm.
Wold, 57/32, wielding, dominion, power.
Wols-hede, 232/139, wolf's-head, outlawry.
Wone, 4/93, dwell; 46/196, wont, accustomed to do.
Won, 240/391, wound.
Wonden, 278/656, wrapped.
Wone, 13/116, custom, habit; 'in wone,' habitually; 6/184, habitation.
Wonnyng, *a.* 6/180, dwelling.
Wood, 14/173; Woode, 14/159, mad.
Worth, 292/404, become, be to; 'well worth,' farewell!
Worthely, 6/184, worthy, stately.
Wote, 19/375, know.
Woth, 35/416, peril.
Wragers, 102/58; Wragger, 371/143, wranglers.
Wrake, 27/138, injury, vengeance.
Wrast, 69/150, wrest, twist.
Wrears, 371/143, wrigglers, twisters: *see* Wryers.
Wrich, 270/397, wretched.
Wright, 301/246, carpenter.
Wrightry, 30/250, carpentry, workmanship.
Wrokyn, 40/276, avenged.
Wrongwosly, 58/58, wrongfully.
Wryers, 102/58; 371/143, wrigglers, twisters.
Wryng, *sb.* 235/237, twist.
Wrytt, 59/106, writing, scripture.
Wyghtly, 178/396; Wightly, 223/593; nimbly, quickly.
Wyk, 236/262, wicked.
Wyle, 71/233, wile, delude with sorcery.
Wyll of reede, 80/75, wild in counsel, bewildered.
Wyn, 6/185, joy; 23/24, get, move.
Wyn, 283/153, labour, contention (? pleasure).
Wynk, 15/227, sleep.
Wys, 58/49; Wyse, 82/122, teach, show, point out, guide.
Wysh, 85/240, guide, direct: *see* Wys *and* Wish.
Wyte, 95/332, impute; 252/278, be blamed.
Wytterly, 58/59, surely, certainly.

Yai, 11/51, yea.
Yare, 44/121, ready; 156/514, quickly.
Yate, 53/40, gate.
Yede, 75/342, went: *see* Yode.
Yeld, 56/135, recompense.
Yelp, 32/321, boasting.
Yeme, 237/292, take care of, carry out; 341/112, observe, regard.
Yerde, 230/69, garden.
Yerdys, 93/248, rods, wands.
Yere-tyme, 15/200, (?) ear-time, plowing-time; or the proper season, time of year.
Yerne, 191/174, yearn for, covet.
Yheme, 58/61, observe, keep holy.
Ylahayll! 72/258, bad luck to you!
Yode (MS. yede), 41/29, went.
Yowthede, 90/165, youth.
Yoyll, 239/344, Yule, Christmas.
Yrk, 197/84, unwilling, weary.

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Zachary, Elizabeth's husband, 89/136, and John the Baptist's father, 195/14

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OMISSIONS FROM GLOSSARY.

Abowne, ? *vb.* ? 167/49.
Agane, *adv.* with ellipsis of *go.*—He shall be sent to where he came from, 80/34, 150/318.—B.
And, *sb.* breath, 182/34.
Bat, *sb.* blow, 180/490.
Bekkys, begs; or bows (?), 384/557.
Befon, be found (?), 38/503.—B.
Berd, beard, played them a trick, 171/189.—B.
Bere, "draw," of ship (water), 36/434.
Beyd, offer, 77/409.
Bore, *sb.* bore, holes bored in the Cross, 313/253.—B.
Chace, *sb.* privilege of hunting, 174/270.—B.
Crisp, *sb.* fine linen, 377/323.
Croyne, *vb.* croon, sing (punctuation wrong), 131/472.—B.
Euer amang, continually, 20/391.
Fed, bred, 52/63.
Fele, conceal, 79/42.—B.
Ffor, against, 204/9.
Hede, head-dress, 374/243.—B.
Hose, hoarse, 129/416.
Idyls, renders vain, 377/326.
Lede, people, 295/62.—B.
Lendyng, residing, 102/80.
Loke, ordain, provide, 339/72.
Nyk, *add*—with nay, 323/571.
Ragyd, the=devil, 75/337.
Sleght, *adj.* tricky, 173/235.
Sloes, *pr. s.* slays, 345/195.—B.
Somkyns, of some kind, 139/708.
Sowchid, suspected, 385/569.
Stevyn, set—, appointed time, 342/126.
Stry, *vb.* strive (?), 177/380.
Syde, long, 374/243; Side, 375/270.
Take, give, 291/377.
To-har, drag to pieces, 297/142.—B.
Trete, on—, in order (?), 371/130.
Unthankys, myn—, unwillingly, 14/187.
Wheder, neuer the—, nevertheless, 93/265.
Wyt, wit, 79/42.

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Blure, 374/220, *i. q.* Blowre, pustule; *lit.* bladder.—*See* Blure, in *York Plays*, 85/294.
Crate, 242/427, an error for Trate; Trot, old woman. It was in connection with this word that Halliwell in his *Dict.* (*s. v.* Crate) erred in correcting Ritson for reading (*Anc. Pop. Poetry*, p. 77), "my wyfe that olde *trate.*"—See *Sir Ferumbras*, E.E.T.S., 50/1370, "that olde trate;" also *ibid.*, note, p. 205, last line.
Hafles, destitute (have less), 180/484.
Hak, stammer, 131/476.
Kynke, pant, 372/152.
Lak, fault, blame, 68/118.
Lote, 129/409, bow, inclination of head.
Merkyd with that measse, 70/175. See *Messe* in Stratmann, and quotation from *York Plays*, xi. 162.
Muster, show, carry into effect, 298/177.—B.
Quarrell, quarry, 19/367, Jamieson.—The Glossary rendering is no sense.
Reyll, stray abroad, 125/274.
Sathan, satin, 377/325 (a play upon the word Satan).
Skar, to, in mockery (?), 237/301.
Sowys sore, 73/283, afflicts: a not uncommon allit. collocation; *vid.* Barbour, xvi. 628; *Wars Alex.* (Skeat). 2313, 5348; L. Minot, v. 12.
Wenyand, in the, 15/226, etc. (as much as), curse it, or, curse thee.
Wone, in, 13/116, in abundance.
Wyll of reede, at a loss for advice, 80/75.

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